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THE
NATIONAL
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M.

VOL. VI. No. XII. MARCH, 1863.

"Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est."

NEW YORK :

EDWARD I. SEARS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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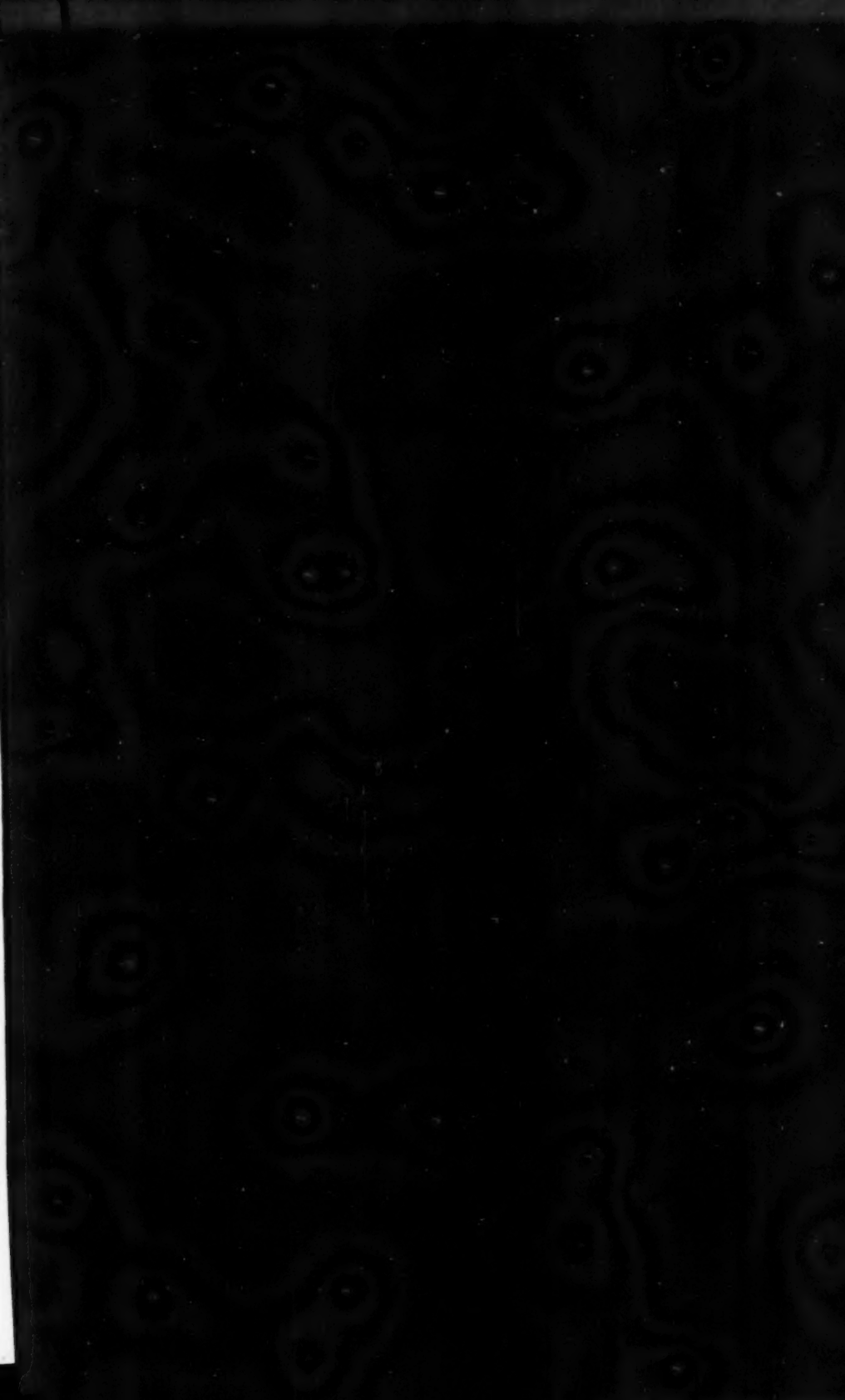
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- ART. I.—1. *Schiller's Leben Geistesentwikelung und Werke in Zusammenhang.* (*Schiller's Life, Mental Development and Works in Connection.*) By Dr. KARL HOFFMEISTER. 8vo. Stuttgart. 1859.
2. *The Life of Fredrich Schiller.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. 12mo. New York. 1862.
3. *Wallenstein traduite de l'Allemand, par M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT DE REBECQUE.* 8vo. Paris. 1840.
4. *Briefwechsel Zwischen Schiller und Göthe, in den jahren 1794 bis 1805.* (*Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe in the Years 1794-1805.*) Stuttgart and Tübingen.

OF all productions, those of the intellect are the most difficult to be estimated at their proper value. When most popular, scarcely two agree as to their worth. Hence the anomaly that the author regarded by one as a benefactor of his race is denounced by another as its enemy. This often occurs when there has been little or no difference in the education of those who differ so widely in their opinions. Yet both may be perfectly honest and conscientious in their estimates. In proportion as an author is original and bold will he be thus differently judged by his contemporaries. One class will eulogize his inspiration as divine; another will detest it as diabolical. But if he succeeds in pleasing the masses, those who think ill of him had better keep their opinions to themselves. For example, the boldest would hardly venture to assail Shakespeare at the present day, although the great dramatist is not quite so popular as he was some years ago, or rather he is not so much in fashion now as he was then. He has still so strong a hold, however, on the public mind, that an attack on the Bible would hardly give more offence to the English and

American reading public at large, than an attack on his works. The person guilty of it would be regarded, if not as impious, at least as influenced by depravity of some kind. We will not pause on the present occasion to ask whether this is right or wrong; we have to do only with the fact; although we may observe in passing, that if any modern thinker and author deserves to be ranked among the gods, it is Shakespeare.

What Shakespeare is in this country and in England, Schiller is in Germany. He is undoubtedly more popular among his countrymen than Goethe. Indeed, he is more read, if not more prized, everywhere. There is more human sympathy in his writings than in those of his illustrious fellow-countryman and friend; although the latter are more artistic and more beautiful as creations than the former. Not that the works of Schiller are deficient in those qualities—especially his later and more finished productions; but Goethe excels all other modern writers in artistic culture and taste. At all events, Schiller has succeeded in establishing a reputation with which it is not safe to meddle. In this country as well as in Germany, his name is invested with a certain degree of sacredness. Here, indeed, it would not seem so profane to criticise him as to criticise Shakespeare. In any case we should not shrink from giving our impressions of him. But there are few if any who admire him more than we do ourselves. Scarcely a passage in any of his works in which we do not find beauties. None value these more highly; at the same time we are not blind to the blemishes by which they are often marred. If we speak of the latter, however, it is not for the purpose of depreciating the merits of Schiller; we rather do so to show that since the greatest geniuses have faults, often grave ones, how absurd it is for those who, in fact, have no genius at all, to feel offended because their performances are criticised, although they are not so much to blame as those who vitiate public taste by praising what is worthless, as the best.

It is not our intention to attempt a biography of Schiller within the limits of this article; all the space we can devote to the whole would be too little for that alone. Besides, it is not necessary. There are biographies enough of the author of *Wallenstein* and the *Robbers*; and were it otherwise, the lives of such men are best known from their works. Let it suffice for us, therefore, to note such events or incidents in his life as seem to have exercised more or less influence on his writings. All know how much depends on early teachings—that no lessons make deeper impressions, or give a stronger bias to the mind, than those received in childhood. And much more depends on the lessons of a mother than those of a father, especially if

the former is possessed of more intellect than the latter. Generally, indeed, the mother's influence is good; it is so in nine cases out of ten. There are few great men who cannot trace the bent of their genius either to her precepts or example. If she is morose or misanthropic, he whom she trains is apt to be the same. In illustration of this, we need only mention Byron; for to his latest breath the author of "*Childe Harold*" attributed his chief misfortunes to the unkind and selfish disposition of his mother. But the reverse was true of the subject of these pages. Schiller was peculiarly blessed in having so excellent a woman for his mother. It is agreed by all his contemporaries, and it was always gratefully admitted by himself, that she was his guiding star; that it was she who taught him to form opinions of his own, and to admire, study, and imitate nature. Dr. Hoffmeister, who may be called his Boswell as well as his biographer, tells us that he had scarcely any resemblance, physical or intellectual, to his father, but that he was remarkably like his mother in both respects. She was earnest and enthusiastic; so was he; she was of a mild and affectionate disposition; so was he. In form, she was tall and slender; she had light hair, and weak but large eyes, and broad forehead; her countenance was marked by a tinge of melancholy, which, however, only served to render her more interesting; and who that is familiar with any faithful portrait of the author of *William Tell*, will not admit how nearly the description of the mother is applicable to her illustrious son? She was a woman of considerable culture, and poetry was her favorite study. Some say that she wrote some pieces herself that possessed considerable merit. Be this as it may, it was she who first gave him a taste for poetry.

But we must not pass over the time and place of his birth, for it is generally believed that both had a considerable influence on his destiny. This will be explained as we proceed, but not now; for we are not yet done with the influence of the poet's mother. He was born at Marbach, a small town in Wurttemberg, on the 10th of November, 1759. Naturally pious herself, his mother was anxious that her son should be the same. With this view, she placed him under the tuition of a clergyman when he was only six years old; and in one year afterwards, he resolved to become a preacher. It is usual to tell strange things of the childhood of great men; such is often done without any foundation to rest upon; but it is beyond question, that Schiller had not reached his eighth summer when he began to deliver extemporaneous harangues on religious subjects. Several of his biographers tell us that at this early age he was in the habit of mounting a chair to preach a sermon

even when he had no other audience than his mother and sister; and they add, that if any inattention was shown by either, he did not hesitate to remind them of the punishment which awaited all who refused to listen to the voice of the Church.

This, we are aware, is of but little importance in itself. It might be passed over as merely a boyish prank, were it not that it shows the tendency of his thoughts and feelings not only at this time, but for many years afterwards—nay, until he was forced to abandon both. For nearly seven years, he had been studying for the Church; his father as well as his mother having consented to his becoming a clergyman. But neither was independent. The father having become nurseryman to the Duke of Wurtemberg—although he had previously been a surgeon in the ducal army—had to be guided by the wishes of his master. The latter had just founded a public school at Stuttgart, to which institution he ordered young Schiller to be sent. It was in vain that every possible excuse was made to evade the order. The duke cared nothing for the plans or intentions of his nurseryman, or his son. He said the latter had talent, and was remarkably intelligent for his age, and, consequently, that he might be expected to do credit to the new institution.

No one was more opposed to the change than young Schiller himself; but the command of the duke must be obeyed. Although compulsion is always unpleasant to those who have to submit to it, Schiller was fortunate in having been compelled to go to Stuttgart. A greater service could not have been rendered to literature; for had the young student been permitted to enter the church after the nine years' study then required, the probability is that his greatest works would never have been written, if indeed he would have attempted any literary effort more elaborate or more worldly than a sermon, or a commentary on some obscure passage in the Bible. Not but he had become acquainted with the theatre and written some verses before his removal to Stuttgart. While his parents were residing at Ludwigsburg he managed to attend the theatre pretty regularly twice or three times a week, and at the same time was unremitting in his studies for the ministry. In the morning he would read the Bible for an hour, then a commentary on a particular passage by some learned and pious divine for another hour; then compare the sermons of clergymen representing different sects, &c. He would take recreation late in the afternoon; after dinner he would steal to the theatre, if he could only get a few kreutzers to pay for admission.

The performances were not of a very high order; generally the reverse. At best, they were melodramatic; and the actors

were no better than those of small provincial towns generally are. All was sufficient, however, to make a deep impression on the future poet. At night, after his return, he would shut himself up in his room and rehearse long scenes in which paper-puppets were the performers. This would seem a bad way to prepare for the church; but it must be remembered that the theatre is regarded in a very different light in Germany from what it is in this country and in England; and this was particularly true of it in Schiller's time. Clergymen themselves used to attend the theatre frequently, and were thought nothing the less pious for doing so. There is no doubt but Schiller's clerical tutor was in the habit of accompanying his pupil, though only when comparatively good pieces were announced; and it is he who, be it remembered, is immortalized in the *Robbers* as a model clergyman, as Goldsmith has immortalized his brother Henry in the *Deserted Village*. It was also while at Ludwigsburg that Schiller wrote those school-boy satires to which most of his biographers refer, but of which none seem to have been preserved. Dr. Hoffmeister informs us that he proposed one day to one of his play-fellows to invest four kreutzers, the total amount possessed by both, in the purchase of a dish of curds and cream, at the village of Harteneck, but that after a tiresome walk they were unable to procure the coveted luxury. Determined to have it, happen what would, they extended their search to Neckarweihingen. Here they were successful; they not only got a fine dish of curds and cream for the four kreutzers, but also a large bunch of grapes into the bargain. This delighted and inspired young Schiller so much that he composed a poem on the spot, which was partly a malediction on the hapless town that had no curds to spare, and partly a eulogy on the favored village that not only had the good things required, but was liberal and generous in disposing of them to those who had but scanty funds.

Nothing was more distasteful to Schiller than the despotism of the ducal school, which required every duty to be performed *à la militaire*; and which inflicted severe punishments on all who attempted to resist its mandates. It was quite a change to the young poet, who had hitherto been allowed his own way in most things—especially in his studies. Instead of reading such passages in ecclesiastical history as interested him most, composing an occasional pasquinade on those who annoyed him, going to the theatre when there was an attractive play, and getting up puppet performances in his own room, he was now required to get regular lessons in Greek, Latin, jurisprudence, medicine, &c., on pain of being condemned to solitary confinement on bread and water, or per-

haps whipped if this did not do. It is worthy of remark that he does not seem to have ever liked either Greek or Latin; at least he was not disposed to bestow upon them the large amount of study without which they cannot be mastered; although he regretted in after life the opportunities he had lost in this way. We have the best proof of this in the fact that he devoted more time and attention to Latin from the thirty-second to the thirty-fourth year of his age than he ever had before. During this time he learned to read the language with tolerable facility. He tried to make similar amends for his neglect of the Greek. Most of his contemporaries agree in the opinion that he never made much progress in the language of Homer; but they add, that however imperfect his knowledge was of both languages, that to his careful study of them at the period mentioned, more than to all his other studies put together, is to be referred the vast improvement in the taste and beauty exhibited by his later productions. Hoffmeister does not like to admit this; although he does so virtually when he tells us that Schiller scarcely wrote a page of his *Essays on Æsthetic Culture* without reading more or less in some classic author—generally Cicero, Quintilian, or Aristotle. But had none of his biographers mentioned the fact, the *Essays* themselves would have made it sufficiently evident. At all events, young Schiller made but slight progress in the regular studies of the school. His biographers tell us that he would invent all sorts of excuses in order to avoid getting his lessons in Greek, Latin, law and medicine. But it must not be inferred from this that he was indolent, or indifferent to the acquisition of knowledge. No one of his age read more than he; and but few read as much. He divided his time between poetry, belles-lettres, and criticism; giving, however, by far the larger part to the first. His favorite authors at this time were Klopstock, Herder, Lessing, Ossian, Dante, Tasso, Plutarch, and Goethe. He relates himself, in one of his letters to Herder, that he learned to read Shakespeare in the original, while he was punished almost daily for neglecting the regular lessons of the school; but he adds, that he did so from the high praise he had been in the habit of hearing of the great English dramatist—not from his own admiration.

This, we may remark in passing, is one of the strange features in the character of Schiller; at least such is the light in which it is regarded by the admirers of the author of *Hamlet*, who, however, ought to remember that Milton and several other English authors of eminence were equally wanting in appreciation of the merits of Shakespeare. At all events, certain it is that the boy-poet disliked the great dramatist. He

thought that his transitions from comic to tragic and from tragic to comic betrayed a strange want of feeling. Besides, he regarded each as too dull. Neither, he said, contained sufficient life and earnestness for him. No doubt he changed his views in these respects in after life, but Hoffmeister admits that he never had that reverence for his genius which Englishmen, or Americans—all whose language is the Anglo-Saxon—would naturally expect. This will account for the alterations and omissions he has made in his version of *Macbeth*. He did not like the witches of Shakespeare; he thought them too monstrous, and accordingly he attempted to improve them both in manners and morals. That he did not succeed in this, we need hardly say; in no other effort has he failed so much; although it is proper to add, that many of his French as well as German admirers think differently.

But Schiller did not confine himself to reading, even at this early period. Strict as the rules were at the military school, he frequently managed to pay stolen visits to the theatre. The impressions thus gained, combined with those derived from the study of the poets, sought to find expression in a thousand forms. Verses in all metres, all sorts of fragments of composition, were found about him wherever he stayed.* In time he began to link these fragments together; and finally decided on constructing a plot, the result of which was *The Robbers*.

Considering that this tragedy was written when he had not yet attained his nineteenth year, while he had to get certain lessons daily, or be punished for neglect, it may well be ranked among the most wonderful productions that any country can boast of. It has, indeed, grave faults—such as are common to youth even when most highly gifted. The language is often strained, not to say bombastic; the characters sometimes verge into caricatures; the sentiment, also, is not unfrequently misplaced. But it is replete with impetuous and noble feeling; now wild, daring, and impulsive, and anon tender, sad, and pathetic. The attachment of Amelia, the heroine, to Karl Von Moor, the Robber chief, will ever be admired by all lovers; although the unimpassioned reader, who regards each delineation as a work of art—one which is more or less perfect, or otherwise, according as it is more or less true to nature—cannot help thinking that sometimes the devotion of Amelia goes beyond even that of woman. At all events, those who read it will understand how it was that Schiller did not like what Schlegel, his countryman, called the “irony” of Shake-

* It was at this time he composed the dialogue between the shades of Brutus and Cæsar, which Charles Moor used to sing afterwards in *The Robbers*.

speare—that is, his tranquil, easy humor, which disdained to be boisterous, and had a horror of tearing a passion to tatters.

The morality of *The Robbers* was by no means satisfactory to the more grave and sedate portion of the public; although this is denied by some of his biographers, including Mr. Carlyle. "One charge brought against him," says the latter, "must have damped the joy of literary glory and stung Schiller's pure and virtuous mind more deeply than any other. He was accused of having injured the cause of morality by his work." This view of the case is by no means borne out by the author's own countrymen. "If I had the power of creating a world," said one of the most cultivated of the German princes of the day to Goethe, "and had foreseen that Schiller's *Robbers* would appear in it, I would not have created it."* But Goethe gives us his own views on the same subject, without attributing them to prince or peasant. In speaking of *The Robbers*, he says: "*Its character was utterly offensive to me. A powerful, though an immature genius, had here laid hold of the very paradoxes, moral and dramatic, from which I was struggling to get liberated, and poured them, in a boundless, rushing flood, all over the country.*" * * I now thought all my labor was to prove in vain; the objects and the way of handling them, to which I had been exercising all my powers, appeared as if *defaced* and set aside."

Some, indeed, have attributed these views on the part of Goethe to a feeling of jealousy towards his great rival; but they are amply sustained by those of persons who, while eminently competent to judge, could not have been influenced by any such motive. Even his favorite biographer Hoffmeister admits all. "Schiller's love at that time," he says, "was a sensual glow, raised to its greatest height by a boundless imagination." This, be it remembered, is the manner in which the honest biographer accounts for the equivocal conduct of Amelia; especially for the delight she expresses for the "paradisical feeling" of Karl Moor's kisses. But without any such conclusive testimony, the author's own words would show that the morality of the piece, or what might be said of it, had given him little uneasiness. His remark to his friend Scharffenstein, shortly before *The Robbers* was printed, was: "We will make a book that must be absolutely burned by the hangman." And when published, it had all the appearance of a book of questionable morality. A rampant lion glared on the title-page, over the motto, "*In Tyrannos.*" This, how-

* Echerman's Conversations with Goethe, Part i., p. 296.

ever, was not deemed sufficient, for two lions were given on the second edition—one engaged in tearing the other to pieces. The paper on which it was printed was in keeping with the motto. "The first edition," says Scharffenstein, "the paper of which was scarcely better than blotting-paper, looked like the ballads and accounts of murders which are hawked about the streets." The author made the further admission that such was the morality of *The Robbers*, "it would not make the highways any more secure;" and he subsequently stigmatized the whole piece as "a monster, born of the unnatural union of genius and thralldom."

But we have more than mere words to show what the general feeling was in regard to the piece in its original form; for it had to be altered materially, and important omissions had to be made in it, in order to satisfy public opinion. This was sorely annoying to the author; but he had no alternative but to comply, or give countenance to the charge previously made against him. "Thus," says Schiller, "the time was altered, while the plot and characters remained; a many-colored patch-work was the result, like the dress of a harlequin; all the personages talk in too studied a way, and allusions are found to things which only took place two centuries after." But whatever may be the faults of *The Robbers*, none but a genius of a high order could have produced it. To it Byron owes the conception of his *Corsair*. But it has been well said that the *Corsair* and *Giaour* are milk-and-water idyls compared with it. And the same remark applies even to the "Sorrows of Werther." Each of these has been referred to the "Satanic school," as well as *The Robbers*; but the latter stands pre-eminent among all works of its kind. The best critics of different countries regard it as "the voice of muttered uneasiness and impatience of existing institutions which marked the epoch preceding the French Revolution; declaring that in strong and terrible accents it spoke the hoarded wrath of long centuries of misrule and oppression. It was an angry scream, which pierced every soul from the Rhine to the Baltic, and startled the eagles of dominion on their ancient sceptres—a prophecy of that tempest which soon after burst upon the world, and changed the fate of empires." In painting Karl de Moor, the Robber Chief, Schiller has drawn from himself, as Byron has from his pirate chief. We see the generous emotions and rebellious and restless energies of the original, plainly reproduced in the copy. The Robber is a true type; there are, indeed, few such; scarcely any in real life evince such recklessness combined with nobler qualities; but all his passions are true to nature; his impatience of control; his hatred of oppression;

his strong resentments; his love for "the wild justice of revenge"—all strike us as the workings of humanity—wild, indeed, and wayward, often depraved, but still human.

Shortly before the publication of *The Robbers*, Schiller was permitted to leave the military school; not, however, without having had many narrow escapes. Frau Von Wollzogen, a whole-hearted lady, who had given him an asylum in her house when, as we shall presently see, he needed it most, tells us that he used often to feign illness in order that he might be allowed light in his room, so that he could proceed at night with the composition of his work. It seems that during one of the usual domiciliary visits of the duke, while going his rounds at night he entered Schiller's room with so little ceremony that the poet had barely time to throw the manuscript of *The Robbers* under the table, and take up a medical work in its place. This, though necessarily done in a confused way, proved a lucky incident; for the duke was so much pleased at finding young Schiller so deeply absorbed, as he thought, in the study of medicine, that he soon after (at the close of the year 1780) gave him the appointment of regimental surgeon in Stuttgart, with a salary of eighteen florins a month.* The position was by no means what the young poet would have selected; but he was glad to get anything that would relieve him from the despotism of the military school; although he was still under military rule, and had to parade in regimentals like other officers. His friend Scharfenstein gives a description of him as he appeared on one of these parades, which shows that all the drill he had received at the ducal school had utterly failed to give him a soldierly appearance. "How comic was his look!" says his biographer. "Swaddled in regimentals, made after the old Prussian cut, which was particularly awkward and tasteless in the case of the surgeon's uniform; with three stiff, pomatumed rolls of curls on each side of his head, a little military hat perched upon his crown, from which a long, thick queue dangled behind; his long neck imprisoned in a tight horse-hair stock; his legs and thighs like cylinders of a uniform periphery; close-fitting pantaloons, sorely bespotted with shoe-blackening, and in which he moved, being unable to bend his knees, like a stork."

It was after his being placed in this position that his play

* We are told that one day, as he was declaiming with great energy the scene (now omitted in most editions of his works) in which Francis Moor, tortured by suspicion, says to Moses, "Ha! what—knowest thou none?—reflect—death, heaven, eternity, perdition, hang on the words of thy mouth," the inspector opened the door, inquiring, in an angry tone, what boy was in such a passion, and swearing so dreadfully. The youthful audience all laughed; and when the inspector departed, Schiller bawled out the next words of the part with double emphasis, "*Ein confiscirter Karl!*"—"a confiscated fellow!"

was put upon the stage. No wonder that he, who had been in the habit of going to see the plays of others, contrary to the express orders of the authorities of the school, should now make an effort to be present at the first representation of his own first piece. He did so accordingly; this was in January, 1782. The first acts were coldly received; some passages in the second act were even hissed. The author, who occupied a retired box, had nearly given up all for lost, when the most enthusiastic applause burst from all parts of the house. Ifland as Robert Moor, and Beck as Charles—the two best German actors of their day—were encored several times; and finally the author was called for, and made the object of a complete ovation.

But his triumph, brilliant as it was—rendering him famous at once throughout Germany—availed him nothing with the duke, but rather the contrary. The play was in every way disagreeable to his highness; he had no taste for that “whirlwind force of passion and will, which catches our hearts, and puts the scruples of criticism to silence;” those indignant and eloquent protests against the conventional institutions of the day seemed high treason to him—in his mind the piece had not a redeeming feature. Even that beautiful sunset by the hills of the Danube, which has elicited the admiration of the most fastidious critics of all nations, is nothing to him but patch-work—we mean the exquisite passage where the Robber chief, stung by remorse, remembers the innocent, happy days of his childhood; the green valleys and stately castles of his fathers; and the gloomy dungeon in the forest, from which, in the still beauty of the night, issues

“That fearful voice, a famish’d father’s cry.”

Instead of encouraging the author, the duke gave him a peremptory order to confine himself to medicine, at the same time issuing an interdict against the representation of the play. He found an excuse for this, if any was needed, in the complaints against the morality of the piece already alluded to.* But there was little use in trying to prevent Schiller from writing poetry. The more he was opposed the more he

* True the play was complained of on various other grounds. In the third scene of the second act Sprigleley, while discoursing with Raymann, observes: “An honest man you may form of windle straws; but to make a rascal you must have grit; besides, there is a rational genius in it—a certain rascal climate, so to speak. Go to the Grisons, for instance, that is what I call the thief’s Athens.” This gave such offence to the people of the Grisons that their magistrates wrote a formal letter on the subject to the *Hamburg Correspondent*, which was then the most widely-circulated paper in Germany. Nor was this all. A person named Walter—half lawyer, half publisher—whose book Schiller had ridiculed, volunteered to plead the cause of the offended Grisons before the duke. The latter was easily convinced that the poet had been actuated by “malice prepense,” and he punished him accordingly.

wrote. It was while he was under arrest at Stuttgart for having gone to Mannheim without permission, that the "Conspiracy of Fiesco" occurred to him as a suitable subject for a tragedy. But no sooner was he released than he stole away again at the earliest opportunity; and again he was punished on his return. This occurred three times in the course of one month; but after the third time he resolved not to submit to such despotism any longer, and accordingly, while a great *fête* was being celebrated in the city in honor of one of the Grand Dukes of Russia, he abandoned Stuttgart for ever.

This, however, was no reckless step; he had first done all in his power either to cause a relaxation in the edict of the duke against poetry, or to secure his transfer to Mannheim. Instead of his wish being complied with in either case, he was reminded of the fate of Schubart, who had suffered eight years' solitary confinement in the fortress of Hohenasperg, for having displeased his highness in a somewhat similar manner. The poet's father knew nothing of his intended flight; he had confided the secret only to three persons, his mother and sister, and Streicher, a student of music, who had long been his companion and an admirer of his genius. After having sold everything he could spare, including clothes and books, and collected whatever he could from friends, the whole amount of his finances was only twenty florins. Thus it was that he made his escape, as he tells us himself, a trembling fugitive, "empty in purse and hope," from a city whose greatest glory at the present day is to have possession of his monument, while the petty duke who persecuted him is remembered for nothing else.

On reaching Mannheim he lost no time in presenting himself to Meier, the stage director, who was not a little alarmed at the step he had taken. After some hesitation, however, he promised to do all in his power for the poet. So anxious was Schiller to be near his mother and sister, and so deep was his regret on parting with them, that he begged the director to intercede in his behalf with the duke. His request was complied with thus far; but the reply of his highness was ambiguous, and the poet resolved never to return.

The next proceeding was to test his new play, for "Fiesco" was now finished. It was agreed that the author would read it in the presence of the principal actors, and such friends as they thought proper to invite. All had witnessed the representation of the *Robbers*, and had the highest admiration for it. It is easy to understand, therefore, that they had a strong predilection in favor of the new piece. This was particularly true of Iffland, Beck, and Beil, each of whom had distinguished

himself in the personation of the *Robbers*. But all were disappointed. During the whole of the first act not a movement was made, except it was one of uneasiness or impatience; as for approbation, there was nothing of the kind. Worse than this, Beil walked away without ceremony. The rest waited until the end of the second act; but then all left except Iffland, and even he stayed merely as a matter of courtesy, because he would not wound the feelings of the author of the *Robbers*. There does not seem to have been the least difference of opinion among the audience. Streicher, indeed, had still faith in the genius of his friend; two or three times during the reading of the two acts he had endeavored to excite approbation; but no use. It need hardly be said that the author was terribly mortified, especially when he learned from his friend that the director had gravely inquired whether he was really the author of the "*Robbers*." The reader has doubtless anticipated the cause of all this. It was always a foible of Schiller's to think that he was an admirable declaimer; while at the military school in Stuttgart he was very fond of reciting tragic pieces for the entertainment of his fellow-students; but he generally found that instead of moving them to tears, he excited their laughter. This, however, he did not think much about; he rather pitied than blamed them, feeling certain that nature had denied them sensibility, giving them only a penchant for buffoonery in its stead. Nor did it occur to him even now that his reading had anything to do with the very unfavorable impression made by "*Fiesco*;" on the contrary, he felt surer than ever that his elocution was excellent. To this his friend Streicher bears testimony; he tells us that when they reached their own apartment Schiller informed him that if through the ignorance or ill-will of the actors his play should not be accepted, he was determined to personate the principal character himself, for "*I am confident*," he added, "*that no person can declaim as well as myself*." Nor was this any mere casual remark; he was firmly resolved to do what he said. With this intention, he sent his friend to Meier early next morning for the manuscript, which he had forgotten in his confusion, after the dispersion of his audience. But to the delight of Streicher, he had scarcely entered the director's room, when the latter exclaimed, "*Fiesco* is a master-piece, and better adapted to the stage than the '*Robbers*.' But do you know whose blame it was that we all took it for such a miserable failure? It was owing to Schiller's Swabian accent, and the cursed way in which he declaims—chanting out everything in precisely the same pompous tone, whether it be: shut the door, or some crack speech of his hero."

The author was pleased to have his genius recognized, although at the expense of an accomplishment in which he thought he had attained high perfection. In the mean time, he had been reduced to great extremities, often wanting the most ordinary necessities of life. Such was his condition when he met with Frau Von Wollzogen, a noble-hearted lady who invited him to reside on her estate at Baurbach, allowing him the use of her own carriage, giving him a horse to ride upon, and treating him with every other mark of consideration which the most sanguine could expect, even for a man of genius. This munificent and generous hospitality the poet never forgot. Nor did she get offended when she learned not only that he had fallen in love with her daughter, but also that his passion was reciprocated. True, the latter fact is denied by most of his biographers; but the only reason they can assign for doing so is, that no result followed the attachment on his part further than whatever influence it may have exercised on his poetry.

The manager, Meier, was true to his word. "Fiesco" was put upon the stage. Although its success was not equal to that of *The Robbers*, all capable of forming an opinion of its merits pronounced it a great work. The people of Manheim were but ill-calculated to appreciate the merits of a conspiracy, the scene of which was laid at Genoa, of whose manners and customs they understood little. Hence the justness of their critique upon it—that "the piece was too learned for them." Sensible of this disadvantage, the author tried to remedy it by taking an active part himself in putting the piece on the stage. He even went so far in his efforts to teach the public how to appreciate the play, as to write a notice of it himself, which was duly printed with the bills, but which, as far as we are aware, is now to be found only in one edition of his works. It is quite a long document, but a brief passage or two will give a sufficient idea of its character. He begins his appeal ingeniously enough. "Properly," he says, "the picture should speak for the artist, and *he ought to wait* behind the curtain for the decision. It is not now my purpose to bribe the judgment of the audience for my style, *nor is the thread of my tragedy much obscured*. Nevertheless, I value too highly the attention of my spectators, *not to save them the few moments which it would cost them to find it*." He then proceeds to analyze the piece and show its tendency. Having given a sufficient insight of the plot and indicated the relations of the principal characters towards each other, he goes on to remark that "The moral tendency of this piece no one will doubt. If, unfortunately for mankind, it is of such frequent occurrence that

our most divine impulses, that our best germs for the great and good, are *buried under the oppression of ordinary life*; if little-mindedness and fashion were the bold outlines of nature; if a thousand ridiculous conventions impair the great stamp of divinity; surely a play cannot be purposeless, which holds before our eyes the mirror of our entire strength, which kindles anew the dying spark of heroism, which calls us from the narrow, dull circle of every-day life into a higher sphere. Such a play, I hope, is the *Conspiracy of Fiesco*." He is not thus modest throughout. Language like the following would be considered somewhat odd, even at the present day, as applied by an author to his own performance: "When I hold the reign of my spectator's soul, *and can fling it like a ball to heaven or hell*; and it is high treason against genius, high treason against man, to miss this happy moment, *in which so much can be won or lost for the heart*." The fairest, and indeed the justest view to take of this appeal is, that the author was poor when he wrote it—in absolute distress; and what will not stern necessity force even genius to do? Had Schiller addressed the people of Manheim in simple language, the probability was, that they would have paid little attention to him; for there is a certain stage, even of enlightenment, at which what is pompous, if not bombastic, has more effect than what is chaste and terse.

But we are not left in doubt as to the circumstances of Schiller at this particular time. His "*Cabal and Love*" was much better received at Manheim than "*Fiesco*." The former was a domestic story, much better adapted to the capacities and tastes of the inhabitants of a provincial town than an historical drama, the whole frame-work of which was foreign to them. The former had the additional recommendation of advocating the superiority of humble city life, as compared to the pomp, pageantry, and corruption of the court. In short, the "*Cabal and Love*" made all the poor people good, and all the rich people bad. This, by itself, would have been a source of delight to those to whom it was addressed; yet it did not bring sufficient money to the author's purse. Upon the other hand, it seemed likely to be the cause of having him sent back into captivity; at all events, he feared so; and he determined once more on flight. The place to which he now turned his attention as an asylum was Frankfort; but he had not money enough to pay his fare on the cheapest vehicle; and so he must walk. Streicher clung to him with more devotion than ever, in proportion as he was in need of his aid. He, too, was poor, but whatever he got from his friends, he freely shared with the poet. The latter might have got money from his

father ; but he was afraid of compromising him with the duke by writing. Rather than be the cause of doing any injury to his parents, he preferred to suffer every privation, until finally the good and generous Streicher succeeded in getting thirty florins from his mother ; and with this sum, the two friends started on their wearisome journey. After a hurried walk of twelve hours, the wanderers reached Darmstadt. Here they had intended to remain for at least a few days, but the drums of the fortress reminded Schiller so forcibly of his former captivity, that he found he could have no rest within reach of them, and so he resolved to leave at once. In Hoffmeister's very interesting account of the flight from Mannheim, the following passage occurs : " It was a bright, cheerful morning, when the travellers, wearied with their yesterday's walk, resumed their journey. They moved forward slowly, stopping, after a league, to refresh themselves with a little kirschenwasser in a draught of water. At noon they entered a small inn, less for the sake of food than to allow Schiller, who had been ill before starting, and was very tired, the refreshment of a little repose ; but the inn was so noisy, and the people so rude, that they left it in a quarter of an hour. Again they started for Frankfort, Schiller walking more feebly, and the paleness of his countenance visibly increasing. When they reached a little wood by the roadside, he declared he was unable to proceed further, but would try if, by means of a few hours' rest, he could still reach Frankfort that night. He lay down to sleep on the grass under a shadowy thicket, Streicher sitting near him on the trunk of a felled tree, and watching with anxiety his unfortunate friend. There lay one of the noblest of poets, who was soon to be the glory of his country, poor, helpless, exhausted, without home, without prospects. Sleep took pity on him—his rest was undisturbed for two hours—his strength partially recruited, and, with nightfall, the wanderers reached Frankfort."

Much as Dante and Tasso suffered under similar circumstances, it may be doubted whether either had to undergo more disagreeable privations than the author of the "Robbers." But, fortunately, the sufferings of the latter were of comparatively brief duration. On reaching Frankfort, he soon found friends, who, if they could not render him any important service, could at least furnish him the necessities of life. He had great faith in Baron Dalberg, under whose auspices the "Robbers" had first been represented at Mannheim. He wrote him a touching letter, imploring that he would save his credit by enabling him to discharge a debt of two hundred florins which he had contracted in Stuttgart, but

was unable to pay. The baron could have given his check for ten thousand, as easily as for two hundred; neither would have put him to the least inconvenience. Schiller was sick at heart from "hope deferred," before he received any reply to his appeal. Finally, when a reply came, it was not directly from Dalberg, but from Meier he received a letter addressed to "Doctor Ritter," the name he assumed on leaving Manheim, in which he was informed that "Fiesco must be completely recast and prepared for the stage, *before the baron could venture to give any further answer.*" This was sad news; but it was worse than useless—it might be ruin—to rebel against the wealthy director. Meier advised the poet to submit, and undertake the remodelling, as suggested. Before they parted, he consented; but the same day, he heard that the duke had resolved to have him brought back to Stuttgart at any cost. The manager, as well as the poet, was somewhat alarmed at the news. After some discussion, however, it was agreed that Schiller should change his name again, call himself Doctor Schmidt, take up his abode for the present in the small town of Oggersheim, and recast "Fiesco" as quickly as possible. This cost him nearly as much time and labor as the original composition of the play. But in the mean time he had greatly improved in taste, and had added not a little to his stock of general knowledge. Of these advantages he fully availed himself in remodelling "Fiesco," which, in its new form, was readily accepted by Dalberg. The latter was all the more willing to enter into a regular arrangement with him now, because he learned that the duke had forgotten or forgiven the poet. Hence it was that in September, 1783, Schiller found himself in the position of dramatic poet at Manheim, at a salary of 300 florins a year, he undertaking to furnish three pieces, viz: "Fiesco," "Court Intrigue and Love," and "Don Carlos," for each of which he was to receive one night's receipts, in addition to his regular stipend.

The two latter, as well as the former, were highly successful. "Court Intrigue and Love" is marked by the general characteristics of the *Robbers*, so far as design and tendency are concerned. Rank and artificial civilization are attacked as fiercely in the one as in the other; while humility of station and simplicity of manners are made the nurses of every virtue. There are no baser villains in any rank of life than Bök, Kalb, and Wurm; indeed, only those who entertain a very low opinion of human nature, would be willing to admit that any such exist at all in civilized life. But assuming that they are caricatures, as many respectable critics maintain, there is still sufficient in the piece to indicate the genius of the author.

The scenes between Ferdinand and Louisa would do so by themselves, replete as they are with a tenderness and pathos rarely if ever surpassed. We are told that the author was present, as usual, at the first representation; that his eyes were riveted on the stage—the compression of his lips and the knitting of his brows being plainly observed by all, when anything in the acting was amiss; while his eyes sparkled with delight when some favorite passage elicited the approbation which he justly thought it deserved. “Not a word escaped him during the whole of the first act,” says his biographer; and only at its close did he seem to relieve himself with the words, “That goes well.” The second part, particularly towards its close, was played with such captivating warmth and truth, that when the curtain fell, the audience rose and broke forth into a general shout of approbation and applause. Schiller was so overpowered that he rose in return and bowed to the public, his face and bearing expressive at once of self-estimation, gratitude, and satisfaction.

This piece gained the author more respect and esteem than all he had previously written. Hitherto he was regarded much more in the light of an outlaw by the upper classes of society than that of a benefactor of his kind, or one whose faults ought to be looked lightly upon. The Duke of Weimer, who has immortalized himself by his noble and generous patronage of the great thinkers of his time, was the first to break the spell, by conferring on the poet the honorary title of Counsellor; although more than one of Schiller’s biographers assert that “Don Carlos” was the first piece that attracted the attention of his highness. This reminds us of the periodical entitled the *Rheinische Thalia*, which he established soon after his engagement as dramatic poet at Mannheim, and the greater part of which was written by himself. To prepare himself for the work, he had zealously studied the French, English, and Italian classics, especially in the department of criticism and belles-lettres, and the result was soon obvious in his style. It was in commencing his “Thalia” that he first devoted himself wholly and exclusively to the literary profession; never before, he tells us, had he regarded himself as a literary man. “All my connections,” he says in his first number, “are now dissolved. The public is now all to me; my study, my sovereign, my confident. To the public alone I from this time belong; before this and no other tribunal will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man.” What is most generally believed in ref-

erence to his first introduction to the Duke of Weimer is, that his highness met the "Don Carlos" casually in the "Thalia"—the three first acts having appeared in three consecutive numbers of that periodical—and that on reading them he immediately sent the honorary title mentioned as a mark of admiration for the author. Be this as it may, all were not equally pleased with the *Rheinische Thalia*; but on the contrary, the freedom of the editor's discussions soon gained him many enemies among authors, publishers, actors, and artists. Dr. Hoffmeister tells us that, "conscious of his own position and powers, he ventured to take a higher tone in his criticisms than any other journal of the day, and to express some opinions in regard to authors, actors, &c., in language more just than complimentary." As is generally the case in such circumstances, the criticised parties did not like this. The usual cry of malice, vindictive feeling, and other bad motives, was set up against the critic; he was attacked in every form, as if he had been a tiger that happened to escape from his cage. Now all who were criticised could easily see what a righteous judgment had been passed upon Schiller by the Duke of Wurtemberg; and they felt sure that if every other sovereign in whose dominions the outlaw sought shelter would keep him under similar restraint, the cause of literature, morality, and religion would be greatly benefited.

All this would have done the critic little harm had he retained the actors in his favor; but he criticised them as freely as the rest. His mistake was, that he thought they would not object to fair criticism. It seems they had told him so often enough; but it was as the Archbishop of Grenada told Gil Blas to be sure to let him know whenever he began to fail in his sermons—nay, pressed him to give his opinions freely, and then dismissed him the very first time he ventured to do what he was bid. Poor Gil Blas saw his error when it was too late; and so did Schiller. The author of the "Robbers" was just as much dependent on the actors, as long as he stayed at Mannheim, as Gil Blas was on the archbishop. The former as well as the latter might have exclaimed, "Mais le moyen d'apaiser un auteur irrité et de plus, un auteur accoutumé à s'entendre louer!" Of course there was no use in his trying to put a piece on the stage while the performers regarded him as an enemy, and were eager for an opportunity to be revenged. He had no alternative, therefore, but to leave; hence his removal to Leipzig in March, 1785. His enemies congratulated themselves on what they regarded as a decided triumph; they had no doubt but they had crushed his "Thalia" for ever—that it could never appear again. But they soon found that

after all the triumph was on his side; for the *Quarterly* appeared in due time at Leipzig, was bolder and more scathing than ever; and, what was worse, addressed itself to a larger audience. For ten years he made this periodical the vehicle of his speculations on literature, the drama, æsthetics, &c., and however much fault was found at the time with the manner in which he conducted it, it is now universally conceded that it exercised a powerful influence on public taste. Even when he dropped his "*Thalia*" in 1793, he did not lose his taste for periodical literature, for he established the *Horen* in its stead, securing contributors to the new work among the most distinguished writers in Germany, including Goethe, who, as the author of *Faust* tells us himself, "engaged to go hand in hand with Schiller in the undertaking."

Here we are reminded of a very great difference between Schiller and Goethe, and we may as well make an observation or two upon it now as another time. The author of the *Robbers* is generally regarded as warm-hearted and impulsive, while the author of *Faust* is as generally regarded as cold-hearted and selfish. In some respects the distinction is perhaps just. But if we take the relations of each to the ladies as a criterion, Goethe must certainly be admitted to be more warm-hearted than Schiller. There is scarcely a pretty girl, the former saw, from the fifteenth to the fiftieth year of his age, which he did not love. It is admitted by those of his biographers who are not reticent on this point, that he had conceived a passion for at least a dozen ladies—violent passions for more than half that number. Several of these he has immortalized in his writings, though not always in a legitimate or blameless manner. In the present instance we have to do only with the fact; and this is so well known that it would be superfluous to give particulars here, especially as we have done so recently in our article on Goethe. In short, neither Burns, nor Byron, nor any other poet, ancient or modern—not even Ovid, or Catullus—was possessed of a more inexhaustible fund of affection for the ladies than Goethe. M. Menzel and other critics have said that his love was nothing better than lust; and it must be admitted that they adduce some plausible arguments in support of their theory. But they have failed to convince any unprejudiced, intelligent reader, who is thoroughly acquainted with Goethe's writings. It is too often forgotten that however many he loved, and however sincere was his affection for each, that as a member of a Christian community he could only have married one at a time; and that his conduct to Fredrica, however reprehensible in itself, is not at all inconsistent with the fact of his hav-

ing tenderly loved her. Without pursuing the subject at any length, it may be said in a word, that if Goethe did not love woman—he who formed so many ardent attachments, and whose highest ideal of æsthetic beauty assumed woman's form—no man ever did.

But there is no evidence that Schiller has ever felt even once the passion of love in its full development. That he was kind and affectionate, and had many friends among the gentle sex, none deny. We have already alluded to his amiable conduct as a son and brother. No mother and sister could be more attached to another than were his to him; and they tell us themselves that they could not have been otherwise without evincing insensibility and ingratitude, since no one could have been kinder to them than he. But of what is called falling in love, he seems to have known nothing. What Hoffmeister tells us on this point is, that "as his prospects brightened and his health and hopes improved, the wish to share the joys and sorrows of life with a wife took a stronger hold of his mind."

That is, when he felt in a position to marry, he thought he had better do so. In writing, in 1784, to his friend and benefactress, Madame Wollzogen, who, as we have already seen, had afforded him an asylum on her estate when he was most in need of aid, he mentions that he had long been thinking of marriage; that his heart longed for the *sympathy of a companion*; that the comforts of domestic life could alone bestow upon him that *tranquillity* which was requisite to the free working of his imagination, and that he is convinced he could make a wife happy. But by far the most important part of the letter is its conclusion. "Could I," he says, "but take you at your word, and be, indeed, *your son*! Your Charlotte would not, indeed, be rich, but assuredly she would be happy." This was plain enough; it was a direct proposal for the hand of one of the richest heiresses in Germany. That he meant it in this light himself, is evident from a postscript, added two days later, after he had had full time for reflection. "I read over," he says, "what I have written, and tremble at my foolish *hope*; but my friend, who has borne with so many of my follies, will pardon this also."

Madame Wollzogen seems to have taken no notice of the hint one way or other, nor is there any evidence that Schiller suffered much at heart in consequence. If he had any love for the young lady, it survived this disappointment but a short time. Soon after, he made similar proposals to his friend Schwan, the bookseller; but it seems the latter regarded him too much in the light of an outlaw against "the trade." He did not think it safe to form so close an alliance with a man

whose principal productions had failed to find any publisher, (for he had to publish the "Robbers" and the "Cabal and Love" himself,) and who still continued to render himself so obnoxious in his "Thalia." Upon the other hand, if Schiller ever really conceived any passion for a lady, it was for the accomplished and beautiful daughter of the bookseller. She is the "Laura" who is addressed so affectionately in several of his lyrics; but the effusions she inspires are by no means his best. It is said that the lady herself did not regard them as the outpourings of genuine passion. Be this as it may, the courtship, if such it could be called, produced no result. Schiller had to turn his attention to another lady whose name was Lengefeld, and whose intellectual and domestic qualities were regarded by his friends as well as by himself as well calculated to add to his happiness. If there was any love on either side in the romantic sense of the term, it was by no means a profound passion; but that they had an esteem and friendly affection for each other is beyond doubt. It was not, however, until Schiller had obtained his highest honors and was sure of a comfortable and permanent livelihood that he decided to marry. This was some three months after he had been appointed to the professorship of history in the University of Jena. From all appearances, the marriage proved a happy one. Schiller himself bears unequivocal testimony to this. Writing to a friend a short time after the event, he speaks thus enthusiastically of his new position: "Life," he writes shortly afterwards, "is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than when forsaken and alone. . . . I look with a glad mind around me. My heart feels a perennial contentment: my existence is settled in harmonious composure; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and serene. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now, when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how all has happened so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my spirit—nay, I think my very youth will be renewed; an inward poetic life will restore it to me again."

Whether he continued to feel in this way is not known; but some allege the contrary. He was not fond of talking on the subject himself after the first year of their marriage; his biographers are in general equally reticent. This has led many to suspect that there was no great happiness between them after a certain period, but those who are of this opinion lay the blame rather on the poet than on his wife. Not that they charge Schiller with unkindness to those depending on him; all acquit

him of this feeling, but it is very possible for a husband to render his wife unhappy without any intention or disposition to do so. There is no evidence that this was the case with Schiller further than that Charlotte von Lengefeld was celebrated for her amiability of character. She is described as having "a graceful form and mould of features; eyes animated with the expression of gentleness and affection; a lively sensibility to the beautiful and true, both in life and in art; a talent both for drawing and poetry; and a certain harmonious composure in her whole nature." This would show that she was well calculated to be the wife of a poet. Nor was there any undue disparity in their ages. Schiller was thirty-one and Charlotte twenty-one when they were married. At all events, as there is no evidence that they ever had any serious disagreement, we are bound to believe that they lived happily together. This, however, does not alter the fact that Schiller did not love woman-kind with a love as impassioned or as intense as that of Goethe. In this respect, at least, the heart of the former was cold as compared with that of the latter. Yet the author of the "Robbers" is a much greater favorite with the ladies of Germany than the author of "Faust."

But we must return to Schiller's works. On this subject we can say but little in the present article. This, however, is in accordance with our intention in commencing it. By far the most important part of the poet's life may be said to close at his marriage and his appointment to the professorship of history at Jena. A complete change was now effected in his sentiments and feelings. The change had, indeed, commenced with the composition of "Don Carlos." The distinction made by Hoffmeister is, that while the first three pieces are of a tendency purely *destructive*, "Don Carlos" is on a *constructive* principle. That is, the heroes of his early dramas would destroy all existing institutions—they would spare nothing; but the heroes of his later dramas, although they too are rather radical in their views—are disposed to build rather than destroy.

This is true to a considerable extent of "Don Carlos," which, with all its faults, is undoubtedly a beautiful play. We cannot, indeed, prove the fact in this article, for to do so would require extracts for which we have not room. Let it suffice, therefore, to make a few observations on its general characteristics. The first impression it gives one after reading the "Robbers" and "Cabal and Love," is one of comparative serenity. We find in it that temperance in sentiment and expression which experience of life, extensive reading and culture, are sure to beget sooner or later. In other words, we do

not meet with those exaggerated descriptions which occur so frequently in the "Robbers." Instead of the bombastic prose of his former plays, we have chaste and vigorous iambs. His love of freedom is still prominent, but it is tempered by gentleness and humanity.

The general effect of the vivid pictures which he draws is to soothe and elevate the mind, while that of his former pictures was to excite horror—to make us suspicious of all around us, save of those whom we ought to respect most—in other words, to agitate and oppress us. The tempest, indeed, still lingers in "Don Carlos," and we only hear it in the distance. We feel that we are beyond its reach; while in its stead we are warmed with bursts of sunshine which impart a cheerful air even to what is sad and desolate in itself. The despotism of the Spanish court is drawn in glowing colors. The principal characters stand forth in bold relief; none ever fail to distinguish them; but except in one or two instances, they are rather distorted. Carlos, who was evidently intended to be the hero, is overshadowed by Posa. Philip is a tyrant, but one of no vulgar type; perhaps one of the truest portraiturees Schiller has drawn. However, he makes all exhibit the loves, jealousies, and intrigues of the Court of Madrid. But in doing so, he shows that he has not yet overcome his virulent hatred of the Catholic religion and the monastic orders. Not that he likes the Protestantism with which he contrasts Catholicism, but that he hates the former less than the latter. The characteristics which he gives to Philip are a superstitious devotion, a cold heart, a saturnine and melancholy temperament, a narrow, obtuse intellect, and a disposition to shrink from nothing that may advance his own power and the ascendancy of the Inquisition. All this is illustrated in many fine passages. The character of Posa is not so well drawn; it is not so true either to history or to human nature. The same remark will apply to the character of Carlos; yet no drama of its time, with perhaps the sole exception of the author's own "Wallenstein," contains so many beauties as "Don Carlos." It were easy to point out particular passages in illustration of this fact; but suffice it to refer to the celebrated interview between Philip and Posa in the third act, and that between Philip and the Grand Inquisitor in the fifth act.

Another of the productions of this time is the *Geister Seher*, (*Spirit Seer*.) In this, the author engrafts his philosophical tendencies on the frame-work of an agreeable fiction; but the piece was never finished. The plot turns mainly on an alleged deep-laid scheme on the part of agents of the Catholic Church to convert certain Protestants, including an Armenian Prince.

The idea is carried out on the part of the poet with admirable skill, but the piece is pervaded by a tone of undisguised skepticism and by sneers at the dogmas of all religions. The Catholic Church is painted in the darkest colors, and represented as adopting the most unscrupulous means to draw the credulous, but well-meaning Prince, within its pale; and yet Catholics have not more reason to complain of the powerful and magnificent effort here made to bring their religion into contempt than the Protestants have of his "Gods of Greece," in which he openly regrets the loss of heathenism, as well as the progress of science. The latter piece is a beautiful poem—undoubtedly one of his happiest efforts, so far as the poetry is concerned, but the sentiments are, of course, odious to every Christian mind. It is proper to say, that although the "Gods of Greece" is now given in most editions of the author's works, it is so much altered—the more offensive passages being omitted altogether—that one could scarcely identify it with the original form in which it was written.

This is another point in which Goethe differed radically from Schiller. The former was too philosophical a reasoner, and had studied human life too much, to seek to destroy anything which he could not again build up. Some think that he is not to be thanked for this, because, in their opinion, he was a believer in no religion. But were this true, would he not be all the more worthy of credit for so far respecting the views of those around him, as not to treat their religion with disrespect, although he had no faith in it himself? Whether Goethe was a believer in Christianity or not, Hoffmeister admits that Schiller belonged to no sect whatever. "It is useless," he says, "to hold a veil over the truth; the author of the 'Robbers' had nothing in common with the doctrines of Protestantism more than those of Catholicism." But who will condemn him on this account? Certainly we have no right to do so. If he was wrong, he was responsible for his conduct to a higher tribunal than any church—responsible to the great source from which his sublime genius was derived. Besides, it is pleasant to know that he changed his views towards the close of life, according as he acquired more knowledge, and became better acquainted with the world. The change he underwent in this way is forcibly illustrated by himself, in the following passage from his *Schaubuhne*: "The happiness of society is as much disturbed by folly, as by vice and crime. It is an experience, old as the world, that the greatest weights, in the net of human things, are often suspended by the smallest and finest threads; and when we trace actions back to their sources, we must laugh ten times before we feel one sensation of

horror. My catalogue of villains grows shorter as I advance in years, and my register of fools becomes longer. I know but one secret which will preserve men from deterioration, and that is—to keep the heart free from infirmity." It is literally true, that those whom he regarded as villains the first half of his life, he regarded only as fools in the last half. He lived long enough to learn that it was folly, at best, to attack religion; and since, according to his own words, the happiness of society is as much disturbed by folly as by vice and crime, it is to be hoped that he must have felt sorry for his scoffs at morality and religion.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than allude to Schiller's intercourse with Goethe, Wieland, and Herder, after his removal to Wiener. At the beginning, no great pleasure seems to have been derived from it on either side. The two great poets were rather shy of each other. Each thought he could never like the other. Schiller felt disappointed on his first introduction to Goethe; not that he formed a low estimate of the author of "*Faust*;" but he thought there was something repulsive in his mode of thinking. For this he gives his reasons frankly. "Many things," he writes, "which interest me have ceased to interest him. His intellectual constitution has from the first been differently constructed from mine—his world is not mine—our modes of conceiving things seem to be essentially at variance."

The feelings of Goethe were quite as strong in the opposite direction—so strong, indeed, that he thought his views could never be otherwise than antagonistic to those of the author of the "*Robbers*." The close intimacy that subsisted between them afterwards was all the more valued by each, on account of their mutual repugnance at the outset; although those best acquainted with both insist that notwithstanding their working in conjunction, no real friendship ever existed between them. It was otherwise, however, between Schiller and Wieland, who became intimate at once. Both had periodicals in which they expressed their opinions freely; both had rendered themselves obnoxious, and had sustained not a little injury by doing so. Whether this created a sympathy between them or not, certain it is, that no two of the great luminaries of their time had a warmer friendship for each other. Herder preferred Goethe to Schiller; he regarded the former as superior to the latter, if not in original genius, at least in culture. This, however, did not prevent him from entertaining a high regard for the author of the "*Robbers*." The latter derived profit from his intercourse with each. He improved daily in their society, as if he had again entered college and devoted two or

three hours a day, under the tuition of the best instructors, to those studies which he had comparatively neglected in his youth. We have already alluded to the effect thus produced on his future writings; especially on "Wallenstein," "The Maid of Orleans," and "William Tell;" to which, however, we can do little more than refer on the present occasion.

Schiller himself always regarded "Wallenstein" as his greatest work. Artistically considered, it is certainly his *chef d'œuvre*; but it is equally certain that the production which exhibits most genius is the "Robbers." It seems that he was for years engaged at "Wallenstein." The first idea of it occurred to him while on a visit to Carlsbad for the benefit of his health; but he changed the plan of it several times. First he wrote the whole in prose. This did not please his friends; then he altered it to blank verse; and while doing so, interpolated some of the finest passages in the play, and omitted other passages which Goethe thought too much in the style of his earlier pieces. The best part, indeed most of the work, was composed in a little house which he erected in his garden at Jena, with only one small room. Here he could be heard from a neighboring house declaiming favorite passages, while he walked rapidly up and down his narrow chamber. Then he would hurriedly throw himself into his chair and write. Beside him were two flasks—one containing Rhenish, the other Champagne; he would occasionally take a draught out of these in turn; not that he had any love for stimulants as such; but that he found these particular wines recruited his strength. The house, or rather hut, in which he gave expression to so many noble thoughts—in which, in addition to the greater part of Wallenstein, he wrote "The Walk," "The Song of the Bell," and "The Ideal," was long held in veneration by his friends and admirers, in accordance with a well-known sentiment in one of his own poems:

"The place which once a good man's foot hath trod,
Remains a consecrated spot for ever."^{*}

When Goethe was shown the rough draft of "Wallenstein," he suggested that it contained far too much for one play. The author did not hesitate to take the hint, and hence it is that we have three plays instead of one—"The Camp," "Piccolomini," and "The Death of Wallenstein." True, the first is regarded by most critics only as a prologue or overture. "The three pieces," says M. de Rebecque, "appear incapable of being represented separately: they are, however, in Ger-

* "Die stelle die ein guter mensch betrat,
Sie bleibt geweiht für alle zeiten."

many. The Germans thus tolerate a piece without action, as *The Camp*; an action without development, (*dénouement*), as *The Piccolomini*; and a development without previous exposition, as *The Death of Wallenstein*." In speaking of his translation of the play into French, the same author observes: "There is not a single scene in the three tragedies of Schiller which I have retained entire: there are some in my piece the idea of which is not found in Schiller. He has *forty-eight dramatis personæ*, while I have only *twelve*. The unities have obliged me to recast the whole." This, however, does not prevent the translator from doing justice to the genius of his author. His views are peculiar, but characteristic. They exhibit the points in which French dramatic criticism differs most from English and German dramatic criticism; and, accordingly, we quote them in preference to others. Speaking of the play as a whole, he says:

"The scenes follow one another without being linked together. But this incoherence is natural: it is a moving picture, where there is no past nor future. The genius of Wallenstein presides over this apparent confusion. The minds of all are full of him—all celebrate his praise, agitate themselves with the rumors of the count's dissatisfaction, and vow never to forsake the general who protects them. We distinguish the symptoms of an insurrection ready to break out of Wallenstein; but give the word; and, at the same moment we unravel the secret motives that modify the attachment of each individual—the fears, the mistrusts, and the private interests that swell the general impulse. We behold an armed people a prey to every popular fermentation; impelled by their enthusiasm, and retarded by their misgivings; *striving to reason, and not succeeding from want of practice*; spurning allegiance, yet making it a point of honor to obey their chief; trampling upon religion, yet hearkening eagerly to every superstitious tradition; but still a people inveterately proud of their strength, and full of contempt for every profession but that of arms; who know no virtue but courage; and no aim but the pleasures of the day."

"It would be impossible to produce upon our (the French) stage this singular production of the genius, accuracy, and, I shall add, erudition of the Germans; for it required no little erudition to collect into one body all the points that distinguished the armies of the *seventeenth century*, and which appertain no longer to any modern army. In our days, everything in the camp, as in the city, is fixed, regular, and subordinate. Discipline has superseded commotion. If partial disorders occur, they are mere exceptions, which are provided for; but in the thirty years' war, disorder was the permanent state, and the enjoyment of gross licentiousness the amends for dangers and fatigues."

This is just enough as far as it goes. Now let us glance, in passing, at the three parts of "*Wallenstein*," as compared to each other. The object of "*The Camp*" is evidently to exhibit a picture of an army that had devoted fifteen years to warfare and plunder, at a time when discipline, in any proper

sense of the term, was out of the question.* It gives an insight, at the same time, into the equivocal position in which "Wallenstein" himself, surrounded as he was by those who, under the guise of friendship, were intriguing against his life. Still his army, as a whole, regarded him as more than human. Probably no other general, of ancient or modern times, not excepting Alexander the Great or Napoleon the Great, was held in greater awe and admiration by his troops. It was absolutely necessary for the poet to prepare the reader or auditor by thus presenting the hero at the outset in the plenitude of his greatness, especially as he had to represent him in Piccolomini and "The Death of Wallenstein" as undecided and vacillating. There is a grotesque humor in "The Camp," which convinced Iffland that the author could succeed in comedy as well as in tragedy, did he only make a serious effort in the former direction. Few comic writers have contrasted national characteristics with each other more amusingly than Schiller has done in those scenes in "The Camp" in which he places the Austrian, the Croat, the Uhland, the Lombard, the Venetian, and the Irishman side by side, and makes each exhibit his own character. In turning to "Piccolomini" all is different. Here all is gravity; we are soon led to see that a serious business is contemplated; but scarcely anything is done. We become acquainted with the characters and the positions they occupy; but nothing more. Hence the force of the observation of Madame de Staël, that it is like a solemn, excited conversation, interrupted in the middle; but the scenes between Max and Thekla have seldom, if ever, been surpassed in tenderness and pathos. The character of Thekla alone would redeem the dullest play. It has been disputed from one end of Europe to the other whether Shakespeare or any other dramatist has delineated a nobler heroine. "Thekla,"

* The wars on which the tragedy of Wallenstein are founded exhibit barbarities too horrible to contemplate. The worst scenes that have been enacted by either of the contending parties in the present rebellion in this country display gentleness and humanity compared to those in which the hero of the piece was engaged. An instance or two will illustrate the fact for those who are not acquainted with the history of that bloody period. Thus, in speaking of the siege of Magdeburg, the historian says: "The Croats amused themselves by flinging children into the flames—the Walloons of Peppenheim by hurling their spears at infants in their mothers' arms. Some of the officers of the League besought Tilly to check this bath of blood. 'Come again in an hour,' was the reply, 'and I will see what can be done. The soldier must have something for his danger and labor. . . . In less than two hours this large, populous and fortified city (Magdeburg) lay a heap of ashes, two churches and some small buildings alone excepted. On the thirteenth of May, Tilly himself entered it. Fearful and revolting was the scene. The living, who crept from the scattered corpses—children who with heart-rending cries sought their parents, and infants who still hung upon the lifeless bosoms of their mothers. More than six thousand bodies were flung into the Elbe in order to clear the streets for his passage, and the whole number of the murdered amounted to thirty thousand."—*Schiller's Thirty Years' War*, vol. i., p. 230.

says M. Constant, "is a being raised above our common nature. She is calm, because her determination is irrevocable; confiding, because her attachment is all solemn; undisguised, because her love is not a part, but the whole of her existence. She is an aerial spirit, that hovers over this crowd of ambitious fiends, traitors, and ruthless warriors, whom strong positive interests excite against each other. We feel that this is not her sphere; that she is destined back again to the heavens whence she came. Her voice is so soft; her form so delicate; the purity of her soul, opposed to their greedy calculations; her angelic calmness, contrasted with their fiend-like agitation, fill us with an unceasing, melancholy emotion, such as no modern tragedy has produced."* In short, there is scarcely a feeling of which the human heart is capable—scarcely a generous or base emotion—which does not find expression in one form or other in this wonderful production; but the worst passions of our nature predominate throughout. Nowhere else do we find such an extraordinary variety of the aspects of life. In the scenes of one we see grandeur alternating with desolation, hope with fear, love with hate, joy with sorrow, and gratitude with revenge. The women vie with the men in the stormy arena of the camp, in the desperate struggle for self-aggrandizement, and for the ruin of all opposed to their ambitious projects. And no other murderers appal so much as those of "Wallenstein." We think we see the conspirators pass the long corridor that leads to the chamber of the doomed hero; we think we hear his faithful page tell them that his master was asleep, so that they might not disturb him, supposing, from being always about his person, that they came to consult him, as usual, or pay him a friendly visit—still more vividly do we see Wallenstein rise from his bed, and behold from his window the houses of those who were his friends in flames, and the heroic manner in which he died—in short, the whole scene is one of the most startling in the whole range of modern tragedy.

Of the remaining works of Schiller we cannot now speak; and there are several which we have not even mentioned. This is true, for example, of his "Bride of Messina," a tragedy constructed on the best classic model, and with a chorus reminding the Greek student of that of Sophocles, or Euripides. Even if we had room to spare, it would be hardly necessary to speak of his "Mary Stuart" and "William Tell" in an article whose object is merely to give a general view of the author's principal characteristics. The character of William Tell, especially, is known to every intelligent reader; since there is

* Wallenstein traduite de l'Allemand par M. Constant de Rebecque, p. 189.

scarcely a single English or American periodical that pretends to pay any attention to general literature which has not discussed to a greater or less extent the merits and demerits of a production which, apart from its intrinsic value as a work of art, will ever attract attention as the last effort of one of the greatest geniuses that any age or country has produced. But as all our readers cannot be supposed to be equally familiar with the opinions of French critics on the same subject, we will quote a brief passage from M. de Rebecque; not so much, however, for the superior force, profundity, or justice that characterizes it, as for its representative character. In other words, we give it as the fairest specimen we have seen of the general tone of French criticism on "William Tell."

"Let us only compare what Schiller has done in his 'William Tell' with what a Grecian would have done in like circumstances. Tell, escaped from the pursuit of Gessler, has scaled a wild rock, commanding the road along which the tyrant must pass. There the Swiss peasant awaits his enemy, holding the bow and arrow that must serve his vengeance, after having so well served his paternal love. He retraces, in a soliloquy, the ease and innocence of his past life, and gives way to wonder at finding himself so suddenly thrust by tyranny out of the peaceable and obscure condition to which fate seemed to have ordained him. He recoils from the act that he is about to commit. His yet unsullied hands shrink to dye themselves in the blood even of the guilty. It must be done, however, if he would save his own life, that of his son, that of all the objects of his love. Doubtless, in a Grecian tragedy, the chorus would here have lifted up its voice, to reduce into *general maxims* the feelings that crowd upon the soul of the spectator. Schiller, *not having this resource*, supplies the defect by the introduction of a rustic wedding, that winds along the base of the rock to the sound of instruments. The contrast between the gaiety of this laughing troop and the sadness of Tell suggests at once to the spectator all the reflections which the chorus could have expressed. Tell is of the same class as these careless villagers; like them, he is poor, unknown, bred to labor; his obscurity ought to have shielded him from a power so much above him, yet it has proved no defence. The Grecian chorus would have expanded these truths in smooth, sententious phrases. German tragedy has displayed them with no less force, by the introduction of a number of persons unnecessary to the action, and having no ulterior connection with it."

The author had several other plays in preparation, but he "had made progress in none, when he was seized, while witnessing the representation of William Tell at Berlin, with a violent attack of a malady to which he had long been subject, and which was now destined to prove fatal. On the morning of May 9 he was delirious; but towards evening he fell into a sound sleep. From this he awoke in the full possession of his senses. But he felt that his end was approaching. Under this impression, which proved but too correct, he called all

the members of his family around him and bid them an affectionate farewell, at the same time giving directions for his funeral. His last request was, that he should be buried without pomp or ostentation, in a manner strictly private. A few minutes afterwards he remarked, with considerable animation, "Many things are now growing plain to me." He then sank into a quiet slumber, without exhibiting the least pain or uneasiness. The slumber gradually deepened, until it merged in death. Thus died FREDRICH SCHILLER, at the early age of forty-five years, while his fame filled all Europe, and while his numerous admirers of all nations were discussing the question as to whether, after all, he had yet produced his greatest work, and asking each other how many more contributions would he make to the delight and instruction of mankind. Nothing does more honor to his great rival, Goethe, than the profound emotion he evinced at his death. We extract a passage from his own description of his feelings after the sad event had taken place:

"Now was Schiller indeed torn from me—now had I first lost his society. My artistical imagination was forbidden to busy itself with the catafalk which I thought to build him, which should outlast his obsequies longer than that of Messina; now it was turned to nothing, and followed the body into that grave which, without pomp or circumstance, had closed upon him. Now first began its decay for me; *intolerable grief seized me*; and, as bodily suffering cut me off from all society, I was secluded in most melancholy solitude. *My journal bears no record of that time; the blank leaves tell of the void in my existence*; and what there is of information shows only that I went on with the current of business without interest in it, and suffered myself to be guided by it instead of guiding it. How often must I inwardly smile in after times, when sympathizing friends looked in vain for Schiller's monument in Weimar; then and ever I bethought me that I could have founded the noblest, the most satisfactory to him and to our companionship."—*Tagund-Jahres Hefte*, 1805.

We have not merely his own words for his having felt thus grieved at the death of his friend. All his biographers bear testimony to the fact. Hoffmeister describes his emotions as follows:

"Meyer was with Goethe on the night of Schiller's death. He was called out, when the news was brought, but he did not return to the chamber, and left without taking his leave. Nor had any one else greater courage to bring the intelligence to Goethe, who, when the members of his household appeared confused and anxiously avoided him, could in his solitude only expect the worst. 'I see how it is,' said he at last, 'Schiller must be very ill;' but he did not press for an explanation, which, indeed, he did not feel strong enough to bear, and during the rest of the evening he was particularly reserved. *In the night he was heard weeping*. On the next morning he asked a friend (a female): 'Is it not true,' he said, 'that Schiller was very ill yester-

day?' Much overcome by the earnestness of his words, she was unable to answer him, but began to weep aloud. 'Is he dead?' asked Goethe, with firmness. 'You have said it,' replied the friend. 'He is dead!' repeated Goethe, and he covered his face with his hands. On the following day no one ventured to speak to him of Schiller, and he avoided a subject for which he had neither calmness nor power of endurance."

No two authors have been more frequently compared with each other than Goethe and Schiller; yet no two of equal genius are more dissimilar. Nothing could be more unjust than to judge either by the other. They are both great, but in a different way; and each is awarded the palm of superiority according to the predilections and tastes of his admirers. If the latter prefer the objective to the subjective in art and nature, Goethe is their favorite; if the reverse, their favorite is Schiller. But these distinctions apply only to the stronger sex; for Schiller is beyond all comparison the favorite poet of his countrywomen—indeed, of all whose hearts are unstained, and whose affections retain their natural warmth.

ART. II.—1. *An Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients.* By the Right Honorable Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS. London. 1862.

2. *The Plurality of Worlds.* Boston. 1854.

3. *Neues Welt-System. Dargestellt wie es ist,* von AND. WEINBACH, in Erbach im Rheingau. Mainz. 1850.

POETS and men of letters have usually shown little fondness for science proper. The more largely they have shared the gift of genius, the more earnest has been their antipathy, often, to the processes of analysis and logic, as applied to external nature and its operations. Even the tranquil and philosophic mind of Wordsworth grew impatient with the physicist, and he acrimoniously denounced, as a symbol of all, the imaginary one who could "botanize on his mother's grave." In the one class of thinkers we infer a preponderance of the intuitive, as in the other of the inductive, reason, resulting in mutual discordance. Coleridge, whose mind was more equally poised upon both these Psyche-wings, first clearly announced the true correlative of poetry to be, not prose, as in common talk, but science, an essential no less than a formal opposite. Goethe's comprehensive mind went out towards both poetry and science, yet even he pursued the methods of intuition rather than of ratiocination, and was a poet in his physics.

The Thracian servant-girl, jesting at Thales for being so intent upon observing the stars that he fell into a well—absorbed in the motions of the heavenly bodies and ignorant of those of his own feet—was probably cited by Socrates as truly illustrating his own contempt for such studies; and its counterpart is found, for modern times, in the incident related by Emerson in his "English Traits" as having occurred while he was passing through the British Museum with his Diogenes, whose sarcasms upon "high art" had already been noted: "For the science he had, if possible, even less tolerance, and compared the savans of Somerset House to the boy who asked Confucius 'how many stars in the sky?' Confucius replied, 'he minded things near him;' 'then,' said the boy, 'how many hairs are there in your eyebrows?' Confucius said, 'he didn't know and didn't care.'"

The votaries of astronomy, on the other hand, are enthusiastic lovers of their chosen science. To them it is beautiful and sublime in its ideas, ennobling in its influence, beneficent in its practical results, beyond all other themes for human contemplation. Mitchel, the lamented scholar-patriot, whose fervent words were wont to enchain the attention of myriad auditors, not less than his flashing sword waved on enthusiastic hosts to daring deeds, has thus recorded, in his latest publication, his devotion to his favorite study:

"The great dome of the heavens, filled with a countless multitude of stars, is beyond a doubt the most amazing spectacle revealed by the sense of sight. It has excited the admiration and curiosity of mankind in all ages of the world. The study of the stars is therefore coeval with our race, and hence we find many discoveries in the heavens of whose origin neither history nor tradition can give any account. The science of astronomy, embracing, as it does, all the phenomena of the celestial orbs, has furnished in all ages the grandest problems for the exercise of human genius. In the primitive ages its advances were slow, but by patient watching, and by diligent and faithful records, transmitted to posterity from generation to generation, the mysteries which fill the heavens were one by one mastered, until at length, in our own age, there remains no phenomenon of motion unexplained, while the distances, magnitudes, masses, reciprocal influences, and physical constitution of the celestial orbs have been approximately revealed."—(*Mitchel's Popular Astronomy*, p. ix.)

In this antagonism, the man of science, if with a less numerous train of admirers, has some how carried the world with him. Nor will the profoundest or wisest thinker—even the most gifted poet or man of genius—deny the strong yearning manifested in the human soul, from the earliest historic period until to-day, towards a more certain and intimate knowledge of the universe above and about us, however removed such inquiries may be from any connection with human interests. Utility, as

manifest on every side, has gathered incalculable results from these studies. But this is by no means all that can be said in commendation of astronomy. The aspiration, assuredly, is not ignoble, nor can we pronounce intuition alone to be akin to the divine. Have not logic and analysis truly their grandeur, as well as their practical triumphs? And can it be a mere vulgar appreciation which finds something to admire in Lord Rosse's telescope and its discoveries, no less than in the noblest product of human genius?

The earliest astronomical speculations belong rather to invention than to discovery or deduction. They approximate poetic intuition rather than scientific ratiocination. On the differences of old and new methods of science, however, or on the triumphs of Baconian investigation, as popularly accredited, it is not our purpose to dwell. In both periods the authority of a great name has sufficed to convey theories sometimes but poorly sustained by proof, really originating in the "spontaneous reason," and appealing thereto, in the minds of their adherents. Of course, but little of astronomical science rests, in the mind of the general student, upon other than tradition or dictation. The bare statements of text-books are committed to memory merely, and implicitly received by the mass of disciples. Nor has the actual investigator always been sufficiently careful as to the certainty and correctness of his premises. Intuition has often appeared where induction alone belongs, and the two have met on common ground, actively contending for mastery.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in a work of rare learning, yet popular in its style and treatment, has set forth in detail the history and progress of early opinions in regard to the heavenly bodies and their relations to the world we inhabit. This survey is one of deep interest, whether to the man of science or to the man of letters. The ancient knowledge of the stars was by no means so limited as would seem to be currently believed; and ere its culmination in the Ptolemaic system, it had embraced, as we shall presently see, nearly every positive result of practical value now recognized, while its students had run through almost the entire round of conceivable speculations.

Until the invention of the telescope, near the beginning of the seventeenth century, the modern observer had no advantage over the ancient, except in the cumulation of discoveries and ideas. The same heavens were open to the gaze of each. The same means existed for collecting the facts from which principles were to be deduced, and on which systems were to be based. The acutest of philosophic minds, that of the Greek, had been earnestly directed for many generations to this kind

of investigation. The greatest of all geometers, who left little to be added to his science in later days—Euclid—had also, availing himself of the results of his predecessors, applied his exact demonstration to astronomy, and announced fundamental laws which received long and general acquiescence. Astronomical science, as such, first attained to anything like perfection, so far as any definite information has reached us, in Greece. From Eudoxus, of Cnidus, onward to Hipparchus, there was a succession of physical philosophers who profoundly studied the phenomena of the heavens with nearly every advantage or opportunity possessed in the days Copernicus, who died more than half a century before the great optical discovery of Galileo.

Of the disciples of Eudoxus and Hipparchus was Ptolemy the Alexandrine, who, in the second century of the Christian era, as the result of their labors and his own, established a well-matured system, which was almost universally current for the next fifteen centuries, and still commanded the assent of Lord Bacon and others of the greatest minds of Europe, for nearly a hundred years after the system which has since then gained the ascendancy had been first elaborated.

The realm of astronomical theory, assuredly, is not yet so securely established, but that it may be in danger of new revolutions, more sweeping even than any that are past. A lurking skepticism, or diffidence at least, is occasionally traceable in the minds of votaries of astronomy, a conscious apprehension that the launching of new ideas among the facts of the upper universe will effect a radical change in the old traditions and demonstrated doctrines. The general student, not an expert in the science, can easily point out certain questions that the astronomer has not yet fairly grappled with, though they directly confront him in his way. Some of these questions menace the displacement of opinions established, indeed, but which have endured, as yet, for a far shorter period than others which they have supplanted.

The system which bears the name of Copernicus is now so universally taken for granted, that, to suggest any remaining difficulties in relation to it—and much more, to hint the possibility that the older theory to which it succeeded has any longer a right, in any respect, to be seriously mentioned as a rival—is likely to meet with no flattering reception in any quarter. To many it would be but a manifestation of "phillistery," or mere stolidity. Others might, but little more charitably, rate it as an affectation of one in pursuit of novelty. And yet there are undoubtedly many readers who are willing candidly

to consider whatever may be candidly said on even so unpromising a theme.

Plainly, if we discuss the merits in any manner of the Copernican system, we must have in mind certain cardinal inquiries which that theory assumes to answer. These primarily turn upon the adoption or rejection of its heliocentric principle. Does the earth revolve around the sun, or the converse? Which of these bodies is the superior in attraction and dignity, and which the inferior? Which is the primary, and which the satellite? Incidental to this grand inquiry, are those which relate to the distances, magnitudes, and substances of the planets and fixed stars, and to the existence of numberless other habitable worlds and systems.

Next to the Scriptural obstacles, which were harder to surmount by the later astronomers than the like difficulties have proved to ingenious geologists, we can readily believe that the most serious resistance to be overcome by Galileo and his successors, in the minds of thinking men, was founded on the palpable degradation which the Copernican theory at first seemed to fix upon our mother earth—the infinite abasement in relative position and grandeur—when made an inferior appendage among many appendages, an humble follower among submissive followers, of what had hitherto been, for the sake of the world's inhabitants and of its animal and vegetable life, a mere generator of light and heat. Gradually, the grander theory of numerous systems of habitable worlds, if it did not remove this sense of humiliation, at least gave a higher glory to the divine attributes, proportionally exalting man and his destiny, as a favored denizen of a boundless creation, which all the elect of Providence should inherit. But was not the sting, nevertheless, still left in the wound of human vanity? And may not the thoughtful man have constantly felt that, to awaken the race from an illusion so long indulged, to a reality so carefully disguised under a contrary seeming, as if by creative design, were neither pious nor humane?

At length, the high authority of one of the chief of modern astronomers, and his apparently unanswerable demonstrations, demand that we abandon the consolatory faith in a plurality of habitable worlds. There is but one. Is that a simple plaything of an uninhabitable sun? Is it a mere make-weight in the gravitation which spins a system of empty and desolate orbs around a lifeless centre? Is the earth but one of a string of shreds that poise and steady a magnificent but meaningless toy in its flight through infinite space? How insignificant, then, is man in the midst of these masses of inanimate

matter! Have we indeed sadly mistaken the dignity of the race, the divine estimate of the human soul?

These questions still lurk beneath all plausible theories invented to smother them. The scientific world is at least divided on the new doctrine of Whewell. Himself an unhesitating believer in the heliocentric hypothesis, and arguing from that position, he has certainly, though unconsciously, afforded just grounds of alarm for the stability of that scheme. Admitting that he has reasoned and spoken truly, it is hard to resist the conclusion that Copernicanism itself involves a degree of absurdity.

Neither the Greek sages, nor Ptolemy, nor Tycho Brahé, nor Lord Bacon, all of whom had similar means with those of Copernicus for observing the phenomena of the heavens, and the great English physicist even the advantage of the telescope and its revelations, can have failed to give due consideration to the chief elements of the theory which bears the name of the Prussian astronomer. The heliocentric notion had been suggested in the lifetime of each and all of them, yet by all it was deliberately rejected. Brahé was a whole generation later than Copernicus, and Bacon wrote nearly a century after the latter astronomer's death. Eudoxus, if we may believe what is related of him, availed himself, to the fullest extent, of all the patient and long-continued observations, theorizings, and calculations of both the Egyptians and the Babylonians. But the heliocentric scheme found no place among his speculations. Aristotle, while apparently taking certain steps in this direction, yet stoutly maintained the geocentric belief. Archimedes, the great mathematician, and Hipparchus, who discovered the precession of the equinoxes, and was one of the acutest observers and profoundest thinkers ever conversant with astronomy, both deliberately rejected even the incidental steps tending towards Copernicanism partially taken by the Stagirite.

Euclid, the geometer, no light authority surely, for he made astronomy also his study, mathematically demonstrated the truth of the geocentric doctrine. After giving, at too great length to quote here, the substance of Euclid's exposition of his astronomical doctrines, Sir G. C. Lewis remarks:

"These propositions imply a completely geocentric system, in which the earth is at rest, and the starry sphere revolves around it every twenty-four hours. Accordingly, Euclid's first theorem is, that 'the earth is in the middle of the universe, and stands to it in the relation of centre.' Galen remarks that Euclid, in his *Treatise on Phenomena*, demonstrates in a few sentences, that the earth is at the centre of the universe, and that its relation to the universe is that of a central point; he adds, that learners are as much convinced of the conclusiveness of the demonstration, as that twice two make four."—(*Astronomy of the Ancients*, pp. 188-9.)

Aristarchus of Samos, in the third century before the Christian era, "proposed a theory of the world exactly similar to the Copernican." Our author, last quoted, says of this:

"We are informed by Plutarch that Cleanthes (who probably at the time was head of the Stoical School at Athens, the most religious of the Greek philosophical sects,) declared his opinion that Aristarchus of Samos ought to be prosecuted for impiety, because he taught that the hearth of the universe was movable. By 'the hearth of the universe' he meant the earth; and he employed this mystical appellation as alluding to the central and sacred character. His indignation at the heretical doctrine of Aristarchus implies that he conceived it not merely as making the earth revolve round its axis, (which Heraclides and Hicetas had done,) but as uprooting it from the tranquil and dignified seat which it had occupied at the centre of the heavenly sphere, and as sending it a wanderer through space."—(Pp. 192-3.)

This philosopher, who was an astronomer of distinction in his day, preceded Hipparchus by more than a hundred years. Between the time of the latter and Ptolemy was a period of not far from three centuries. We are told that, "at some period during this interval, a doctrine was promulgated which to a certain extent anticipated the Copernican system."

It was therefore no accident that the geocentric doctrine prevailed until so recent a day. The opposing theory was again and again proposed, and, during nearly two thousand years of industrious and acute scientific investigation, was deliberately rejected.

Although propounded by Copernicus a century before the invention of the telescope, being really founded upon no better data, or another kind of observations, than those which upheld the Ptolemaic theory, the now current system made little or no progress until the time of Galileo. Its fortunes were apparently linked with those of his discovery. Its promulgation was not accomplished by any intrinsic weight of the arguments advanced by the reviver of the heliocentric hypothesis. Until after 1609, Copernicus of Thorn had no better fortune than Aristarchus of Samos.

Admitting to the utmost the ancillary service of optics to astronomy, candor and good faith require us to make application of all its results, adverse as well as friendly. Whatever, in the laws of light, concerns refraction and the media of transmission, must likewise affect the whole science of astronomy, and particularly all that relates to the magnitudes and distances of the planets and fixed stars. Yet one fundamental premise of all these measurements has been assumed. All understand how very different is the apparent size of the sun or the moon, how they are exhibited out of their true position, and how even their shape is varied, just at their rising or their

setting. These phenomena science attributes chiefly to refraction. To the same principle, at least in part, may be attributed irregular effects, reduced to no law, seen in multiform manifestations on land and water—such as the phenomena of looming, *fata morgana*, or mirage. Within the limited atmosphere which surrounds the earth, normal variations can be understood and approximately estimated; and the irregular or uncertain can be so guarded against as never viciously to enter into permanent calculations. But beyond the bounds of our atmosphere, what assurance have we as to the media through which the light of the heavenly bodies is transmitted?

Between the few miles from the surface of the earth to the outer limit of its atmosphere, and the estimated distance thence even to the moon, how vast is the disproportion in space! We can hardly assert with confidence that the principles of refraction, as ascertained from observations made by one who is in the densest portion of our atmosphere, on which rests the whole superincumbent mass, have any validity for the unknown region beyond the limit at which the tenuous upper air touches the space beyond. Be that space void and dark, or be it otherwise, the problem is still one that we lack the means to solve. When we extend this space one hundred millions of miles, the currently estimated distance of the sun, the problem becomes greatly magnified, with no additional data for its solution. When we have the supposed peculiar atmospheres of sun, moon, and other (often intervening) heavenly bodies, with laws of their own, who can know aught of their actual character?

These mere intimations suffice to show what a universe of possibilities—and of probabilities, even—expands yonder above us, for refractions, distortions, and the quenching altogether, at the distances supposed, of light bound earthward from the celestial spheres. What reliance, then, can be placed upon the received optical data of measurement? It will not do to say that we have daily proof of the correctness of the assumption that none of these distortions and refractions exist, (except those of our own atmosphere, duly accounted for,) in the exact calculations of motions and phases which have been made and constantly verified by experience. To assert this, is to assume everything. The fact just stated proves but appearance at best; and if we are to take appearance and seeming experience for our measure of reality, then assuredly the sun moves annually through the zodiac, no less than the moon revolves about the earth, and the latter, as proved by its unchanged relation to the fixed stars, has only a motion on its own axis. As well, too, let it be said, that the calculated

risings and settings of the sun, being constantly correct, prove the scientific accuracy of the popular statement of these motions.

Let it be remembered that the fixed stars and the nebulae, the later fields of astonishing telescopic discovery, have properly little relation to the geocentric question. The heavenly bodies beyond the solar system are but incidentally connected with the hypothesis of Copernicus. The opposite theory is sufficient for all these, and for the comets also. Be the earth or the sun the centre and chief object of this system which now bears its name, the phenomena of all beyond might appear substantially the same—provided always that the Copernican assumptions as to their distances be conceded in conjunction with the heliocentric theory.

What discovery of the telescope within the solar system, then, has tended to popularize the hypothesis in question, and to commend it to scientific faith? Galileo discovered certain satellites of Jupiter. He was able to perceive planetary discs before invisible through all past time. The marvellous rings of Saturn were brought into view; also, the belts of Jupiter. The man who brought about such marvels gained himself great renown and authority in astronomic matters, but what further? Long afterwards, passing in vision beyond the orbit of Saturn, the outer limit, hitherto, of the solar system, another observer added Uranus to the brief catalogue of planets, to which Neptune has still later been joined. Three or four score of asteroids have also been enrolled as revolving about the sun. But these, and the other telescopic discoveries summarily alluded to, add little to the difficulties in the way of the more ancient hypotheses, and no strong arguments for the modern one.

Before, the phenomena of the seasons, all the real or apparent motions related to the ecliptic, the calculation of eclipses, the ephemeris of solar, lunar, and planetary positions, the precession of the equinoxes, the difference of the solar and sidereal years—these, and other astronomical results and observations, were understood in accordance with harmonious principles, as now. Democritus, in the fourth or fifth century before Christ, explained the milky-way as "a congeries of small stars, close to one another;" not less truly, though less poetically than did Milton, two thousand years later:

"— a circling zone, powdered with stars."

The practical utilities of the science, and much that was merely curious, had thus been developed to nearly their fullest extent, before the days of Copernicus. But a boundless field

of speculation was opened by the acceptance of the heliocentric dogma. It came into collision with the previously current ideas of nature, ennobling the remote and the distant, at the expense of man and his little planet. How slightly the new doctrine has aided any of the material, positive, or practical results of the science, has been well stated by Sir George Cornwall Lewis, (who, be it said, once for all, lest the contrary might be inferred from the tenor of our comments, appears to be a most undoubting Copernican:)

"The Copernican system of the universe and its subsequent completion by the Newtonian theory of universal gravitation have had a purely scientific value, and have exercised scarcely any practical influence upon the affairs of mankind. The solar year was fixed with a close approach to accuracy by the Julian calendar, in the year 46 B. C. The reform of the Julian calendar, under the auspices of Pope Gregory, in the year 1581, was only a short time subsequent to the publication of the hypothesis of Copernicus, and was promoted by astronomers who held the Ptolemaic system. This reform of an error amounted only to 11' 12" in a year, brought the calendar to perfection; the annual measure of time has received no improvement since the modern astronomical revolution. With regard to the determination of a ship's place at sea by astronomical methods, the invention of chronometers has been far more important than any improvement in astronomical theory. If the ancients had known the telescope and the clock, their scientific methods would have sufficed for nearly all practical purposes, although they might have held to the geocentric hypothesis.

"Astronomy, as it has been developed by Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, and their modern successors, has been treated by mathematical methods, requiring the highest stretch of the reasoning faculty, and has furnished materials for sublime contemplation. But it is a science of pure curiosity; it is directed exclusively to the extension of knowledge in a field which human interests can never enter. An attempt has been made by some astronomers to distinguish between the solar system and sidereal astronomy; but the distinction rests on no solid foundation. The periodic time of Uranus, the nature of Saturn's ring, and the occultations of Jupiter's satellites, are as far removed from the concerns of mankind as the heliacal rising of Sirius, or the northern position of the Great Bear.

"Science ought, indeed, to be pursued for its own sake; and the human mind can be worthily occupied in the acquisition of knowledge which can never lead to any practical result. But if the astronomical science of the ancients was less exact and comprehensive than that of the moderns, it had a closer bearing upon human affairs, and it nearly exhausted those departments which are useful to mankind."—*Ast. of the Ancients*, pp. 254-5.

We very well know how absurd our suggestion of optical difficulties will appear to conservatives, whose scientific faith was, three hundred years ago, the extreme of radicalism. What has been so long overlooked will be regarded as necessarily non-existent. The dogmatist will dispose of all this in

a sarcastic sentence or a contemptuous word; and the plausible theorist will cheaply explain how the uninitiated have fallen into, and may be relieved from, so innocent an error. But the inquiring mind, anxious to accept whatever is true, and to set aside whatever is false, will more and more see how prominent a power assumption has been, both in this and other matters, in the construction of premises on which astronomical tenets have been founded. This single optical consideration of course affects all current theories as to the substances, magnitudes, and distances of the heavenly bodies, and their relations to our world. On the wide expanse for contemplation thus opened to the *idealist*, we forbear to cast even a glance.

The author of "The Plurality of Worlds," in demonstrating—apparently, beyond cavil, conceding the modern astronomical theories, of which he is an orthodox adherent—that the earth alone, of all the heavenly bodies, whether sun, moon, planets, comets, fixed stars, or nebulae, contains any inhabitant like man, has brought back the recipient of his doctrines to the primal starting-point of all these speculations. Man and his planet return to their former station as the central figures of the universe. The sun exists to give them light and heat. A thousand-fold more serviceable to the earth than is the moon, might it not really, as well as apparently, be equally subordinate in its motions to our planet? Admitting, on the other hand, that the sun exacts from the earth such homage as Copernicus and Galileo maintained, the latter world seemingly becomes (physically speaking) one of the least significant among all the bodies of their planetary system. Were the given phenomena equally well accounted for on some other hypothesis, demanding no such relative abasement of the earth and man, may not a devout believer in divine wisdom and power still, with universal Christendom for more than fifteen hundred years, literally understand and accept, in its plain meaning, the doctrine of the grand Hebrew hymn of creation:

"And God said:
Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven,
To divide the day from the night;
And let them be for signs,
And for seasons, and for days, and years,
And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven
To give light upon the earth:
And it was so.

"And God made two great lights;
The greater light to rule the day,
And the lesser light to rule the night:
The stars also,
And God set them in the firmament of the heaven
To give light upon the earth,
And to rule over the day, and over the night,
And to divide the light from the darkness:
And God saw that it was good."

It is needless to say that, in what precedes, we have not aimed at anything like scientific treatment. We have spoken from the common level of human feeling and contemplation, without having imagined ourselves on any philosophic heights. We grant that the heliocentric system has fairly won its way to popular credence, against immense odds. We confess our own inability to overturn the mathematical demonstrations on which it depends; but may not this yet be done, as even the Euclidean demonstration of the geocentric system was overturned and set aside? Meantime, we do not rashly pronounce the heliocentric theory false. We do not unqualifiedly maintain that any other hypothesis will as well suffice for all observed facts in astronomy, though, for so many centuries, the want of any other than the Ptolemaic theory was not seriously felt even by the most profound astronomers; while they, at the same time, embraced within the scope of their science substantially all the phenomena, with all the practical results known to it at this day.

We have neither space nor inclination to refer to the series of protests against the now dominant system which have been made from time to time, from the days of Galileo to the present. Uttered sentiments of opposition, however, have never fully died out among thinking men. We will here only subjoin the scanty outline of a new theory published a few years since in Germany, sustained by mathematical demonstrations, based upon observations of an original character. The scheme is summed up in the following propositions, as we translate them:

"The Universe comprises seven grand divisions:

"1. The Earth is the centre of the universal system, and turns on its own axis, from west to east, every twenty-four hours.

"2. Next in order is the Moon, which revolves around the Earth, on its ecliptic course, in 29 days, 12 hours, and 44 minutes.

"3. Then comes the Sun, which makes a half-yearly oscillation of 47° , from the sign of Capricornus to the sign of Cancer, and back. Its diameter is equal to one-eighth the diameter of the Earth, or $1,218\frac{1}{4}$ geographic miles. Its distance from the Earth is 77,400 geographic miles.

"4. Next to the Sun is Mercury. This body revolves about and accompanies the Sun on its course to and fro. The period of its revolution around the Sun is 87 days and 23 hours.

"5. At a little greater distance from the Sun than Mercury, is Venus. Its motion is the same as that of Mercury. Its period of revolution around the Sun is 224 days and 16 hours.

"6. More remote are the superior planets, whose movements are all from east to west. They have no returning [*rückgängige*] motion, as hitherto represented.

"7. Then we have the upper heaven—the fixed stars. This sphere revolves on its own axis regularly, from east to west, in 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes."

This differs from any previous system in many important particulars, yet maintains the fundamental principle of a geocentric universe. It has the sanction of no great name. It rests, ostensibly, on positive demonstration: in other words, it is plausibly shown to account for the phenomena to be reduced to law and order, more satisfactorily than any preceding hypothesis. From the very nature of compound and combined motions, more than one supposed centre can be assumed, and still the system, though widely different in detail, remains consistent throughout. Were other things merely equal, the argument in this case, despite scientific authority and a modern habit in believing, must preponderate on the side of a geocentric scheme. If to assert this opinion, after all the later career of astronomic discovery, be pronounced an act of folly, let him who is inclined so to decide remember that time works great changes in popular belief, however deeply seated; and that even precedent and prescription at length give way, however obstinate their opposition, before the advancing dawn of new truths. Assuredly, the Copernican system cannot become prevalent, but must be modified, or else disappear, if science continues to advance.

If the new geocentric system we have cited be pronounced mere visionary hypothesis, as not improbably it is, then let other like attempts share the reproach. All former astronomical systems, save one, have ceased to command the confidence of men, or to be respected as anything else than dreams. The Chaldeans were the most assiduous (and perhaps, also, the most exact) of astronomers known to history, and yet were they the founders, or at least the zealous propagators, of the most stupendous of all delusions—a complicated system directly connecting the heavenly spheres with the inmost nature and destiny of man, and with the whole current of earthly events. Of one of the chief champions of the current heliocentric doctrines, whose famous "third" planetary law was at best but an approximation, and by later discoveries is found to be untrue, Sir William Hamilton remarks, that "*astrology* was the least visionary of Kepler's beliefs."

Let us welcome, then, the aid of every earnest star-gazer, and pardon whatever may be discovered of his proverbially imputed foible. We need be startled at no suggestion of change, in the onward course of science, and least of all in one that has now become chiefly speculative, (its positive field being exhausted,) and one that was always variant like the tides and the moon, or like the relative positions of remoter luminaries.

- ART. III.—1. *Quintilian's Institutes of Eloquence; or, the Art of Speaking in Public, in every Character and Capacity.* Translated into English, after the best Latin Editions, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By W. GUTHRIE, Esq. In two volumes. London. 1805.
2. *Elements of Elocution, &c., &c.* By JOHN WALKER, Author of the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, &c. London. 1805.
3. *The Philosophy of the Human Voice: Embracing its Physiological History, &c.* By JAMES RUSH, M.D. Philadelphia. 1859.

Good reading and good speaking always give pleasure to the hearer, whether he be learned or ignorant, refined or vulgar. But alas, how few there are who are able to furnish such a pleasure! The supply in this particular falls far below the demand. These facts have always attracted much attention. Various methods of increasing the number of good readers and good speakers have been suggested, some of which have contained a modicum of truth, while others have been either inefficient, or productive of error. This has been caused by the assumption that no analysis of the functions of the voice can be made. Such an idea not only shuts vocal delivery out of the class of sciences, but it also refuses it a place among the arts. Reading has been taught by imitation mainly. And there have been those of high reputation as literary men who have declared that all attempts to teach the principles of correct expression by the voice will end only in producing an artificial and constrained delivery, more repulsive even than what were at first the natural faults of the reader. Hence we find the direction "Read naturally" repeated again and again. One writer tells us that "Every man has a just and natural key, and the moment he abandons that, he loses all control of his voice."

The chief, as regards influence among such theorists, is Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin, who, in his "Elements of Rhetoric," brings forward objections against any scientific training in vocal delivery. As these objections are precisely the same as those brought against logic, which the same author so successfully combats in the first note to Book I. of his "Elements of Logic," wherein he does not hesitate to attempt to controvert no less eminent a philosopher than John Locke, we might almost leave Whately to neutralize Whately. But we fear that a careful comparison of these two treatises will not be made by many. It is much to be regretted that the fame of the writer should cause the fallacies in his Rhetoric to exert so wide an influence as they do in our colleges and schools. Were he but an ordinary bookmaker, he would merit

only the contempt which my Uncle Toby showed to the fly that annoyed him. But his wide-spread reputation demands a severer mention of some of his writings. His vagaries, not only in his Rhetoric, but in some of his other productions, ought to go far to lessen the confidence of the reader in his dictum. The rank of any author, whether it be civil or ecclesiastical, cannot shield him from just criticism, for in the Republic of Letters there are no grades of distinction other than those of literary merit. The name of the slave Æsop has been preserved for twenty-four centuries by his writings; while we know not and care not who or what was the master that owned him.

Dogmatists are not aware of the confusion of ideas existing in their own minds. With a different sense of the rule which they lay down, we would also say, "Read naturally." But what is the true meaning of this canon?

In answer to this question, we shall state in the first place, that vocal delivery is one of the fine arts as much as music, painting and sculpture. The human voice, it is true, utters at one time the highest devotional sentiments, or the grandest and noblest thoughts, and at another, the most trifling, or even ludicrous language. So, also, the same hand, the same palette, and the same pencil which were employed in producing a *chef d'œuvre* of painting, may, on its completion, be engaged in ornamenting with tawdry embellishments the toys of a favorite child. But this latter circumstance by no means degrades painting from its position as one of the fine arts. Nor can the great range within which vocal delivery may be exercised deprive it of a sisterhood with the others.

The skill which makes the marble breathe, and that which carves the common ornaments of domestic furniture, differ not in kind, but only in degree. Music also enters into the sublime anthem, the negro melody and the licentious song. Painting, sculpture, and music are confessedly among the fine arts. And so is vocal delivery, and for the same reasons that the three others are classed as they are. They are arts that are to a greater or less extent founded upon scientific principles. They are successful just in proportion as they successfully imitate, not bare nature, but ideal nature.

The Venus de Medicis, for instance, is the representation of a female faultless in limbs, position, and expression. But does any one suppose that in all Greece, celebrated as it was for female beauty, any one woman could be found who would serve as a model for the sculptor when he was executing his matchless work? Did he not rather copy one feature from one female, another from a second, an arm from a third, a foot from a fourth,

and so on till the beauties of twenty Grecian damsels were united in that celebrated and almost living marble? Yet the great charm of the Venus de Medicis is its wonderful fidelity to nature. We can well suppose that our great mother, Eve, stood before Adam in a like beauty to that which marks this Grecian statue, and that no female since her time has rivalled her in attractiveness.

In the second place, vocal delivery, if it be one of the fine arts, must, like the others, strive to reach an ideal excellence; and in this way, like them, really imitate Nature in the higher and more perfect types of her existence. This, one would suppose, might long since have been inferred, from the saying which is attributed to Demosthenes, that "eloquence is acting, acting, acting." We are aware that the last words of this declaration have been generally written "action, action, action." If this be the true version, then the religious fanatic is more eloquent than the polished and quiet preacher, and the pantomimist is the greatest orator of all! This just and proper *reductio ad absurdum* must satisfy us that the sentiment of the great Grecian orator has generally been misrepresented.

The positions which we have laid down can hardly have escaped the attention of the ancients. As eloquence was so powerful in its influence in Greece and Rome, the methods of acquiring the most effective exercise of it must have engaged the thoughts of many persons.

The work whose title we have placed first at the head of this article is the most comprehensive treatise on eloquence bequeathed to us by antiquity. It is full in some portions to excess. Hence some things have an undue prominence given to them, while others are either slightly touched upon, or are entirely omitted. Discussions are introduced which, in a strictly scientific view of the subject, would be referred to books having a different object. And terms now carefully distinguished from each other are confounded. Thus, in the syllabus of his work he says, "The four next chapters treat of elocution, under which head is comprised memory and pronunciation." Nor is this strange. If, in the course of eighteen centuries, the art of speaking has not been measurably systematized and improved, then surely we may abate somewhat of our confidence in the progress of the human race. Quintilian, however, deserves to be read and studied, since there is so much that is valuable in his book, and his deficiencies can be supplied from other sources. A very important deficiency is indicated in the following extract: "The nature of the voice is known by quantity and quality; as to the first, it is enough to say it is either strong or weak." This is the more remarkable,

from the concluding sentence of his "Observations on the Greek and Latin Accent." It is in the following: "But between these two extremes there are many intermediate degrees, from the highest to the lowest, and from the lowest to the highest. Quality is more various. For a voice may be either clear or hoarse, full or slender, smooth or sharp, stammering, or flowing, hard or flexible, shrill or austere. The breath, too, may be longer or shorter. It is foreign to my present purpose for me to show the reasons of all this; whether it lies in the difference of the organs which receive the air, that forms the voice, or," &c., &c.—Vol. ii., p. 343.

Now it must be allowed that if we can with any degree of certainty ascertain the reasons of the varieties of the human voice, it is surely desirable. Every public speaker knows that different passages require not only a different rate of utterance, but a difference in pitch and inflexion. If he can at will take any pitch, as the accomplished vocalist can; if he knows precisely what kind of inflexion is the true one for emphatic words, and can give that inflexion with certainty; if he can also tell why the breath is longer or shorter, and can thus have a perfect command over his vocal organs, he certainly has attained to some certainty in the exercise of his art which cannot fail to be of service to him.

The second work which we propose to notice is the production of a writer whose dictionary of the English language had for a long time a deserved celebrity. Mr. Walker made some discoveries in inflexion, but for any accurate measure of this movement we may look in vain in his work. This is the more remarkable, from the sentiments he expresses in the concluding sentence of his "Observations on the Greek and Latin Accent." It is in these words: "But till the human voice, which is the same in all ages and nations, is more studied and better understood, and till a notation of speaking sounds is adopted, I despair of conveying my ideas of this subject with sufficient clearness upon paper. I have, however, marked such an outline as may be easily filled up by those who study speaking with half the attention they must do music. From an entire conviction that the ancients had a notation of speaking sounds, and from the actual experience of having formed one myself, I think I can foresee that some future philosophical inquirer, with more learning, more leisure, and more credit with the world than I have, will be able to unravel this mystery in letters, which has so long been the *opprobrium et crux grammaticorum*, the reproach and torment of grammarians."

The work whose title we have placed third at the head of this article is a record of an attempt to discover the philosophy

of the human voice, and of the results of that effort. Music had for ages been subject to a critical analysis, and mathematics had been called in to define many of its parts. Practice, according to well-ascertained rules, had long been rigidly insisted upon. Music for centuries had in fact been reduced to a science, and the art had been firmly and correctly based upon the principles of that science. But reading and oratory, which are only other forms of vocal expression, had been left mainly to the caprice of those who practised them. Such an anomaly would, one would suppose, have long since excited attention, and have called forth strenuous efforts to remove it.

A few isolated attempts, indeed, were made in this direction, while the great majority seemed content to leave the whole matter mainly to chance, supposing that while the singer must be carefully trained in his profession, the reader or the orator should be left to the untutored exercise of those powers with which he was naturally gifted. Dr. Rush, in the work under notice, has made an intelligent examination of the functions of the voice, and has thus deduced certain principles for its management. The work is difficult of mastery, because of the novelty of the analysis, the labor necessary to test in practice the rules laid down, and also in some degree on account of the peculiarity of its style. Some readers will be repelled from it by what will appear to them to be the passionate contempt of the writer for those who adhere to the stereotyped errors in the common plans of teaching delivery. We believe, however, that just in proportion as the student masters the system of Dr. Rush, will he pardon this display of feeling; and that finally he will sympathize very strongly with the writer.

If they who are called upon to speak in public are dismayed at the amount of time and labor necessary in order to master Dr. Rush's system, we ask them to think of the hours and days, and even years, devoted by females to practising on the piano-forte, and then to ask themselves whether the proper control of the spoken voice may not be worth a tithe at least of the effort which is given to the acquisition of a mere accomplishment.

But any system of vocal delivery will be in a great degree inefficient, if the speaker or reader does not understand *how to breathe correctly*. Many persons, we doubt not, will consider this as a very unimportant matter, and suppose that mere animal instinct is a sufficient guide as to the inhaling and exhaling of the breath. Physicians can inform such that some of our common diseases, if not caused by improper breathing, are at least greatly aggravated by it. For mere ordinary conversation, the lungs and some of the muscles are called only

into partial action, and a healthy man, who is not a public speaker, may go on from youth to extreme old age without once taxing the breathing apparatus to the extent of which it is capable. But when a person is called upon to speak in large rooms, whether they be churches or halls, he subjects various muscles to a severe action, and, in his ignorance, frequently inflicts upon them a serious, and perhaps protracted damage. One of the most essential things, then, for a public speaker to learn is, how to breathe correctly. In order to qualify him for this, certain gymnastic exercises are necessary, that tend to develop the muscles which raise and lower the ribs, which move the diaphragm, and that enable him to give out his breath in large or small quantities at pleasure. Connected with these are practices which develop the size of the vocal organs, and the strength and tone of the muscles of the throat; practices which are rigidly followed every day by members of some of the most accomplished opera troupes of the present time. The exercises which have been referred to, when judiciously followed, are beneficial to health. Gymnastics are no new thing. But they have hitherto been practised in such a way as to give increased strength to some of the muscles and limbs, while others have been neglected. Men have become fitted by them to box, to wrestle, and to lift heavy weights. But the new system will benefit both sexes and all ages, and it tends to a general development of the upper part of the human body, which in this country is so often weak, and even diseased.

For laying the foundation of successful vocal culture, it is probably unequalled. If we had the training of a person who expected to become a public speaker, we should require his attendance one hour each day. We should at first devote one-half of the time to the gymnastic exercises before spoken of, including those which benefit the throat. The remainder should be given to breathing exercises. A few days' practice would enable the student to abbreviate these exercises, that he might find time to practise upon the inflexions, the various kinds of stress, the waves or circumflex movements, and attempts to fill a large space with the least tax of the organs. In this last particular most public speakers fail. In their efforts to make themselves heard by the more remote portions of their audience, they increase very largely the force of the sound they utter, and they elevate the key. Now both of these are wearisome to the speaker and unpleasant to the hearer. That they are entirely unnecessary is evident from the fact that an accomplished elocutionist will make his whispered tones heard by a vast assembly. Our student should then be drilled in the utterance of a few sounds,

by which, starting from above the natural key of his voice, he should be enabled to descend an octave below his initial note. This practice would show him the difference between "pure tone" and "orotund," the former of which is the voice which is used in the greater part of public exercises, while the latter is indispensable in reading some portions of the poets and of the Bible, and in conducting public devotions.

In the course of these practices, the student would discover the cause of the "nasal twang heard at conventicle," and be enabled to avoid a sound so offensive to true taste.

While the exercises spoken of will teach the student to breathe correctly, they will also improve the *quality* of the voice. Those who have not been accustomed to observe carefully public speakers, are not aware how essential quality of voice is to their success. It is almost like charity, "which," as we are assured, "covereth a multitude of sins." It conceals to a large extent poverty of thought and faults of style, and this, too, in no small degree, from the notice even of intelligent persons. There is in this respect a striking analogy between the spoken voice and the musical voice. A favorite tune will even reconcile us to much bad poetry which may be sung to it. Perhaps the most noticeable illustration of our remarks may be found in the chants performed in some of our churches. Successive verses are sung to an alternate musical score; but besides this alternation, there is but little change from the beginning to the end. The canticle entitled "Benedicite, Omnia Opera," and commencing, "O, all ye works of the Lord," &c., contains over thirty verses. But two scores are given to this, and thus in singing this canticle, the two chords are heard some fifteen times in alternate succession. This repetition, which would be wearisome were the words read with no more variety, is attractive when the same words are sung.

What is it that makes the difference in attractiveness of this composition when sung, but the more pleasing quality of the musical rendering compared with that of the mere vocal delivery of the same sentiment? It is the quality of the voice almost alone that gives reputation to those who are termed "natural orators." (It should not be forgotten, however, that Demosthenes was *not* of this class.)

The present writer, in the earlier years of his life, attended upon the ministrations of the rector of an Episcopal Church, who was celebrated for his good reading. Now, it is our opinion that the clergyman in question never spent half an hour at any one time in analyzing the portions he was to read. This is inferred from the fact that his emphases were as often wrong as they were right. But there was a musical-glass quality to

his voice; its drift was partly semitonic, and the ear satisfied with such melody asked for nothing besides.

Of course the clergyman referred to failed in the delivery of impassioned or sublime sentiments. And a very highly esteemed public speaker of the present day, whose addresses are familiar to the people both of the North and South, fails in denunciatory and very grave passages for the reason that he has never cultivated the "orotund" quality of his voice.

We now propose to make some remarks on one kind of delivery, viz., that proper for religious assemblies. In thus limiting the discussion, we are by no means forgetful of the importance of forensic eloquence. But it is necessary, if we would avoid an undue lengthening of this paper, to select some one kind of vocal delivery, and to restrict our observations to that. We have chosen what is often called sacred eloquence, because it is more universally listened to than any other. The efforts of members of the legal profession are oftentimes of the greatest value. On their exertions depend not only the rights of property, but not unfrequently the character, nay, the very life of their client. Bearing this in mind, and knowing the private worth of many at the bar and on the bench, we have always regarded those concerned with the practice or the determination of the law with much respect. Comparatively few, however, excepting those immediately interested, witness their efforts, while the preachers of the different sects are listened to every week by thousands. Pulpit eloquence is thus by far the most popular form of vocal delivery which prevails in this country. They who have not observed with attention are not aware how powerfully the different styles of American preachers affect the conversation of those who usually listen to them, and even their delivery as public speakers. Yet it is easy from the mere "drift of the voice" of most persons to decide with much accuracy what is the doctrinal belief of the preacher whose ministrations they have usually attended.

We have spoken of the ministers of one denomination particularly, not only from considerations of brevity, but also because they are restricted to a form of devotion in the English language, the larger part of which is read Sunday after Sunday, and thus they have some advantages for vocal delivery which are not enjoyed by others of the same profession. But the remarks which we shall make can be modified in their application so as to be available to public speakers of every profession.

As a preliminary, however, to what follows, we would observe, that every one who speaks in public, especially one who leads the devotions of a congregation, is instinctively con-

scious that he occupies AN ABNORMAL POSITION. The high key and rapid rate heard in common conversation are of course out of place; the intense slides of the voice used in the exchange and the forum are equally improper in religious exercises; the low and oftentimes aspirated tones natural by the sick-bed are unfit for the occasion, and he who officiates feels obliged to use much volume of voice, and to adopt a rate of utterance or drift essentially different from that employed in any of the places just spoken of. The fact that every public speaker is conscious that he occupies an abnormal position, is of *much more importance than has been generally perceived*. It disposes of the assumption that because children speak naturally, therefore the public speaker should speak in an uncultivated manner.

It shows the fallacy of a direction like the following: "The public reader must, by patient, private discipline, train himself to pronounce the words of others as if they were his own; he must speak or read them exactly in his own natural tones as he would utter them in conversation. And when he has accomplished this, he will in fact, and to the extent of the language practised upon, have learned to read well." Now let us test this by proposing as an exercise the contest between Elijah and the priests of Baal, as recorded in the 18th chapter of the 1st book of Kings. "And they . . . called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." Will it be in accordance with the solemn character of a religious assembly to give the sarcastic words of Elijah in the current rate of ordinary conversation? Shall the reader take the high key, and the intense slides and circumflexes heard in our common talk? If he were relating such an occurrence to a circle of friends, his natural and uncultivated tones might be proper. But are they so in a church?

No actor who ever trod the English stage was supposed to be less artificial than the elder Kean. Yet there were certain passages in his great parts which he always uttered in the same way; and so uniform was his practice in this respect, that his audiences would begin to applaud him even before he had reached those passages. Every public speaker, on commencing his career, forms for himself a kind of delivery that he supposes will be proper for the places and the occasions that will witness

his efforts. This is, in the great majority of cases, but an undiscriminating imitation of other speakers.

In the New England States, the preachers of the two principal divisions, doctrinally considered, of the religious bodies prevailing there, can be recognized by the peculiarity of their delivery. The speakers of one of these divisions seem to affect a silvery tone, and what musicians term the "*sotto voce*," and an emphasis as intense as such a delivery will permit, on every pronoun that refers to the Almighty. The use of the orotund quality in such a delivery is of course out of the question. Energetic and impassioned sentiments lose nearly all their force when uttered by this class.

The other division, with "a nasal twang heard at conventicle," have certain peculiarities of vocal movement, of which a marked instance appears in the pronunciation of the word *great*. This word, whether emphatic or not, is uniformly pronounced with a semitonic movement, and a median stress, accompanied with more or less tremor of the voice. Intense downward slides, combined with the faults just named, give to the delivery of most of these speakers a roughness very unpleasant to the cultivated ear. It is a noticeable fact that many of the ministers of the Episcopal Church in that region have within the last ten years adopted a style composed in a great degree of the faults of the two classes of which we have spoken. All these speakers have formed for themselves a bad voice; they do not "read naturally" in any sense, when a little care and practice would have kept them from the most glaring of their errors.

Some years since we heard a dignitary of the American Episcopal Church read divine service and preach a sermon. The whole drift of his voice was semitonic, and, when emphasis was required, he used a succession of minor intervals, producing what is commonly called a "whine." This representative man in his profession must have made this style for himself. Nature rarely means that human lungs shall speak in semitones. The male part of our race are intended to use a more manly kind of utterance. Connected as the person spoken of was for many years with an educational establishment of a comparatively high grade, he infected, to our knowledge, some of his pupils with his vicious style of delivery, and there are now public speakers among them who utter the words of joy and thanksgiving, or of indignant remonstrance, in the same tones in which the child laments the destruction of his toys, or pleads that a threatened punishment may be averted from him. If such persons would study the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, they would discover their

faults of delivery, and be furnished with the means of correction.

Recurring to the course of training of a student, of which we have already given a partial plan, we would say that, when he was fitted to read properly, we would not restrict him to any one author; but would endeavor to choose those the reading of whom would mutually illustrate each other. Let us take for example the first two verses of the sixth chapter of Micah. "Hear ye now what the Lord saith: Arise, contend thou before the mountains, and let the hills hear thy voice. Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth: for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel." Now this is usually read as if the mountains and the strong foundations of the earth were all compressed into a church that would seat three hundred people. In practising our student upon passages like these, we would require him as a preliminary to read or recite from the play of William Tell, where the hero says:

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld -
To show they still are free."

We would also have him recite from King John, Act II., Scene II., the demand of the French Herald:

"You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in."

At first it would be well to practise the student in the open air, and in a place where he might vociferate in the loudest tone possible. In a short time the loudness of this tone might be diminished, till he would know himself that much noise and what may be termed breadth of tone are by no means one and the same thing. And then, if he were required to read the sixth chapter of Micah in public, he would satisfy himself and please his audience.

Among the many varieties of vocal delivery is that used upon the stage. And with proper allowance, this department can be employed to guide us in other forms of delivery. The question has frequently been mooted whether an actor really feels at the time the sentiments which he utters, or whether the personation of his character is more or less a finished piece of art. We quote in answer the words of an acute French critic of the last century: "Reflect, I entreat you, on what we call upon the stage, acting with truth." Is it representing things such as they really are in nature? By no means. An unfortunate creature from the street would then appear poor, mean, paltry; truth would in that case be nothing else but vulgarity.

What, then, is truth? It is the conformity of the exterior signs of the voice, the countenance, the emotions, the actions, the speech; in a word, of every part of the acting with the ideal model given by the poet, or conceived in the head of the actor. * * * Real passion has almost always certain grimaces and contortions peculiar to itself; and these an artist without taste copies servilely, while the artist of real genius carefully avoids them. We wish to see a man, even under the greatest agony of mind, preserve the dignity of his character; we would have a woman fall with decency and meekness; we would have a hero die, as the gladiator of old died in the arena, amid the applauses of the amphitheatre, with a noble air, with grace, and in an elegant and picturesque attitude. Who is it that will fulfil these expectations? Is it the athlete who is discomposed by his sensibility, 'who is overpowered by his grief; or the athlete who by intense study has learned his part, and who practises the severe lessons of the gymnasium, even to the last sigh?' Quinault du Fresne played the character of Severus in Polyeuctes; he was sent by the Emperor Decius to persecute the Christians; he confides to his friend his secret sentiments upon this calumniated sect. This confidence, which might cost him his life, could not be given in too low a voice: the pit judged otherwise, and cried 'Louder! louder!' to which the actor coolly replied, 'And you, gentlemen, not so loud.' Had he been really Severus, could he so easily in a moment have become Du Fresne? No, I tell you; it is only the man who is as collected as he no doubt was, the great actor, the actor *par excellence*, who can thus at his pleasure quit and resume his mask." Such opinions, and from such a source, confirm our statement that vocal delivery is one of the fine arts, and that those who wish to excel in it must strive to attain to an ideal standard of excellence. They who are familiar with Hood's poem of "The Lost Heir" will allow that the distress of the mother on missing her child is admirably true to nature. Yet this poem when read in public, as it sometimes is at lyceums, rarely fails to cause much mirth, and even loud laughter.

An ideal must then be before the reader or speaker, as there was before the sculptor when he executed the statue that enchants the world. The former will obviously have in himself materials on which to work, which is not the case with the latter. He may and will also copy good models, and, informed of the true principles of his art, he will not, as uninformed persons do, copy only faults. As to copying others, we may say that as each public speaker will imitate more or less those whom he frequently hears, it is of importance that he should

imitate understandingly. By imitation the bad schools of readers of which we have spoken were formed, and by imitation are these schools continued, for no persons, by the mere following of nature, could ever possibly have formed such styles.

And when we say that he should imitate understandingly, we mean that he should be so familiar with the science of vocal delivery that he can choose the good qualities of speakers and reject those that are bad. When the marble that finally became the Venus de Medicis was under the hands of the sculptor, he doubtless had before him some of the most beautiful women of Greece. His exquisite taste, and perhaps his deep study and observation, enabled him at a glance to see what feature in any female deserved to be reproduced in the wondrous work which his hands were shaping. The swan-like neck of one female might support a very inferior head, or rise from deformed shoulders. The sculptor copied the neck only. So with the student of vocal delivery. He can copy vocal beauties and omit faults.

Dr. Rush mentions in his work, that Mrs. Siddons excelled in the "Diatonic Melody," but that it was not until many years after his hearing this celebrated actress that he was able to analyze her style, and refer it to its proper class. In our preceding remarks we have not merely theorized. On the contrary, the suggestions we have made are the result not only of much study, but of much practice. If the student will follow the course recommended faithfully and perseveringly, he will be astonished at his own success.

ART. IV.—1. *Luciana Opera*. Ed. Lehman. Berlin. 1817.

2. *Lucian, of Samosata, from the Greek; with the Comments and Illustrations of Wieland and others*. By WILLIAM TOOKE, F.R.S., Member of the Imperial Academy, &c. 2 vols. 4to. London. 1580.

NONE but those who have investigated the subject can form any adequate idea of how much that is valuable is lost in the lapse of time. This is the principal reason why it is so generally thought that the world, or at least the part of it in which we live ourselves, is constantly improving in knowledge and civilization. It is only the few who devote themselves to the obscure records of the past that are aware of how many great authors, artists, discoverers and inventors have passed away without leaving behind them as much as their name. We are

not even told that they were born one day and died another. Thus it is that some of the noblest efforts of human intellect are associated with no name; while others are associated with names to which at best they have but an equivocal relation.

The most learned can only indulge in conjectures as to the authorship of the greatest works of antiquity that have reached our time. Of the several great epics which are the glory of Sanscrit literature, the author of one is not known, although each has been attributed to several. Scores of volumes have been written to prove that no such individual as Homer ever lived. Even the sacred writers can only be spoken of by inference. The most that can be said in reference to any book of the Old Testament not attributed to Moses is, that it is supposed to have been written by this or that holy man. Instance the book of Job, which, considered as an intellectual production, is the finest of all. None can pretend to tell whose was the truly inspired mind that conceived its sublime beauties. To many of the most renowned works of art the same observations will apply, but on the present occasion we can only allude to the facts.

Doubtless, in many cases, the great thinkers themselves are to blame for this vagueness and uncertainty in regard to their productions. It is not fame the greatest of them value, so much as the consciousness of doing good. It is evident even from the sonnets of Shakespeare that he was fully aware of the transcendent power of his genius; and it is equally evident that he concerned himself but little in regard to what his contemporaries might say in his favor. Had the fact been otherwise, Ben Jonson would not have been the only contemporary author of any celebrity whose approbation he elicited; while almost all others who spoke of him at all, did so in disparaging, if not in abusive language. Nor was Milton much more careful of his fame. But the author of "Paradise Lost" had no rivals. No other author of his time ventured to treat a subject so sublime as his, or one that required such varied powers and such profound erudition; and those who treated humbler subjects did not see that they had any cause to envy the blind poet, whose poem, great as it was, had scarcely had a hundred readers in all England. Passing over Swift and several other first-class authors who were disposed rather to conceal their powers than to proclaim them to the world, or employ others to do so, as our modern authors do, we come to "Junius," whose conduct would have fully illustrated our views on the subject by itself. While making the greatest men in England writhe under his sarcastic strictures—while those whom he assailed most bitterly, and exposed most openly to public scorn, could not deny

that he was an elegant and powerful writer, as well as a masterly critic, he was never so vain as to tell friend or foe that his was the pen which more than that of all others had proved mightier than the sword; so that to this day his identity is sought in vain by the most industrious and most ingenious investigators.

But if some of the world's greatest thinkers have thus not only evinced indifference to fame, but have often done their best to avoid it, others have been cast in the background, or abused and calumniated, for being too free and honest in the expression of their opinions. To this class belongs Lucian, of Samosata, whom we have selected as the subject of the present paper; for it is he who says in the most polished and classical Greek: "*I am the declared enemy of all false pretences, all quackery, all lies, and all false puffing*; and hate from the bottom of my heart all and every one who belongs to that *infamous tribe*, including a mighty host, as you know full well.*" When it is remembered that this is no idle boast, that the author has fully carried out his declaration, it will not seem strange that he was not much admired by contemporary writers; nay, will it not sufficiently account for the fact that only one ancient writer—that is, Suidas—mentions him at all? and he does so only to overwhelm him with execration and disgrace as far as it is in his power to do so. He concludes what is evidently a coarse caricature, by telling us that Lucian was "torn to pieces by dogs as a fit punishment for his impiety and malevolent disposition." Owing to the hatred thus excited by his satires, we should scarcely have known that such a man had ever existed had his works perished with all that was mortal of himself. And it was only by chance they escaped. The most persevering efforts had been made to destroy them.† Finally, it was thought that not a copy remained; but his admirers were determined that

* "Μισῶ λαζάρ τιμι, καὶ μισογόον, καὶ μισοφειδῆ, καὶ μισότροπος, καὶ μισῶ πᾶν τὸ τοιουτῶδες εἶδος τῶν μαρῶν ἀνθρώπων· πάντ' δὲ πολλοὶ εἶναι, ὥς οἶδα."—ΑΛΕΙΤΣ, ΠΑΝΑΒΙΟΓΝΤΕΣ. Luciani Opera, Ed. Lehman, tom. iii., § 20.

† Philostratus was the principal puff of this period. He was a person without learning or taste, but it seems he was deemed all the more competent on this account to compile a work like some of our modern "Biographical Dictionaries," or "Cyclopedias." It is entitled "Lives of the Sophists," (*Bioi Sophistῶν*), but it does not as much as mention Lucian, the greatest of his time. True, Philostratus has immortalized himself by the exclusion; but his immortality is that of the would-be executioner. Himself or his book is never mentioned except in connection with Lucian. With the exception of two or three, his great men are just like those dark lanterns of literature, puffed in a similar manner in our own day—after the fashion so humorously hit off by the poet in the following lines:

"Oh fond attempt to give the deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot,
Thus when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news;
The flame extinct, he views the smould'ring fire,
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire;
There goes the parson—oh, illustrious spark!—
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk."

posterity should have an opportunity of judging between the satirist who wrote to cure the vices of his time, and the puffers who formed themselves into a society of mutual admiration, as shallow and vain pretenders have done in all ages.

By this means at least one copy of his works was saved, until his enemies could no longer destroy them. This was sufficient; his character from youth to age is fully described in his works. The author relates his own history with the utmost *naïveté*, without any affectation or pretence. It is impossible to read what he says of himself without being impressed with its truthfulness. His remarks on the subject would be worthy of credit, if for no other reason than that they are addressed to friends and acquaintances, who were so familiar with the principal incidents in his life, that were he even disposed to impose upon them, he could not have hoped to do so with any chance of success.

But before we enter into any particulars as to his life and character, we must make a remark or two on the disadvantages under which he has labored, after all opposition to him had ceased for nearly sixteen hundred years. Even to the present day, we have no translation in the English language that does justice to Lucian. Not but English versions of him were attempted early enough. So early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, there were several versions of select portions of his works. That by the learned Joseph Mayne, published in 1664, is still extant; and were it not for its quaint style, it would be the best we have at the present day. Soon after (1684) Spence published his version; but it is nothing better than a crude paraphrase. Nothing is more unlike that of Lucian than his dull, monotonous style; nowhere in his translation do we find the least trace of the genuine humor and sparkling wit which possess such a fascination in the original. Nor can we speak in much better terms of the version in which four learned men were engaged, including Dryden—we mean that by Blount, Shear, and Moyle, to which the poet prefixed a preface. In this, indeed, there are some good passages—better than the corresponding passages in any previous version; but the remainder are distinguished in an equal degree for their inferiority. The next was that of Dr. Franklin, which was published in 1780, and which is, upon the whole, an excellent performance; although it does but little justice to the original. Yet it is by no means a settled point that any subsequent version has surpassed it. Some claim the palm of superiority for Tooke's version; but this, like the rest, is second-hand. It is in fact not from the Greek, but from the German of Wieland, the same as the others were in turn from the Latin, the French, &c.

It is to be presumed that had Mr. Tooke been sufficiently acquainted with the original he would have rendered it directly, rather than have recourse to the German, especially as it is very evident that his knowledge of the latter is very imperfect. But however little justice has been done to the genius of Lucian in the English language, certain it is, as we will presently see, that to no other writer of his time is our literature so much indebted.

The exact period of our author's birth is not known; but the general belief is that he was born at Samosata, a small town on the west bank of the Euphrates, about 120 A. D.—that is, more than seventeen hundred years ago. That he was of humble birth he does not conceal himself; but on the contrary, places the fact in bold relief. After having travelled a good part of the world and established an honorable reputation for himself as a writer and speaker, he returned to his native town and related to his former friends, in the form of a public address, how early in life he commenced to take care of himself. It seems that there had been considerable debate between his parents as to the occupation for which he was best suited. Finally, it was agreed that he should be apprenticed to his uncle, who was a statuary. His father addresses the latter as follows:

“Take the young man home with you, and make of him a dexterous stone-cutter and statuary; he is not deficient in abilities, as you know. This he said in allusion to certain toys, with the making of which while a boy I had amused myself. For after school hours I used to scrape together pieces of wax wherever they fell in my way, and make cows, horses, aye, God forgive me, even men! and very fine likenesses, as my father thought. This childish amusement, for which I had got many a box on the ear from my schoolmaster, was now brought as a proof of my natural turn, and the best hopes were conceived that by this plastic disposition I should in a short time become a great proficient in the art. As soon, therefore, as a lucky day had been pitched upon for entering on my apprenticeship, I was transferred to my uncle, and, to say the truth, not much against my will. On the contrary, I thought it would be very diverting, and procure me no small consideration among my comrades, to carve gods and other little images, for myself and those lads whom I liked best.

“It fell out with me, however, as is usual with young beginners; for my uncle giving into my hands a chisel, ordered me to ply it gently to and fro on a smooth slab of marble which lay upon the ground, adding withal the old saying: ‘Well begun is half done,’ and then left me to my own direction; but for want of knowing better, and striking too roughly, the marble broke in two. Upon which he fell into a passion, laid hold on a whip that was lying near him, and ushered me into a new trade, with so unfriendly a welcome as deprived me at once of all inclination to the art. I ran home, crying and roaring, related the story of the whip—showed the marks of the lash, and made vehement complaints of the cruelty of my uncle. ‘I am sure he did it out of pure jealousy,’ said I, ‘he being afraid that I should in the end prove a better workman than himself.’ My

mother at this was very angry, and vented bitter reproaches on her brother. Night coming on, however, I went to bed, where I passed many tedious hours of grief and vexation, till at length, with tearful eyes, I fell asleep."

He states that during this sleep he had a remarkable dream, which induced him to decide at once on turning his attention to literature; although he had hardly thought yet of becoming an author. His first idea was to devote himself at least for a time to the legal profession. With this view he studied hard for three or four years, and was then admitted to the bar; but when the admission took place none can tell. Suidas, the prejudiced authority already alluded to, says that Antioch was the place; but Wieland and others think it more probable that Athens was the scene of his exertions. Be this as it may, it seems pretty certain that he did not succeed as an advocate. His enemies tell us that he was too stupid for the bar, and that had he been even possessed of talent, his character was so unreliable that few would trust him with any important case. This is no more than might be expected from those who represent him as having been torn to pieces by dogs, as a warning from the Almighty to all future infidels and blasphemers. But the truth peers out in spite of vindictive feeling and bigotry.

There was ample reason why he should not succeed as a lawyer, for, although his Greek is marked by the classic stamp—the best of any writer of his time, notwithstanding his having been born in an obscure provincial town, not in Greece, but in Syria—his Latin was defective. This, it will be understood, was a great disadvantage at the time when Rome was still mistress of the world, and consequently the Roman language that of the statute-book, as well as of the court. But whether his want of familiarity with the niceties of the Latin was the cause of his failure; or whether any other reason of a kindred character can be assigned for it, there is no evidence that he was either expelled from the bar, or that he was wanting in ability as a speaker. The reverse of the latter fact is proved; for we find that he taught rhetoric in Gaul, Italy, Spain, Asia Minor, and even in Greece, and was eminently successful in each country. It seems that when leaving Gaul at the age of thirty-five or forty, he brought with him a considerable fortune, all of which he had made in teaching oratory and rhetoric. In short, there is no doubt but he had acquired considerable wealth at this time; so much, indeed, that he could have well afforded to abandon a profession which, whatever were its advantages, was evidently not congenial to his tastes. We can therefore readily believe his own version of the story. "I had not long carried on the profession of a pleader," he says, in the preface to one

of his Dialogues.* "when experience convinced me that deceit, lies, unblushing impudence, clamor, chicanery, and a thousand more such odious qualities, are inseparable from that mode of life." Nor does he content himself with merely making an assertion of this kind in regard to the degraded state of the legal profession in his time; he illustrates the same in his "Double Indictment." For example, he makes Drunkenness sue the Academy in the celestial courts for having seduced Polemon from his allegiance. When the case is called, Drunkenness finds his tongue so thick that he can hardly mention the defendant's name. He gets a few minutes' time to recover his speech if he can, and then, as he is about to resume, he is seized with a violent fit of hiccup. The justice seeing his dilemma, and being influenced by a "fellow feeling," says, "Then let her employ a proper attorney; there are advocates enough at hand, who are ready to split their lungs for three oboli."

True, all this is adduced by persons like Suidas, to prove not that both the bar and bench were corrupt in Lucian's time, but that he was actuated by malice against both. This, however, is not strange. Who has ever yet written a satire or criticism without being charged with vindictive motives? But the truth is, in this case, that if there was any malice on the part of the satirist, it was against the prevailing mythology, not against the lawyers. The latter he uses merely as actors or spokesmen. Undoubtedly he did not like the state of morality he found amongst them; but he had a nobler object in view than the reformation of the bar; although it is clear that he wished to accomplish that, too, as far as possible. Had he done nothing else but to turn the existing mythology into ridicule, so as to hasten the downfall of the whole system, he would have been entitled to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind.

Nor would he have been considered in any other light in our day, notwithstanding the calumnies already alluded to, were it not that he is also accused of having attacked Christianity. But there is no proof that he did any such thing. The play in which the Christian saints are attacked as well as the Pagan gods, is that *φιλόπατρις, ἡ διδασκόμενος*, ("The Lover of his Country, or the Student.") In this, indeed, the Christians are roughly handled; they are represented as base, wicked men, who malign and calumniate each other, and at the same time join in prayers in secret, out-of-the-way places, for the ruin of the State and its rulers. A writer capable of making representations of this kind in regard to the early Christians, who, even those of their enemies that make any pretensions to generosity

* *Double Indictment*, vol. ii., p. 606.

admit to have led a blameless life in everything else but their persistent attachment to the new religion—would be entitled to little sympathy, further than that we ought all to remember that to err is human. But, fortunately, we are not called upon to overlook the faults of Lucian in this instance; for it is the opinion of the best critics* that he never wrote a line of the dialogue in question, and the main ground of their belief is that many of the incidents occurred subsequent to his time. We have, however, the additional negative evidence that the style of the "Lover of his Country and Student" is vastly inferior to that of any of the pieces known to be Lucian's; and what is more, it is admitted by the most exacting Christian writers that he does ample justice in his account of Peregrinus, to the simple and innocent manners of the new sect, as the followers of Christ were then called. It has been justly urged, besides, in vindication of Lucian, that had he entertained the violent hatred against the Christians which is laid to his charge, he would at least have devoted a separate piece to an attack upon them, for whatever he really disliked or regarded as vicious or demoralizing, he did not shrink from assailing. It seems to us, therefore, that the justest conclusion, and the one nearest to the truth, is that arrived at by Dr. Mayne, one of the best and most learned of his translators, namely, that "upon the whole, it may be doubted whether Christianity owes more to the grave confutations of Clemens Alexandrinus, Arnobius, and Justin Martyr, or to the facetious wit of Lucian."

Yet another point in favor of Lucian is, that his patrons were the best men of his time—men who were scarcely surpassed by those of any time. It is beyond question that he was intrusted with an important office by the imperial government. Authorities differ as to the precise character of the appointment thus conferred upon him; but the general opinion is, that he was Prætor in Egypt,† and that the appointment was given him by Marcus Aurelius, the Louis XIV. of his time. The latter fact is vehemently disputed by the bigots, or those

* Marcellus, Huet, Gesner, &c.

† Whatever his office was called, we learn enough both of its duties and emoluments from Lucian himself. "For if you please to inquire into it," he writes to one of his friends, "you will find that not the least considerable part of the government of Egypt is in my hands, as I am appointed to preside over and regulate the several courts of judicature, and to provide that all the legal proceedings are conducted in due order; to register whatever is said or transacted; to arrange the speeches of the lawyers; and, above all, to preserve the rescripts of the emperor in their utmost exactitude and perspicuity, with the most sacred and inviolable fidelity, and deposit them in the public archives, for posterity to the end of time. Moreover, I receive my salary, not from a private individual, but from the emperor himself; neither does it consist in such and such a number of oboli and drachmæ by the year, but amounts to several talents. Besides, I have no small hope, if things go on in a regular channel, as they ought, to be elected governor-general of the province, or to obtain some other post of equal promise." This would be decisive on the subject; but some think it is rather a piece of raillery than a serious statement.

who have inherited the hatred of the charlatans and pretenders whose performances he had exposed. They say that Aurelius was too good a man to patronize a scoffer like Lucian, not to call the satirist a worse name. They bring forward two arguments to prove that such a thing could not have happened. Marcus Aurelius, they say, was a devout stoic, and as such it was impossible for him to befriend one who had so violently attacked all stoics, exposing the best of them to public derision and scorn. The other argument is, that Lucian had composed two elaborate panegyrics on Panthea, (the *alldivine*.) the Grecian consort of his imperial patron. It could not have been Marcus, then, they triumphantly maintain, since he had no consort but the frail Faustina, who, according to all contemporary authorities, was the reverse of "divine."

The Abbé Massieu, who has investigated the subject more fully than any other modern author, not excepting Wieland, disposes of both arguments in a manner at once simple and satisfactory. In regard to the first, he reminds the cavillers that the satirist himself used to say that one might laugh at Zenothemis, and yet have all manner of respect for Zeno. But assuming the contrary to have been the fact—that all were ridiculed alike by Lucian—still the question would arise, Was the great Marcus Aurelius so narrow-minded a bigot that he would exclude a man of letters from office and patronage merely because he was heterodox in his theological views? No statement of the kind is worthy of a moment's attention; for we have the concurrent testimony of the greatest historians that literary men of all persuasions were liberally patronized under this reign—so liberally, that the highest compliment that can be conferred on any modern sovereign in this respect is to compare him to Aurelius.

Then as to the second argument, it must be remembered that in the time of Lucian, and for centuries afterwards, concubines were regarded as "wives of the left hand." This was particularly true of concubines from the eastern provinces of the empire. At all events, a poet may be excused for calling either the wife or concubine of his patron "the Divine," even though she be a little frail. Supposing he applied the term to Faustina, it was nothing more than many of our poets do at the present day without possessing a tithe of the wit or humor of Lucian to conceal their fulsomeness by its brilliancy.

If Lucian has bestowed the highest praise on his patron, he has not been the less scathing and merciless in exhibiting Roman vice to the scorn of mankind. No other satirist dared to portray Imperial Rome as he has done; for the satires of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius are simple railleries compared

to his. A wanderer as he was, depending for his daily bread on his talents, and well aware that the Roman sway was universal, he did not shrink from showing his contempt for Roman manners, and his deep-rooted hatred for Roman domination. It was in vain the Romans made themselves as Hellenic as possible in manners, costume, and even in language—in all things save in culture and taste. The satirist only laughed at them all the more heartily.

Nor was Lucian peculiar in this respect. It was the habit of the wealthier Roman aristocracy to surround their persons, wherever they moved, with secretaries, parasites, and paramours of the favorite race; and we are told that the very parties thus chosen "hated on as cordially as ever;" although, as a matter of course, they "gazed, listened, and applauded." Lucian scourges the Romans to their face; but in doing so, he puts the scourge, as it were, into Roman hands. In other words, he puts all the sneers and sarcasms, all expressions of contempt, both against the aristocracy and the Roman people, into Roman mouths.

Those who wish to see how he treats the patricians, may turn to his *Nigrinus*. It will be seen that it is not merely their luxury and debauchery he assails, as the Roman satirists have done. With him these were but secondary matters. The description which he gives, for example, of the simple dwelling of Nigrinus, the unassuming Platonist, presents a most striking contrast with that of the prospect which he sees from his window. On entering, the satirist finds the old man reading a book surrounded with the busts of sages. Beside him stands a small, plain table, or rather rude board, leaning against the wall, covered with geometrical figures, and a sphere of reeds to represent, as it seemed, the universe. The philosopher, who had studied at Athens, greets Lucian with something like the warmth of an old class-mate, and, as Wieland expresses it, proceeded "to lighten himself of his long-boarded gall upon the frivolities and vices of his countrymen." It is sufficient for the purpose of the satirist that the sage is a native of Rome, one entitled to all the rights of citizenship. None can take offence at a Roman philosopher, rendered venerable by age, knowledge, and exemplary reputation, giving his opinion of his fellow-citizens. "The Romans," he says, "dare to speak the truth once in their lives—when they make their wills; and what use do they make of this liberty? Why, to command some favorite robe to be burnt with them, some particular slave to keep watch by the sepulchre, some particular garland to be hung about the urn! And this is the end of a life spent in being carried on soft litters to luxurious baths, slaves strut-

ting before and crying to the bearers to beware of the puddles, and gorging at banquets, and being visited at noon-day by physicians, and all the bustle and tumult of the hippodrome, all the noise about statutes to charioteers and the naming of horses.* These are the people whom one must approach *ες το περσικον*. Kissing their vest, their hand, their bosom—never, oh never, thank heaven! their lips; these are the gentry whose fingers are so overburdened with rings; whose hair is so fantastically curled out; who answer one's humblest salute by proxy, and who are accustomed, nevertheless, to see beggars become viceroys, and viceroys beggars!"

This, however, gives but a faint idea of the severity of the satirist towards the Romans. Nay, it can hardly be regarded as a fair specimen; for we have selected it more on account of its comparative brevity as a "scene," than for the sarcasms which it embodies, just and trenchant as the latter are. At the same time it is impossible to read the strictures of Lucian on Roman manners, habits, and religion, without perceiving that whatever else may be said of imperial Rome, under the Antonines, there was but little restraint, if any, on the liberty of speech. There was nothing too sacred at Rome or elsewhere for the mockery of the satirist. If he thought any institution, belief, or theory, however ancient or popular, partook in any way of the character of a sham or delusion, he attacked it without ceremony. Hence it is that he is called the Voltaire of his age; but all admit that there is this distinction between the author of the "Philosophical Dictionary" and the author of "Jupiter Convicted." The former was vindictive, and often made his attacks more for the love of contradiction than for the love of truth; whereas the latter made his attacks because, as he tells us himself, he was the enemy of all imposture. But there is a still greater difference between these two satirists. One attacked a system of religion whose gods and goddesses were guilty of excesses that would have disgraced the commonest of the people who had faith in the divine character attributed to them by those who had an interest in doing so; whereas the other attacked the religion of the Creator and Ruler of the universe.

But whatever Lucian did or wrote on religion or politics, it does not appear that he was ever imprisoned or banished by the imperial government. It is beyond question that he was allowed full liberty to address all who would listen in any form he thought proper, whether with pen or tongue. Need we say

* Spon has published an inscription which gives, among other names for horses, Dedalus, Ajax, Romulus, Roman, Getulian, Victor, Memnon, Wolf, Pard, Pegasus, Argo, Æther, Arrow, Bolt, Dart, Sparrow, Spider, and Flea; of which the majority were Africans.

that this is more than could be said of Voltaire, who was imprisoned twice, and not for his attacks on the Christian religion, but for his lampoons. And how many other modern writers are there who have been deprived of their liberty in a similar manner, without having made any attack on either religion or morals, but simply for the exercise of legitimate satire or freedom of speech. This shows that there is some truth in the passage in Gibbon's History, in which he declares the condition of Rome, under the Antonines, to be superior to that of any other country, and for which he has been so often censured on the ground that his eulogy on the gentle sway of the emperors of that time is but a covert attack on Christianity. "If a man," he says, "were called upon to fix the period in the history of the world during which the *condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous*, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The armies were restrained by the firm but gentle hand of four successive emperors, whose character and authority commanded involuntary respect. The forms of the civil administration were carefully preserved by Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, who delighted in the image of liberty, and were pleased with considering themselves the accountable ministers of the laws."^{*}

The feelings of the Greeks were no more spared by Lucian than those of the Romans. His dialogue on the Sacrifices sufficiently proves this. It shows that the Greek gods are just as ridiculous and absurd in his mind as the Roman gods. He knew both were false, and he attacked them as such. If there is an obvious difference in his mode of attack, it is because he knew he had different classes of minds to deal with—the difference between the Greeks and Romans being as broadly marked in the time of Lucian as that between the French and Germans of the present day. But a few extracts, however brief, will give a better idea of what the satirist did towards uprooting a false and demoralizing mythology than any remarks that we can make on the subject. We regret that we cannot give the best specimens, having no copy within our reach of "Alexander, of Aboniteichos," which the best judges of all nations agree in pronouncing one of the most extraordinary productions in ancient or modern literature. It is not too much to say that this one comparatively brief tract contains more of that wit and wisdom which at once instruct, amuse and reform, than scores of octavo volumes, by authors of the present day, who regard themselves as occupying a high rank in the world of letters.

^{*} Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. i., p. 126.

This Alexander is well known in history as one of the most adroit impostors of any age. Lucian tells us that when his fame began to resound through Italy, "all was bustle and hurry, the only strife being who should be first served with an oracle. Some went themselves, others sent their servants; but of all classes, the most elevated were they that manifested the greatest earnestness in the pursuit." It seems that a senator named Rutalius, who had filled some of the most important offices under the imperial government, now sent embassy after embassy from Rome to Paphlagonia, until at last he consulted the oracle touching the choice of a second wife. The prophet did not keep him long in suspense in regard to a matter so important, but told him in a suitable hexameter, "*Marry the daughter of Alexander and Salene*,"* (that is, of the impostor himself and the moon.) Nor was the advice given in vain. The marriage was solemnized with due pomp, and Rutalius was delighted to be the husband of no less a personage than the daughter of the glory of the earth and the queen of heaven.

But independently of this altogether, we have abundance of materials which give an idea of the satirist's peculiar mode of attack in dealing with a question of such magnitude as the faith of a people for generations without number. He attacks every form of superstition in turn, varying the mode on every succeeding occasion. Thus, in one tract, he attacks the oracle at Delphi; in another, that at Heliopolis; in another, that at Bombyce, &c. In his "Dialogue of the Gods," he makes the Olympian dynasty quake, literally. Again, in his "Convicted Jupiter," he introduces "the father of gods and men" in a debate with Cyniscus on the omnipotency of the former. Jupiter is so skilfully questioned by the satirist that he is obliged to admit that "nothing happens which the Parcae (or Fates) had not previously ordained." From this, he is easily brought to make the further admission, that all the gods, himself included, are to a certain extent subject to the Parcae. "If matters really go thus," says Cyniscus; "if all be subject to the Parcae, and nothing can be altered which they have once been pleased to decree, to what purpose do we offer hecatombs to you, and pray you to be kind to us?" The father of the gods does not relish this sort of logic, and is rather disposed to get angry. But his interlocutor makes a few agreeable remarks, which satisfies him that no offence was intended. Then he condescends to resume the debate. "But we are not sacrificed to," he says, "from interested motives, but to do us honor, who have superior and more perfect natures." "Wherein," asks Cyniscus

* *Γῆμον Ἀλεξάνδρου τε Σελήνης τε θυγάτηρ.*

cus, "are you superior, since, like us, you are but instruments, fellow-servants, and subject to the same distresses?" "Because we live an endless life, in the fruition of all conceivable goods." "Not all of you," says Cyniscus: "Vulcan is lame, and a dirty blacksmith; Prometheus was crucified; to say nothing of your father, who to this day lies shackled in Tartarus. Accidents befall you; many of you who were of gold and silver have even been melted down, because it was their fate."

Brief as these extracts are, they are sufficient, in connection with the observations which precede them, to show how eminently suggestive is Lucian's mode of thinking. But we have much stronger proof than this of the fact. In no other instance does the adage apply so well, that "the tree is known by its fruit;" for, as already intimated, no writer of ancient or modern times has been more imitated than Lucian. Those who confine their reading to modern literature have little idea of the amount that has been borrowed from this author; and could its value be estimated by any words we could use in these pages, we should incur the charge of exaggeration in making such an estimate. Sometimes, indeed, the form alone has been borrowed; that is, Lucian has but furnished the idea for a performance entirely different from his own in its object as well as in its language. But those who imitate him in this way pay a still higher compliment to his genius than those who do so directly; although the former show more originality than the latter. Much as the *Spectator* has been read by every student of English literature, there are very few who are aware how much the finest essays of Addison are indebted to Lucian. Thus, for example, if the ideas of the satirist of Samosata were taken from the admirable Visions or Allegories of the famous English essayist, all that would be left would be little indeed. This remark will apply even to the vision of Stirza. No intelligent person who is acquainted with both authors has the least doubt that Addison's visions have been suggested by those of Lucian; such, for instance, as that in which Icaro Menippus visits Jupiter on some private business, and is afforded an opportunity of witnessing the order in which the colonial affairs of his department are conducted:

"We arrived," says Menippus, "at the place where he was to sit down and give audience to mankind. There were apertures, resembling the mouths of wells, at regular intervals, provided with covers, and by every one of them stood a golden chair of state. On the first chair Jupiter now seated himself, lifted up the cover, and gave ear to the supplicants. Many and diverse were the prayers that came up to him from every region upon earth, some of them impossible to be granted at the same time. I also stooping down, on the side con-

tigious to the opening, could distinctly hear, 'O Jupiter, let me be a king!' 'O Jupiter, send my onions and garlic to thrive this year!' 'O Jupiter, let my father speedily depart hence!' Another cried out, 'Oh, that I could soon be rid of my wife!' Another, again, 'Oh, that I might succeed in my plot against my brother!' A third prayed for a happy issue to his law-suit; a fourth wanted to be crowned at Olympia. One seaman prayed for a north wind, another for a south wind; a husbandman for rain, a fuller for sunshine. Father Jupiter hearkened to them all. . . . The equitable requests were admitted through the aperture, and deposited on the right hand: the iniquitous and futile he puffed back ere they had reached the skies. With respect to one alone, I perceived him very much puzzled. Two parties preferred petitions for favors in direct opposition to one another; at the same time both promising equal sacrifices. For want, therefore, of a decisive reason why he should favor either the one or the other, he was in the predicament of the academics, not knowing to which he should say 'Aye,' but was forced to say, with honest Pyrrho, 'We shall see!'

"Having done with hearing prayers, he rose up, and seated himself in the second chair, adjoining the second aperture, to lend his attention to oaths, protestations, and vows. When this was over, and after having on this occasion smashed the Epicurean Hermodorus's head with a thunder-bolt, he went on to the third chair, where he gave audience to presages, prognostications, divinations, and auguries. This done, he proceeded to the fourth, through which the fume of the victims ascended, wafting to him severally the names of the sacrificers. This business being dispatched, the winds and storms were admitted, and orders given to each what it was to do; as—'To-day let it rain in Scythia, thunder and lighten in Africa, and snow in Greece. You, Boreas, blow towards Lydia. You, South Wind, shall have a day of rest. The West Wind will raise a tempest in the Adriatic! Let a thousand bushels of hail, or thereabouts, be scattered on Cappadocia,'—and the like."

If the reader will compare this with No. 159 of the *Spectator*, he will see for himself whether we are right or wrong, although no allusion is made by Addison in this instance to Lucian. The essayist speaks of his having translated the piece word for word from an Oriental manuscript, a course which he pursues in several essays which he means to be considered as original. In another piece, in which the imitation is scarcely so obvious, he refers to Lucian, as follows: "I shall produce another heathen fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some passages in it that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavored to *imitate his way of thinking*; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the fable without any further inquiries after the author."⁸ But if all who have borrowed from Lucian were even to mention his name, as Addison has done, then it would not have been necessary to make any remarks, to show how much our

* *Spectator*, No. 391.

literature is indebted to the Greek satirist. Everybody has heard of the famous Milesian Tale; but very few are aware of its extraordinary influence on modern literature. If the fact is otherwise, will it be believed that this wonderful Tale is the original of all modern novels and romances, not excepting "Don Quixote?" Whether it is believed or not, such is really the fact.

It must be remembered that Swift too has been inspired by the genius of Lucian, and in more than one instance. Who, for example, has not read and admired the great Dean's "Directions to Servants?" It can hardly be said that he has written anything better than this; but it is not so generally known, even among the literary profession, that the author owes the idea to that admirable passage in Lucian's "School for Orators," in which he hits off the dark-lanterns of literature of the day with such trenchant and irresistible force. We will extract this, for the two-fold purpose of showing the resemblance between it and the "Directions to Servants," and explaining more satisfactorily than we have hitherto done, how it was that the puffers of his day were so careful to exclude Lucian from their "Biographical Dictionaries" and "Cyclopædias." "What, therefore," says the satirist, "you must in the first place bring with you are, ignorance and audacity, with a good proportion of presumption and impudence; but you will do well to leave decency, modesty, and bashfulness at home, as they are not only perfectly useless, but would even prove prejudicial. Get, however, a good stentorian pair of lungs, and a confident declamatory tone, and a gait and gesture like mine: these properties are indispensably necessary; but these alone are not sufficient. You must strike the eye by the elegance of your dress. Provide yourself, therefore, a habit of the finest *Tarentine stuff*, white, and gaily embroidered, and have handsome Attic slippers, such as the ladies wear, or Sicyonian shoes, which suit admirably with white stockings. Next, you must get by rote fifteen or at most twenty Attic phrases of all descriptions, and render them so fluent to you, that they shall regularly slip off your tongue of themselves. With these, bestrew all your speeches as with sugar, and never mind if the rest of your words suit well or ill with them, or what effect they have upon the sentence in which you introduce them. If the purple gown be extremely fine and a fine color, the rest may be of ever so coarse a cloth. In the next place, you must take especial care to employ a great profusion of unintelligible, unprecedented words, seldom appearing in the ancients; for that gives you consequence with the great mass—causes them to regard you as a man of immense study, and learned above their com-

prehen-sion. You may, perhaps, occasionally venture to surprise them with strange and quite new words of your own invention; and should it happen to you from time to time to commit solecisms and barbarisms, you have an infallible re-source in impudence, and may name some poet or prose writer for your authority, though he never existed, who was a profound scholar and an excellent judge of language, and approved of this mode of expression. Should a case occur in which you are to speak on a given subject upon the spur of the occasion, put aside the difficult propositions with disdain as too easy and school-boyish, and then begin without premeditation, and run with your discourse, speaking whatever comes into your head, careless whether you proceed from first to second, as the pedants do, and so on to the third, severally in their order; but what comes up is with you the first, though the boot light on the head and the helmet on the leg. Do you always rush on, make one word strike upon another; so that none of them stick in the middle, all goes well. Suppose you are to speak at Athens about some robber or adulterer, do you speak of what is done in India or Ecbaterna; but above all, forget not the battle of Marathon and Cynagirus, without which nothing at all is to be effected. Sail likewise round about Mount Athos, and cross the Hellespont on foot. Let the sun be darkened by the arrows of the Persians. Let Xerxes be put to flight, and Leonidas be the hero. Let the letter be read which Ottryrades wrote with his blood, and Salamis, Artemisium, and Plataea, be bravely blazoned forth; the thicker these come upon each other the better."

It is necessary to bear in mind that when this advice was given there were no newspapers. The "puffers" had to go about and blow their horns in person. They also delivered "lectures" to all who would listen to them, as the same class of persons do in our own time. Nor did they fail to give their fellow citizens the benefit of their enlarged and statesmanlike views on the politics of the day; so that it will be seen that our own politicians too have their prototypes in the characters of Lucian. Nor is it alone the idea of his "Advice to Servants" which Swift is believed to have borrowed from the satirist of Samosata. M. La Harpe, with others, thinks that it was Lucian who suggested even "Gulliver's Travels." "He had," he says, "however, imagination, and even that which invents; for authors of merit have profited by his invention in satiric allegory. It is from a very ingenious work, entitled 'A True History,' that Swift has borrowed the plan of his 'Gulliver.'"²

* Il avertit, recitant de l'imagination, et même de l'édifice inventé; car dans le genre de l'allégorie satyrique, des auteurs de mérite ont profité de ses inventions.

It is hardly necessary to say that it is not meant, however, that the author of *Gulliver's Travels* has been guilty of plagiarism; he is far less so than Virgil, or Dante, or Shakespeare, each of whom has borrowed the idea of his *chef d'œuvre*.

To many, it will seem still more incredible that it is Lucian who has peopled the modern world with those aerial beings which have exercised so powerful an influence for good and for evil for sixteen hundred years on the minds of the imaginative and superstitious of all nations.

This is attributing a great deal to one mind, but we have the strongest testimony in support of it. "The ingenious illustrator of the popular superstitions of Ireland," says Wieland, "will find here (in '*Lie Lovers*') the prototypes of all his Phocas, Banchees, and Chiracannes stories told with the most consummate gravity by personages of the highest condition and accomplishment—nay, attested in many instances with the most solemn appeals to personal character and trustworthiness—of ghosts, witches, Hyperboreans and Lydian charms, brooms animated at the touch of a wand, assuming the likeness of clever lacqueys, and abigails performing their becoming functions during any space of time required, and on its termination forthwith rebroomed; bloody skeletons drawing men's curtains at the dead of night, and pointing the way to cellars in which their bones lay unblest and restless; a serpent-bit vine-dresser cured by the spell of a Babylonian, who tied around the wounded toe a bandage inclosing a chip of the tombstone of a recently buried *virgin*; a small bit of clay formed into a Cupid, told to fly to a distant damsel and deliver a tender message, and obeying; of astonishing results from the wearing of a ring made out of the iron-work of a gibbet; of a statue of Pelichus that used to come down every night from its pedestal in the mansion where the conversation is held, and walk about the house, and which appeared crowned with wreaths newly gilt in honor of a cure it had recently effected on the person of the proprietor; of an African groom in the narrator's service who stole some oboli that had been deposited as offerings at the feet of this Pelichus, and who, after remaining, as he supposed, all night away from the scene of his felony, found himself at daybreak within a few yards thereof, re-entered the house, confessed his guilt, restored the oboli, was whipped regularly every night afterwards by an invisible scourge wielded by an invisible hand, and at last died of terror; of a bronze Hippocrates who spans high in the possession of another of the company, the family physician of the great man, who, whenever the oil in the lamp before him was

C'est d'un écrit fort ingénieux intitulé *Histoire Véroitable*, que Swift a emprunté le plan de son *Gulliver*, &c.,—*Cours de Littérature*, Tome iii., seconde partie, p. 361.

burnt out, was sure to slip down from the shelf, jump all over the house, make a sad clatter among the dishes, and jumble the contents of the doctor's gallipots; of a tall female spectre, who came sailing out of a wood with her cap on a level with the highest trees; of another lady who appeared to her husband some weeks after her death to tell him that she felt uncomfortable in the other world in consequence of his having omitted one slipper when he was burning her wearing apparel, and pointed out the place in which her wearing apparel could be found, namely: behind her clothes-press; of a pestle which, after the mumbling of three syllables, being desired to fetch water, immediately seized a pitcher and set to work too diligently, for the person who used the spell was unacquainted with the counter-charm, and could not make the pestle stop again—and how his taking an axe and cleaving the pestle in two only made matters worse, for then there were two pestles and two pitchers all employed with the like persistence of zeal," &c.

At first sight it may seem that there is little to instruct in all this—that the object of the satirist is merely to raise the laugh at the expense of some sophists who had incurred his displeasure. This he did undoubtedly—even those ridiculed could not help sometimes in joining in the laugh. But the design of Lucian was to bring superstition into contempt—to expose the false religion of his time to public derision—having learned from experience gained in various countries during his professional travels, that satire was the most effective weapon wherewith to banish the false gods and put their priests to shame. He gives instances enough himself to show what elaborate efforts were made to impose on the ignorant and unthinking. As an instance we will refer in passing to his description of the famous Hieropolitan Temple. In this he tells us that the most ferocious animals were to be seen day and night, walking about and feeding quietly in the outer court of the goddess, side by side with horses, oxen, sheep, and all kinds of tame birds, the object of the keepers being to convince the populace that such was the wonderful power of the Loretto they were called upon to worship and to conciliate with sacrifices, that universal nature was subdued into the gentleness of the lamb in her presence. Those ready to judge everything by what they have seen, or learned themselves, sneer at this as a mere invention of the poet, or at best as a gross exaggeration. But Lucian mentions it as gravely as he does any other fact of the truth of which there can be no dispute; and those who have investigated ancient history most do not hesitate to believe him. Wieland does not question his veracity, but he seeks to explain the apparent anomaly by supposing that the cunning Galli disguised sheep

and cows in the skins of wild beasts, and took care to arrange matters so that the uninitiated should not approach them too closely. But travellers in India tell us that the Hindoo princes of the present day have packs of tigers that are as tame as dogs, and that there are jugglers whose business it has been for a long succession of ages to tame wild beasts of all kinds. Scholl, another eminent German critic, in referring to the same subject, reminds the reader that while Rubens was painting his "Daniel," he had a lion that lived four weeks in his chamber. Gilbert White, also the author of an excellent work on "Natural History," gives his opinion in favor of Lucian, and concludes a long and interesting argument in proof of the skill and success of the ancients in taming wild beasts, by referring the skeptics to that passage in the New Testament where we are told that "Every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, *is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind.*"*

It is objected against Lucian, that he was one of those who would destroy everything, but build up nothing; as if any single individual who makes no pretension to a divine mission could do both. Human life is too short for such undertakings as objectors of this class would have performed. Is it not more natural that he should devote himself to the removal of what is bad and vicious, leaving it for somebody else to plant what is good and healthy in its stead? This would be acting in accordance with that principle of political economy which is universally regarded as most sound—namely, the division of labor. This is what Victor Hugo means when he says, "There are men for the green fruits, and other men for the ripe fruits."† A better authority than Hugo tells us in other words that all cannot do all things. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* Wieland enters more into particulars. "Some," he says, "are ordained to attack, others to defend; some to pull down, others to build up. * * We should scarcely blame those who employ gifts such as Lucian's for the mere purposes of entertainment; he *avenged truth and nature on their most dangerous enemies; he tore up by their roots the weeds that prevented the growth of wholesome plants; he protected the docile understanding of the rising generation against the errors of their fathers; he warned them of the snares, pitfalls, and dens of ambuscade that had proved fatal to those that went before them; he directed them to the even paths of nature, whereon it is impossible to miss the universal object of sound common sense—and we require of him still more!*" This presents the case fairly and justly for the

* James iii., 7.

† Il y a des hommes pour les fruits verts, et d'autres hommes pour les fruits mûrs.
—*Le Rhin*, p. 127.

satirist; and now let us inquire, how did he succeed, or why did he do so. We have already spoken of his frank and honest disposition; his manliness and indomitable courage. He scorned those who abused him for telling the truth; he told them they might murder him, if they had the courage to assume the consequences of doing so, but that so long as he had life and health, he would continue to assail falsehood, imposture, and delusion, in whatever form they presented themselves. And fortunately he was master of that which, above all others, the cheats, impostors, quacks, and dark-lanterns dreaded most, and that against which their enchanted armor could afford them no protection, namely: *the witty derision of cool common sense*; a weapon that has seldom failed in any age, when earnestly and resolutely used. But our rapidly diminishing space reminds us that we must take our leave for the present of Lucian; not, however, we trust, without having accomplished our object, since all we had intended in the present article was simply to indicate the most salient point in his character as an author and a man. Let us ask now, Would not such a man be useful at the present day? After sufficient time has been allowed to discuss this question as its merits deserve, we will take up the satirist's principal works, and give such specimens of them as will do justice to his genius and fame, and at the same time interest and instruct our readers.

ART. V.—1. *Contributions to Terrestrial Magnetism*. By M. SABINE. London. 1834.

2. *Traité de Electr. et de Magnét.* Par M. BEQUEREL. Paris.

3. *Théorie des Phénomènes Electro-Dynamiques.* Paris. 1826.

As a matter of history, for the actual starting-point of the employment of electricity for any purpose among the concomitant wants or necessities of the human race, it will be necessary to revert to the days of Thales, who flourished at Miletus, above two thousand years ago, or five hundred years before the Christian era. This great philosopher ranked among the "seven wise men of Greece," and was the founder of the Ionic school of sages. He was the first to look upon electricity as a remedial agent in a certain class of human maladies, while he also taught his pupils that electrized amber possessed a *soul*!

After the era of the Miletian philosopher, we find little or nothing said of electricity either as an imponderable substance

of itself, or as an agent for any physical or medical purpose of man, until about a century ago, when certain phenomena developed from rubbing smooth pieces of glass and wax became the theme of universal wonder and scientific investigation. As a matter of course, the astonishing powers, laws, and works of galvanism were entirely unsuspected. In fact, the relations of magnetism to electricity, and *vice versa*, were unknown till after the middle of the last century. At this time, even the laws of heat had not been discovered, while water was supposed, by all the learned world, to be a simple substance only.

Scarcely more than a century ago, the "Leyden jar" was a new discovery. At that time, Benjamin Franklin had not demonstrated the identity between the lightning of the clouds and the electricity produced by friction. One hundred years before this, Newton was a school-boy! Gravitation, or a code of laws for the universe, had not been considered or established. "*The Principia*" and the "*Optics*" of Sir Isaac Newton were then unwritten, while electricity and magnetism were unrecognized as sciences. A hundred years anterior to this, again, we find ourselves plunged into the very abyss of the dark ages, where, not only medicine, but all the physical sciences were sleeping, as they had slept for a thousand years.

In these dread days of darkness, dogmatic theories only prevailed, and free discussion on any subject whatever was at the peril of life or the dungeon. Anatomy was undeveloped into a special science; there were no "subjects" for dissection; the structure and functions of the lungs were unknown; nor had the microscope, the barometer, and the thermometer been invented and made available for practical scientific purposes. Who now can fail to recognize—without recounting the untold inheritance of religious and social treasures—the rich legacies of chemistry, botany, geology, geography, mathematics, mechanics, physiology, electricity, and electro-magnetism, that were lying in store beneath the gloom of the "dark epoch" for generations then unborn?

To return more immediately to our present subject, it may be fairly stated, that even the philosophers of 1760 did not know that electricity was the very *key* to physiology; to molecular physics, and hence to metaphysics; for penetrating and revealing the intimate structure, relation and nature of bodies; that chemistry would be indebted to its subtle power for nice analysis and synthesis; for elucidating theories, and for forming entirely new compounds; and that the physiologist would have deduced by its aid a most intimate knowledge of, and familiarity with, those innate and imponderable forces that, hand

in hand with vitality, rule over all living organisms, and, by consequence, are next to the very main-spring of life itself.

Although we have already stated that electricity and magnetism are physical forces that were known to Thales and others of remote ages from our times, yet, it will not be denied, notwithstanding the astonishing progress of the physical sciences, such force or forces still produce many inexplicable and mysterious phenomena. Indeed, scarcely a day passes without the discovery of some new property of electricity or magnetism. The extraordinary utility of the electro-magnetic telegraph is known to everybody, and demonstrates in the most incontrovertible manner the marvellous forces of these too imponderable substances.

While it is not our purpose, at the present time, to enter particularly upon the history or merits of electro-physiology and electro-therapeutics, it will be necessary to present some few facts in this regard, in order to a fair and complete elucidation of the pantologic themes involved in the great, interesting and instructive subject of electro-magnetism.

Without further preliminary, then, we may definitely state, that the first accumulation of electricity on glass was achieved by M. Cuncres, a native of Leyden, about the year 1745. From his experiments arose the Leyden vial or jar. The first discoverer of the phenomenon, however, was Von Kleet, the Dean of Cammin, who is reported to have received the first electric shock.

A Mr. Muschenbroek tried the experiment with a very thin glass bowl, and was so violently struck in his arms, shoulders, and breast, that he lost his breath, and it was two days before he recovered from the effects of the blow and terror. In a letter to M. Reaumer, he says, "he would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France!"

Various accounts are given of similar effects of electric shocks on different persons, in different places, about those times, but none were more extraordinary than those produced in the persons of a Mr. Winckle of Leipsic, and his wife. He says, "that the Leyden experiment produced great convulsions in his body; that it put his blood into such a state of great agitation, that he was for a time afraid of an ardent fever, and was obliged to use refrigerant medicines; that he felt a heaviness in his head, as if great stones lay upon it." Twice it gave him epistaxis, or bleeding from the nose.

His wife was the first woman who had the courage to try a shock, and from this she found herself so weak that she could hardly walk! Such were the first rude and rash experiments made with *dynamic* electricity on the human body by *shock*;

but sparks had been employed before this, not only for medical, but other purposes. M. Kratzenstein, a German physician, was the first to record, in 1744, a methodical treatment and cure, which was a case of paralysis of the fingers, cured by sparks drawn from the then common electrical machine.

In 1748, "A Treatise on the Effects of Electricity upon the Living Human Body," by M. Jallabert, was published. He sums up the most general phenomena observed from the application of electricity, as follows: First, an acceleration of pulse; second, an increase in the warmth of the part; and third, involuntary contraction, actually produced in palsied muscles. This was probably the first work on electro-therapeutics.

The Abbé Sans, in 1772, wrote on "Medical Electricity," and detailed eight cases of paralysis that he had cured and benefited by the sparks and shocks—such experiments being all that had been achieved at that time. In 1778, a paper was read before the *Société Royale de Médecine*, at Paris, by Dr. Manduit, on the employment of electricity for various diseases. According to Dr. Manduit, electricity is an exciting remedy; it increases the vital powers; it swells or plumps those diseased parts of the body which are touched by it; excites perspiration, and even salivation, (if not other secretions,) which become very profuse sometimes, if the electricity be strong. A prudent use of electricity relieves patients of obstinate pains; increases the normal heat in parts which have been cold for years; produces abundant evacuations in patients suffering from constipation; cures muscular wasting and paralysis, as well as oedema; quiets the nerves and induces sleep, &c.

A few years after, M. Cavallo published all that was known on the subject, in his "Theory and Practice of Medical Electricity." He recommends a frequent resort to the electrical machine, in cases of paralysis, partial amaurosis, deafness, chorea, and epilepsy, and for resuscitating persons after being nearly drowned or suffocated.

In 1802, M. Sigaud de la Fond published a work called "Medical Electricity," in which is given seven different methods of applying the electricity of the electrical machine, namely, by an electrical air-bath, by drawing sparks, by giving sparks, by friction, by insufflation, by exhaustion, and by commotion.

In the latter part of the last century, Signor Pinati, of Venice, introduced Peruvian balsams and a variety of other medical substances into the glass cylinders of the different electrical machines he employed for the different classes of disease.

A Dr. Giuseppe Brani employed in the cylinder of the frictional machine, with which he operated, certain purgative

medicines, and the patient, after having been thus electrified, (*sic.*) is said to have experienced the same effects as if he had swallowed the medicine!

The frictional machine still holds a place in the armamentarium of therapeutics, although very much less since Faraday discovered the induction current, in 1831. Static electricity has been much employed, and made to perform some very wonderful cures at Guy's Hospital, London, through the skill of Drs. Gull and Golding Bird. We have now seen that the electrical machine and the Leyden battery were the first instruments of this kind employed in the treatment of diseases. Their cumbrous construction, however, and their violent effects upon the organism, soon drove them out of the *materia medica*, and caused them to be abandoned almost entirely for nearly half a century, after the invention of the Leyden jar. Galvanism, as is now well known, was discovered and demonstrated by Professor Luigi Galvani of Bologna, in 1786, although he did not publish his discovery and commentary, "*De Viribus Electricitatus in Motu Musculari*," until 1791. In that work he laid down the proposition that there is a peculiar form or kind of electricity in all living animals, which he designated as animal electricity. He arrived at this conclusion from having his attention first drawn to an accidental and strange phenomenon. It would appear that some frogs had been dressed for a soup for Madame Galvani, who was an invalid, and hung alone suspended by copper hooks connected to an iron railing. It was observed that as these frogs' legs were moved by the wind, or other cause, so as to touch a lower part of the iron grating, they would at the same instant become "convulsed," and exhibit a peculiar twitching movement, which was repeated at every fresh contact, as if still alive.

Dr. Galvani immediately commenced a series of experiments, to which he devoted himself almost exclusively for a number of years, producing the same phenomenon in a more and more marked degree, by employing the legs of recently killed frogs, and the application of certain metals, both to the nerve and the muscles of the mutilated animals.

He believed that he merely excited and rendered sensible the native electricity of the frog's leg, by thus covering a nerve and muscle with metallic conductors, but did not regard the latter as the real source of the electricity. In fact, he based the explanation of the phenomena of muscle contractions on his *neuro-electric* theory. He assumed that all animals are endowed with an inherent electricity, exactly appropriate to their economy, while nerve-electricity, being secreted by the brain, resides mostly in the nerves, by which it is communicated

to every part of the body. The principal reservoirs of this (so-called *animal*) electricity he considered to be in the fibres of the muscles, each of which he regarded as having two sides, *i. e.*, opposite electric conditions. He believed, therefore, that when a muscle was willed to move, the nerves, aided by the brain, drew from the interior of the muscles some electricity; then, by discharging this upon their surface, which he believed to be negative, they were made to contract or draw together, and thus produce the required change of position. Thus, then, Galvani was the first not only to stumble upon the manifestations of a new form of electricity by the frog's twitchings, but to blindly demonstrate the existence of animal electricity; for he verily thought it was that only which produced the phenomena.

Galvani's discovery and investigations did not advance the knowledge of these phenomena, until Volta, a professor at Pavia, repeated Galvani's experiments with particular care, and became convinced that the convulsions were more particularly excited when the conducting medium between the nerves and muscles consisted of two metals, the surfaces of which in those places where they were in contact with each other and with the legs of the frog, were metallic throughout. Volta taught that the heterogeneous metals, during their contact, become charged with opposite electricities, and that, after completing the circuit by means of the muscles and nerves, an electric current, as in the case of the Leyden battery, arises, which convulses the legs of the frog. Electricity obtained in this way is called electricity by contact, galvanism, or Volta's electricity.

A sharp and protracted discussion arose between Galvani and Volta in respect to the first and sole cause of the contractions produced by given means, in the legs of the frog; but public opinion finally settled down upon Volta's views.

Among those who took a deep interest in this all-absorbing discussion of those times, was Alexander Von Humboldt. By numerous experiments, he finally succeeded in showing that Galvani and Volta were both right in the main, though wrong in some respects—hence the cause of their difference.

Baron Humboldt's conclusions were concurred in by Hufeland, Pfaaf, and other distinguished German philosophers and physicians of those times. Humboldt's researches were published in 1797. In this work he explains and maintains the original views of Galvani, and gives him all praise for his patience and indomitable perseverance that so conclusively demonstrated the law of nature, *viz.*, *animal electricity*; at the same time offering such reasonable explanations, and yielding

such praise for the discovery of the Voltaic pile, as should have entirely reconciled those two Italian philosophers and their respective partisans. However, having left Europe in 1799, in his American travels, Humboldt left the sway of creed to prevail with the Voltaic theory for thirty years afterwards.

The novelty and favor that attended the vast discoveries which were so constantly being made on the constitution of *inorganic* matter by the truly magic pile of Volta, which was every day being modified, and in time greatly improved, so that a power was made available, that in the hands of Sir Humphrey Davy resolved many bodies previously considered simple into their constituent elements; and this quite changed both the nomenclature and denominations of chemistry, creating, as it were, a new era in that department of science. Not only has it these effects, but in the hands of Professor Faraday of England it has led to the actual discovery of new sciences, and of properties of matter not dreamed of before. It is not deemed necessary to recount them any experiments made by different philosophers and physicians in consequence of the curious phenomena observed in the frog. A few of the more important will suffice for the present.

Signor Valli, an Italian physician of great learning and celebrity, as early as 1792, only one year after Galvani published his discovery, the neuro-electric theory, contended that the neuro-electric fluid was secreted by the capillary arteries which supply the nerves, and that by the nerves this fluid or ether was conveyed to the muscles, which were always in an electric condition, the interior being negative, and the exterior positive. He also put forward the fact, that in experimenting on frogs, the nerves lose their irritability to the stimulus of electricity, first at their origin or trunk, but retain it longer at their periphery or extremities. He thus hazarded the opinion that "the distal extremities of nerves are the true origin of their structures." It is said of him that he was the first to form a battery or pile of some fourteen prepared frogs' thighs, and obtained thereby evidences of a true galvanic current. He made other experiments which seemed fully to sustain Galvani's side of the question; nevertheless, such results were doubtfully received by the learned world of the times.

In 1804, a work called *Essai Théorique et Expérimental sur la Galvanisme*, was published by Professor Aldini, of Bologna, in which he stoutly defended the theory of his illustrious uncle, Galvani. He states that he applied a very powerful current from a Voltaic pile of some hundreds of pairs through his own head, just above his ears, which so excited him that he continued sleepless for several days. He conceived that this treat-

ment would be of service to that class of the insane who are melancholic, and relates two cases that were actually cured by this means. He speaks, however, of the great inconvenience of the Voltaic pile, from its inconstant current, as well as expense and trouble.

The Italian naturalist, Matteucci, is another distinguished individual who demonstrated the existence of electricity in the living organism by numerous experiments. According to his doctrine, however, it is not the nerves, but the muscles, that are the vehicles of the electric action. He asserts that the nervous principle is still enveloped in much mystery, and is entirely distinct from electricity.

DuBois Raymond, however, by his experiments, which are described in his work on Animal Electricity, has refuted Matteucci in the most conclusive manner. He proves that electricity is contained in every part of the nervous system, and shows that the nerves are capable of producing all the known phenomena of electricity, even the deviation of the magnetic needle, by means of a multiplier. He farther shows that this electrical action is not simply an indifferent adjunct, but an essential cause, of the internal movements of the animal organism—the electrical action being, in fact, identical with the hypothetical nervous fluid.

Professor Hassenstein has likewise shown that during life a portion of the natural electricity of the animal body is constantly excited into polar action. According to him, the central organs of the nerves are the immediate causes of this action, and the nerves are its carriers and vehicles throughout the whole organism. The electric action which we see in the muscles is a consequence of that nervous action, and, therefore, depending upon the latter.

We infer from this incontestable fact that this electrical action of the nerves must have a definite polar direction. This point has likewise been demonstrated by Hassenstein experimentally, and likewise that the polarity of this action is unchangeable, whereas formerly it was supposed that it was changeable. This electrical action differs in different individuals, but it remains nearly the same during health in the same person, and within a period of time of about the same length.

M. Nobili, of Riggio, having taken up the subject from first principles, where Galvani and Humboldt had left them, by many new facilities found that there does actually exist in the leg of the frog, naturally, an electric current, or, in other words, a nerve-electric current peculiar to the living animal. These discoveries were made in 1827.

It were useless now to follow the fascinating progress of No-

bili; for we are already arrived at the very portico of electro-physiology, that leads into a new and spacious wing of the temple of science. Here we not only find the cabinet of Nature's laws by Nobili, but on the one hand we find Matteucci and Marianini, and Volta and Faraday; while on the other are Baron Humboldt, Dubois Raymond, Todd, Copeland, Becquerel, Remak, Duchenne, Brown-Séquard, and others.

In a summary, then, of the history of electro-physiologic and electro-therapeutic researches, we find that the whole surface of the body is negatively electric; this electricity being most feeble in those parts which are the nearest to the central organs, and most intense in parts which are remote from them. This fact explains the character of the polarity of the nervous electricity, and shows that the negative pole is directed towards the external, and the positive towards the internal surfaces. In this respect the animal body has to be looked upon as a Voltaic pile, the surface (serous) of the body (secreting an acid substance) constituting the negative; and the internal (mucous) or central (secreting an alkaline fluid) the positive pole of the pile. In the same manner as the action of these electricities which now attract and then again repel each other, is kept up in the pile in a definite polar direction, is the electrical action maintained as long as life lasts. This action ceases after death; the electricities then unite, and the central organs are no longer able to separate them.

It is inferred that only a portion of the natural electricity of the organic body is in polar action; another portion remaining latent. Some of this latent electricity may, however, be excited into polar action by external stimuli, and this polarity may be altered *ad libitum*, according as the negative pole is applied to the peripheral nerves and the positive pole to the central organs, or *vice versâ*, the negative pole to the central organs, and the positive pole to the peripheral nerves.

It is well known that at every contact of heterogeneous substances, or while different parts are exposed to different degrees of temperature, or during all chemical processes, the electricity of the body by which these various processes take place is excited into polar action; hence it is undeniable that electricity plays an important part in the living organism. During the oxydation or carbonization of the blood—during the process of digestion, &c., electricity exercises the most important part.

By applying the negative pole to the hand and the positive pole to the spine, the ensuing electrical induction causes a repulsion of the homogeneous and an attraction of the opposite electricities, and the polar direction of these attractions and repulsions is the opposite of what it is in the original bodies.

On the contrary, if the positive pole be applied to the hand, and the negative pole to the back or the forehead, the electricity thus set free will have the same polarity as the natural electricity. In the former case, the electrical action originally existing in the nerves is diminished; in the latter case, increased. It is readily perceived that in whatever body a certain amount of electricity is excited into polar action, its natural electrical action is increased when, by some adequate stimulus, a larger amount of its electricity is excited into a corresponding polar action. On the contrary, if a portion of the previous latent electricity is excited into a polar action opposite to the polarity of the electricity which is already active in the part, a larger or less portion of the latter is necessarily neutralized, and the natural electricity of the body is weakened.

It is certain that many diseases, such as rheumatism, gout, &c., arise simply from the fact that the electrical condition of the part has been rendered abnormal by the local depression of the temperature of the affected part. Hence the object which we seek to attain by acting upon the human body by means of electricity, can only be:

1. *To exalt the action of the electricity, which is already active in the nerves; or,*
2. *To diminish this action.*

According to Hassenstein, either of these ends may be attained, by—

a. An increase of electric action, by applying electricity of the same polarity as that which is originally active in the part.

b. A decrease of electric action, by applying electricity of an opposite polarity to that which is originally active in the nerves. A physician is frequently called upon either to exalt or to diminish the vital action, or to reduce it to its normal condition. In every disease, no matter what its cause, the normal vital action, and of course the electric nervous action, are disturbed; there is an abnormal condition, more or less.

In many diseases, the metamorphosis of the tissues takes place much more rapidly than in a state of health. We know that, during every chemical process, and hence during the metamorphosis of the tissues, electricity is set free the more copiously the more energetically these chemical processes are carried on; for it is probable that they are determined by electrical action. If the metamorphosis be arrested, and the chemical action consequently diminished, there is of course a corresponding decrease of electric action in the nerves. This shows how intimately the condition of the body in the various diseases is connected with the electric action of the nerves, and

what an important agent electricity is in the treatment of disease.

The curative action of both electricity and magnetism is increased by uniting both forces in one apparatus, as is done in electro-magnetic batteries. A local action of both electricities is required when the nervous action is neither to be increased nor decreased, and it is simply designed to excite chemical electric action in certain localities of the organism. From all these gleanings and researches, no one will pretend to deny that electricity and magnetism are very important available agents in the remedial treatment of many forms of *nervo-muscular* disease.

1. As we have the fact of a constant electric current in the muscles of all animals, the conditions likely to diminish this current must be—a low position in the scale of being; in perfect development of the muscular structure; in the depressed vital powers.

2. The conditions which increase the currents, are: high vital powers, full development of the muscular structure; everything that promotes the free action between arterial blood and the muscular fibres; everything that is essential to powerful muscular contraction.

Muscular contractility and electricity, it will be thus seen, stand together in the relation of cause and effect. Men of science tell us, that since the creation of the world and its launch into space, nothing has been added to, or taken from, its elementary constituents. It was just as heavy then as now, and contained the same amount of carbon, oxygen, iron, gold, and each of the simple elements. These elements may have undergone many changes, or many transformations, but the material bulk is still the same, whatever form or shape creation has assumed, or is still destined to assume. It is hence palpably evident that nothing can be created by human means in the physical world. Man may mix, add, and deduct, and thus produce new combinations, but he cannot create matter. Accordingly, in philosophical theories of the origin of the universe, all stumble at the word "*create*."

If we look throughout creation, we shall see certain principles—negative and positive, or a male and female force—to be innate in every kind of matter, without possessing any character in common with it, whether it be ponderable or imponderable.

These two principles may be called magnetism, as engendered from the earth's elements, and electricity as evolved from atmospheric or celestial conditions or phenomena. When these two principles meet, or come in collision, there is a union, or rather a connection of the two, which is called *magneto-electricity*.

tricity, or electro-magnetism, just as these two forces agree or assimilate in their relative antagonistic essentials of attraction and repulsion. Either may so overcome or neutralize the other, temporarily, or for the time being, as to produce an equilibrium of the two forces, which condition may be called innate, latent, passive, or static electricity. In their organized or magnetized state, they are the foundations on which all matter is laid, whether we speak of the formation of the solar system, or of the mineral, animal, and vegetable kingdoms. Repulsions, expansions, attractions, contractions, sensations, inclinations, sympathetic action, motion and form, we may say, are in the order we have named, the attributes of the two forces—the negative and the positive, the attractive and the repulsive—which, for want of better terms, may be designated as magnetism and electricity, whatever semblance or identity either principle may have with the other.

Looking at man from head to foot, we find that he is a dualism throughout. He is composed of spirit and matter as an aggregate whole; yet we find a beautiful duplecity throughout his whole organism, corresponding with the negative and positive forces of magnetism and electricity—an attractive and repulsive force. All the various organs of man's interior are in twos, or joinings of two. The brain is two—the lungs are two—the heart is double—the liver is duplex, or was two in the embryo, a duplicate organ; the kidneys are two; every tissue in the body is or was two. The blood itself is two—arterial and venous. Even the membranes are double, or, at least, are capable of performing double functions. With the exception of the stomach, the whole extent of the mucous membrane secretes and is bathed with an alkaline mucous fluid; while the extent of the serous or outer membrane, including the skin, except in the auxiliary and pubic regions, is constantly exhaling an acid fluid. The mass of the animal frame is thus placed between two great envelopes—the one alkaline and the other acid. Accordingly, the external (acid) and the internal (alkaline) membranes of the body actually represent the two poles of a galvanic pile, whose effects are appreciable by a galvanometer. The mucous or alkaline membrane indicates a negative electricity, and the cutaneous or acid membrane, a positive electricity. Hence the body has come to be regarded as a voltaic pile. It may be proper here to affirm, that magnetism is but electricity in a different form, and *vice versa*, combination and arrangement modifying the result, or making a new compound.

From these general propositions it will be inferred that the *main-spring* of life consists in that everywhere present vitality unknown, and yet seen in all parts of living bodies; but who

shall dare attempt to explain what that vitality is? We may only say that electricity in the animal frame is the force by which all nervous action is exerted—the means by which life is manifested and sustained.

It will be apparent, then, that life and health must consist in the harmonious relation between the electrical or vital forces, and the material structure and fluids of the organism. These elements must be relatively proportioned. The atmosphere we breathe contains a certain amount of oxygen, combined with a relative amount of nitrogen and hydrogen. We cannot add one particle to either of these elements without disorganizing the atmosphere and creating a new element or a new compound element. If we add a particle more of oxygen to the oxygen of the air, that ingredient is no longer oxygen, but *aqua fortis*. Thus full life is but another term for perfect health. So, on the other hand, if there be any circumstances or conditions which induce or bring about inharmonious relations between the nervous forces, (which are equivalent to the oxygen and the air,) and the other elements which make up the general perfected organism, there must necessarily follow decay and death. The severity of disease, then, as a matter of course, will correspond with the derangements, or the inharmonious relations of the several constituents of vitality, or life, with each other.

Suppose 100 degrees of temperature to represent life, or full health. Now suppose there was some exciting cause to depress the measure of this normal standard. If the depression amounted to ten per cent., there would be a ten per cent. loss of health; *i. e.*, health would be depreciated ten degrees below par, or normal life. Were the depression equal to 25 or 50 per cent., health would be 25 or 50 per cent. below par life. In other words, a man might be said to be quarter dead, or half dead, as these reductions from vitality would relatively indicate. Were the standard of life reduced below fifty per cent. it would scarcely be possible for the *placida medicina nature* to be maintained. Life would then die out, for the recuperative efforts of nature would be too much weakened to arrest the further, more rapid, dissolution of the organism, and the sundering of the chemical changes of its original elements.

There is also such a thing as life in excess. Such plethora is virtually disease—the same thing, in reality, as converting oxygen into aqua fortis. There would then be an excess of the vital, or electric or nervous power, incompatible with the harmonious agglomeration of the other elements of the organism; hence antagonism and disruption of the whole. Fever and inflammation, then, are life in excess, and cold and chills,

life depressed—and either is a departure from the standard of normal health, and induce the phenomena or symptoms we call disease, whether locally or generally manifested, or nosologically considered. In this view of life it might be rationally asserted, with Hippocrates, that there is really but one disease—the phenomena or symptoms manifested being merely modifications, or different forms, of a departure from the standard of health, according as the electric action of the economy is exalted or depressed.

Those who are at all familiar with the peculiarities of the nervous system will not fail to perceive the reasonableness of this proposition; for they will comprehend that, according to the latest experiments, that electrical action is identical, or nearly so, with the hypothetical “nervous influence.”

In considering the magneto-electrical relations of the organism, a most remarkable point, to which every reflecting mind must turn, is the duality of the body; that is, its division into symmetrical halves, and the wonderful halves, and the wonderful harmony existing between the cerebro-spinal or voluntary portion of the nervous system, and the sympathetic or involuntary series of nervous arrangements. We find a series of nervous centres (which might properly be termed magneto-electric batteries) in each of the two great nervous divisions, connected together by a number of nerves, (or, so to speak, conducting or *telegraphic* wires,) and sending forth branches which minutely subdivide and interlace in every, even the smallest, point of the body. The cerebro-spinal set of nerves preside over motion and special sensation; the sympathetic or ganglionic over general sensation; the intuitive and formative functions linked together in one most intimate yet harmonious whole, forming continuous magneto-electric currents. There are the *afferent* and *efferent* nervous systems, mutually operating somewhat like the ordinary telegraph—the one conveying sensations (or messages) from the outward surfaces and the various organs to the battery in the brain, and the other system conveying them from that source to all other parts of the economy. Thus, if a man should cut his toe, the fact is instantly telegraphed to the brain, which as promptly takes cognizance of the circumstance, and sends back a sympathetic response to the injury received. In this way, a regular communication is kept up between all the organs and parts of the body, so that no injury can be done to any portion of the system without the rest having notice of the same, and suffering relatively with the injured part.

Scanning the organism through the medium of the nervous system, we are thus enabled to comprehend somewhat of the

electrical forces and polar conditions of the organism. Thus, we know that man is a galvanic pile—that the brain and other nervous centres are the batteries where the vital force or nervous influence is generated and accumulated.

The next consideration is, by what power is such nervous or electric forces generated. We have shown the elements essential to life, and those conditions calculated to destroy it. Suppose we compare the organism of man to an ordinary steam-engine. There is all the machinery in perfect order—the cogs, the wheels, the piston, the boiler, and other paraphernalia. What next is required? The wood or fuel for the furnace, the fire to light the wood before steam can be generated. Having steam, we have now the motive power, to propel the machinery, but it will not move until some other power or agent is employed to direct the force of the steam to those points of the complicated machinery which will start their action and keep them all working in harmonious relationship with each other. This machinery will continue to move so long as the fuel is supplied to the furnace and the proper amount of steam is generated. The moment, however, we allow the fire to die out, of course, the engine will cease working. Again, if too much steam be generated, and care is not observed to regulate its force, it will cause an explosion of the entire apparatus into fragments.

The elements of life are relatively similar. Everything is there except the vital or moving, or progressing, or developing principle. Fire or heat, or something else, must be placed in the furnace before the machinery of the organism can begin to work. In other words, although there is a latent force in the ingredients necessary to constitute life, some other power or principle must be directed to call such latent force into generative or working action. We may see this idea beautifully exemplified in a grain of corn or wheat. So long as the inherent vitality of the grain is sustained, it will germinate, providing conditions for germination exist. A grain may be preserved in its fructifying principle for many thousand years. Grains of wheat exhumed from the Egyptian tombs, after being inclosed in solid masonry for two thousand years, have germinated and yielded their natural product under the ordinary conditions favorable to the growth of this plant.

To deal with this subject agreeably to the latest developments of medical and general science, those who will take the trouble to examine closely the law of Nature, will find that "vital force," "vitality," "*vis vite*," terms frequently employed, readily admit of *two* significations.

Let us see. Life, in its highest sense, is an emanation (in-

comprehensible to ourselves, because beyond our finite thoughts,) from the Omnipotent Creator of the Universe, pervading every organized body in varied but definite proportions, and preserving the harmony of the natural laws to which we are subjected. This controlling power, this emanation from the Deity, keeps all in order, from the simple developing cell (the commencing point of all organization) to the body as a whole; it regulates the movements of all that delicate, beautifully-adapted, and complicated machinery upon the exact mutual co-operation of each and every part of which organic existence depends. From man, the highest and most perfect of God's works through the animal kingdom down to the zoophyte class, linking animal and vegetable life through the higher classes of vegetable organization down to the lowest orders, where the doubt arises whether we are still dealing with life, or whether we have entered the mineral kingdom—everywhere throughout Nature, we see depicted higher or lower grades of intrinsic "vital" power, which, with undeviating accuracy, organize matter and preserve organization by certain currents of force or arrangements given to the otherwise inorganic atoms. Thus we find that life, in the different classes of organized existence, has its fixed or determined period. Man, *ceteris paribus*, lives from 70 to 100 years; rarely beyond; the horse, between 20 and 30 years; some insects, from birth to death, but 24 hours. The oak has *vis vite*, for several hundred years, but at length must decay and die; many of our favorite garden flowers enjoy but a few months' existence. As it prevails throughout Nature, so does it obtain with man. A minute germ—a cell—by this intrinsic "*vis vite*," is developed into the fœtus, the fœtus into the infant, the infant into the youth, the youth into mature age; then comes the descent into the vital scale until the decay of old age is reached. The machinery is then worn out, and must give place to others. The duration of life is fixed by irrevocable decrees; unchangeable except by a special permission of Providence.

ART. VI.—*L. Orators of the American Revolution.* By E. L. Magoon. New York 1848.

2. *The Principles of Eloquence*, by the Abbé MAURY, with an Introduction, etc. By A. POTTER, D.D. New York. 1855.
3. *The Beauties of Daniel Webster, Selected and Arranged.* By JAMES REES. New York. 1839.

MANY are the definitions given of eloquence. One is, that it is the "expression of strong emotion so as to produce like

emotion in others." It is, indeed, difficult to define that strangely mystic influence which pervades, commands, and controls an impressible soul. We may say, however, that eloquence is an art which is kindred to poetry. Both are the language of exalted passion; and that which characterizes the one constitutes much of the charm of the other. While poetry garlands her beauteous form with verse, and moves to the sweet cadence and measure of numbers, eloquence assumes nobler and more majestic proportions, and commands a freer and more sublime expression. Hers is an energy still more comprehensive; a power or force wider and deeper; an influence untrammelled; and whilst she displays a beauty less adorned than the poetic art, it is neither less expansive nor less expressive. Eloquence and poetry, therefore, differ, if they differ at all, chiefly in their apparel. The costume or dress changes with the mode or style of the sentiment pronounced, or the thought embodied.

If this be so, then in every great oration we should look for a poem, not necessarily embodied in verse, nor pronounced in melodious numbers, but awaiting only the rhythm and harmonious flow that shall make it sparkle and glow with its wonted inspiration.

Take up any great oration of ancient or modern times, and you shall find much the same fervor, a like exalted passion, equal pictured thought, a similar felicitous and harmonious diction, together with the sparkle of fancy and the glow of imagination found in the true poem. We do not mean to affirm that there is no difference between the two arts in question; that the art of the orator and that of the poet are the same; but that they have much in common, and that the characteristics of the one may, for the most part, be discovered in the other. We are aware that the form and structure of poetry differ quite materially from the mould into which prose is thrown; or poetry and prose would be undistinguishable. Still the general truth remains intact, namely, that great orations and great poems embody and manifest much the same characteristics. The two realms touch each other; and eloquence is the pictured speech of poetry and prose.

An orator, therefore, in the most exalted sense of that term, is, perforce, a poet also. He is unconsciously this, if you please, yet, nevertheless, he wears the poet's crown. He may not have written a single line nor uttered a sentiment with such a view or desire; melodious verse or rhythmic numbers may be strangers to his ears; yet he unconsciously paints pictures which flash from the walls of imagination, and which hang in the galleries of art as glorious ideals of grace and beauty. Perhaps the principal difference and distinction as between

the oration and the poem are, that while the first style of composition is pervaded with sublimity, the last is filled with beauty. Poetry and poetic art rather represent grace and beauty than grandeur and sublimity. So we say that poetry is the beautiful, while oratory or eloquence is the sublime in composition and expression. To so great an extent does the beautiful enter into the form, structure, and spirit of a poem, that if it be devoid of this perpetual presence, it can no longer be said to be a poem, whatever else it may claim to be.

An oration is not necessarily characterized by beauty. Indeed, it may, in form, structure, tone, and spirit, be undistinguished by the beautiful or the graceful; but if it represent power, force, or whatever enters into and makes up the idea of sublimity of thought or diction, then it completely answers its purpose and attains its end. Not so a poem. That must appeal to the sense of the beautiful; that must respond to the demands of taste; that must breathe a subdued strain of unmistakable harmony and song. Painting may best represent poetry or the poetic art; whilst sculpture, with its bold outline and rugged front, with its coldly classic face and form, may stand the embodied ideal of the orator's art. Each is admirable in its sphere; each fulfils its mission in behalf of humanity; each stands sentinel to guard and defend the race from barbarism and corruption. It is true that a like perfection of genius, of the faculty of the orator's and of the poet's art, is seldom found in one and the same person. Orators and poets stand forth to the world as distinct classes among men; and yet there have been those who have strangely united these gifts. We instance the names of Cicero, Sheridan, Curran, and Burke. Even the grave and philosophic Webster, though laying no claim to the honors of the poetic muse, amused his lonesome hours with verse. The capacity to enjoy, however, does not confer the capacity to produce. But whatever may be the decision upon this point, we conceive that no truly eloquent man can be indifferent to those graceful and beauteous images which float before the vision in the form of harmonious and rhythmic numbers. Such persons must intensely enjoy those celestial fruits which hang in ripened clusters from the prolific tree of human genius. Fluent and ready speakers may not always enjoy poetry, nor perceive the beauties and charms of poetic art; but fluency and readiness of utterance constitute no claim to the position of the orator. For eloquence is an art which cannot be acquired in the schools. All mere human institutes are powerless to teach it—to confer this divine degree. They are without the genius and inspiration that give it soaring force and lend it wings.

It will not obey the behest of rules. If it come at all, it must come as the lightning that flashes along the southern sky, making a track for the hoarse notes of the muffled thunder.*

Eloquence is not mechanical nor artificial, but spontaneous and natural. Of course we are speaking of that highest and sublimest form of speech which fills the heart with emotion and impassioned feeling, and which trembles on the tongue as the thrilling notes of inspiring and uplifting song. In the orator and in the great oration, we have the composite order of architecture; in himself and his productions are united the granite basis with the Doric form; yea, the Doric with its sturdy strength stands as a pillared symbol of his power; its base is the solid rock; its capital the graceful Corinthian; and about this wind the Ionic and the Gothic, lending the charms of beauty and grace to all primitive forms. Eloquence thus is found alone and apart from all other modes of human speech. Eloquence is not elocution. The professed elocutionist may do something towards it; he may impart the graces of manner and the accomplishments of speech; he may make the utterance finished and complete so far as rules and institutes may go; but the shape which comes from his hand is, after all, cold, dead marble; no heart beats beneath the ribs, no light sparkles in the eye, no color glows upon the cheek. The elocutionist cannot inspire the soul with that impassioned feeling and consummate fervor which impress and sway the multitude, and without which all declamation is vain—a show, an empty dream! The masses bow to no energy not greater than their own, and when the power of a speaker is less than theirs, he not only fails to move them, and to excite any deeper emotion

* "When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreathing of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action—noble, sublime, god-like action."—*Beauties of Webster*, p. 56.

than his own, but sinks himself to the low level of an exhibitor of practised attitudes and premeditated graces. To be a great orator, a man must be possessed by his subject, as well as possess it. He must find his inspiration in his theme. His passion must be real, and not simulated; and his feelings must burn with an intense and quenchless flame. Nature, not art, must be the school in which he is trained, and his education must result from severe intuitions. His, too, must be a natural grandeur of soul.

Eloquence is the gift of nature, and not the endowment of art; so that in the last analysis of orators, as of poets, it may be said that the orator, like the poet, "is born, not made." The eloquent orator is a creation, not a manufacture. He must be a child of nature, not a son of art. There must be the first requisite, the indispensable endowment—the oratoric soul, or the nameless and mystic grace and power of expression will be wanting. By this, of course, we do not mean to affirm that the natural gifts may not be improved and perfected. Art must supplement nature. She must take the rough materials which lie in the quarry of genius, and by her magic touch, and with her plastic hand, cause them to assume shapes of grandeur and forms of beauty; and thus the orator shall stand forth arrayed in royal apparel and crowned with kingly crown—in speech and action a god, in temper and passion, yet a man! The natural capacity can be fostered and cultivated, but the capacity or faculty must exist. Demosthenes is an illustrious example of what may be achieved by labor and perseverance; but the great Athenian had the gift and faculty divine; his was authoritative speech; the presence dwelt within him; the fire lay kindled on the altar; the spirit needed but to be evoked, and the forms of utterance were made "flesh-color," and throbbed with life and animation. His defects were chiefly physical; and he was an orator, and a great orator, too, in spite of them; for he was pre-eminently the orator of Nature. It was a consciousness of his wonderful powers which gave him the assurance of final success.

Again, we remark that eloquence is the voice of the heart, and is an outburst of emotion. It springs from deep feeling, and the occasion must bring it forth; as Webster says, "It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion." It is the sum-total of all the faculties and powers; the whole man is needed to give it force and expression. It is something born of the energy, which the looks, tones, gestures, eye, hand, arm—all supply. Earnestness is the indispensable condition of eloquence. To be eloquent, a man must be in earnest. True, he may not be eloquent, though he be in earnest; but he

cannot be an orator in any true sense of the term unless he is in earnest. All eloquence, therefore, is the fruit of earnestness. The orator's soul must be in his accents, must modulate his tones, control his speech, and inspire his utterance. It must speak with all its tongues and voices—as *Cæsar's* wounds were orators neither dumb nor mute in the senate-house of Rome. It must be read in the eye, heard on the tongue, and legible in every feature. In deep and earnest feeling alone is the magic that shall touch the heart. The intellect alone in vain essays this strange power; she may, indeed, strike the chords of the mystic lyre, but no music will respond; no song be sung; no anthem of grandeur roll its rich measures along; no choral strains bring down an answering gift from heaven. The heart must speak; and then not even Memnon's lips shall murmur such sweet music, though more than an earthly sun send his royal beams of light and warmth upon him.

Simulated feeling will not do; the tears must be real; they must not only fill the eyes, but flow from the heart. Curran, intellectually, was quite inferior to Burke, but he was the greater orator, for he sooner reached the sympathies of the masses; swayed them as forest trees are swayed by resistless tempests and storms; and that power which he in so remarkable a degree possessed and exercised, gave him a decided advantage over that wonderful statesman, philosopher, and orator—that man whose name is but another for genius and learning.

The main thing in oratoric power is the impression made by a speech at the time of its delivery. Not how it reads, but how it sounds, is the test of its worth as an eloquent effort. Indeed, many of the most eminent orators fail to leave a distinct impression on the minds of their hearers. While they speak, we are all eye and ear, and have neither time nor inclination to criticise beauties or defects. We are carried away as by a whirlwind of emotion and feeling, nor do we recover ourselves till the orator's voice and words are perished. Great orators are magicians; we cannot resist their incantations; we are controlled by their power; we are under their magic spell. They are neither to be resisted nor overcome. Patrick Henry was one of these great masters of the human heart. He fascinated by his glance all who were brought within the circle of its charmed influence. The gravest and most thoughtful minds went down before his presence and submitted to his power. Yet his mental operations were too transient and evanescent to be caught and detained. Men of this class may announce no new and striking truths, but they are masters of deep emotion and strong feeling; they are men of large and active sym-

pathies; and when they speak, their words are winged with the fire and flame of an inspired enthusiasm.

The first style or highest type of an orator is one who is such by nature—the natural orator possessing gifts that cannot be attained by the mere artist, or rather by the orator who is a manufacture instead of a creation. William Wirt, the accomplished jurist, and one of the most eloquent of the forensic orators of America, gives an account of an old colored preacher out in the backwoods, who, holding forth in his rude way in a log-cabin, and preaching upon the death of Christ, thrilled and stirred Wirt as he had never been before. Wirt pronounced him one of the most eloquent men he had ever heard—a most accomplished orator—for his eloquence was heartfelt, and exceedingly effective. We can readily see how this may be; since an ignorant as well as a lettered man may be of such a temperament that he may easily catch fire, and flame into impassioned speech. The noblest and most sublime kind of eloquence burns from below, and not from above; setting the heart aflame, and that, in turn, makes the brain sparkle and glow.

As to the manner of an orator: here we wish to do away with erroneous views and conceptions; but it is still more difficult to give hints upon a correct and successful mode of delivery. The master of Grecian eloquence, when asked for the first requirement of an orator, pronounced "*delivery*" or "*action*" as the first and the last. And here unfortunate mistakes may be made, especially by beginners and aspirants of the art. Demosthenes did not mean by delivery mere perfection in the knowledge of gesticulation—of the use of the organs of the body. He was not thinking of a rigid adherence to forms; but of that assured and palpable evidence in every word, tone, accent, look and gesture—the whole man, indeed—the soul of the orator being wholly absorbed in his part, entirely intent on what he is doing, intensely conscious of the force and meaning of each word. The orator, therefore, must enter thoroughly into the spirit of what he says, to deliver an oration well; and no mere declamation or grace of speech or action will be sufficient. Artificial action is not what is wanted; art here must be supplemented by nature; an actor is by no means an orator.

There are some speakers who possess a gracefulness and expressiveness of manner which add an indescribable charm to their utterances, and which go far to make their very conceptions speak; but this is not so much an acquisition as a natural endowment. Individuality is a concomitant of oratorical power and success. The orator is to be himself, and not to

strive to be another. He is to improve his own manner; to cultivate his own genius; to bring to growth and fruitage his own faculties and powers. He should have his style, a style peculiar to himself, and not study to imitate the action, nor to acquire the gifts and endowments, of another. No reason can be assigned why the natural manner should not be the best and the most effective. Indeed, we know that it is both graceful and expressive. In the unstudied and untaught grace of the child, in the innocence of infancy entirely unconscious and unrestrained, and in the wild freedom and untutored movements of the savage, we behold the truth of our declaration. And were men not cramped by artificial rules, we should see natural, and hence expressive, grace of action in all.

In the instances already named is found some share of that grace and ease discovered only among the cultivated and the polished. But every man who rises to eminence as an orator learns by experience to solve this problem for himself, and discards all institutes and mechanical formulas as unnatural restraints upon the freedom of nature, destructive alike to grace, beauty, and power of expression, and adopts from choice what nature, wisest mother of us all, suggests and teaches. Every great orator, therefore, has a manner of his own; he paints his own great picture, having found his own pigments and mixed his colors, and laid them on the canvas of his own genius and inspiration. He copies no one; or if he copies, he still retains his individuality; the work is his, and not another's; the beauties and glories of the composition attest his claim to their authorship. His oratory is as peculiar to him as the cast of his countenance. His manner is the result of the emotion he feels, and is peculiar to the color and tone of his thought and expression. Nor is he troubled by the theory of action; he thinks not of his hands nor his feet; he has no solicitude about his gestures; he is oblivious to everything mechanical and constrained; he trusts to himself and nature; he is received into her family; he becomes her child; he is crowned her son and rightful heir! A happy manner is a great accomplishment; but if the orator have it not, he thinks not of it, but gives himself up to his theme and to the inspiration it enjoins, nor wastes his time in grasping shadows. He cannot afford to waste the thunder of reason, nor the lightning of conviction, nor the penetrating fires of argument, for the sake of obtaining the outward graces of the schools. Think, if you can, of Chalmers, the great Scotch orator and divine, troubling himself with the mere outward graces of eloquence! What did he know of action in the sense of which the schoolmen speak? He knew nothing and cared less. He had no action; was

hardly conscious that he had hands or feet; but you could not hear that great master of oratorical presence and power, without being inspired and carried away by the resistless tides of his eloquence. We know that it has been said, and that too by a close observer, that

"Action is eloquence; and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than their ears;"

but it was not artificial, but natural action that was meant; it was not the outward trappings and tinsel show of a gaudy declamation; but the noblest expression of real and unaffected eloquence. Earnestness has no need of the flourish of insincerity; and a man in earnest upon a mighty and pressing theme, will have neither time nor inclination to indulge in any mere flights of fancy or blind attempts at castle-rearing upon cloudy foundations. The true orator, therefore, will let nature speak in language of her own choosing, nor will he try to impede her progress in the outer courts of her temple. If his action is not such as the books prescribe or the rhetoricians demand, he will console himself with the reflection that following nature he cannot go astray. We question much whether Chalmers would have been more effective, had he followed the advice given by mere elocutionists or rhetorical declaimers, instead of trusting himself to the fervor of his thought and to the glowing inspiration of his theme. Had he done otherwise than he did, he might have been another, but he would not have been Chalmers. As to the tones of an orator: they materially modulate themselves to the feelings they would convey, if these be present. In private life, or in extemporaneous efforts, the tones take care of themselves. They respond, and without fail, and completely, too, to the sentiments and emotions, if these be natural and not simulated. If simulated, it is not difficult to penetrate the thin disguise. We can distinguish the actor of a part from a man who not only feels, but is it. We cannot always analyze the philosophy of such knowledge; we cannot tell precisely why it is that we recognize the real and the affected; but the fact cannot be disputed that we know that an orator means what he says or does not mean it; that he is in earnest and sincere, or he is not these. This is the disguise that veils hypocrisy from sight; there are a thousand nameless things which speak in a man's praise, or which turn accusing voices against him; and the vision of a dagger, though made of air, will strike more terror to a guilty conscience than one of steel, when poised for the descending blow above the head of the innocent. As we have said before, so here we repeat: an actor and an orator, in the sense we attach to elo-

quence, are very different personages. They cannot well be mistaken the one for the other; for the one simulates, while the other feels; the one plays a part, while the other is the part which he plays; the one stands apart from his theme, and surveys it from afar; the other suffers or enjoys as his emotions, his feelings, and his experiences move him.

Returning, we affirm that the tone belonging to any particular feeling may be considered as a particular quality of the voice existing in it for the time being, or during the duration of the feeling. But the voice has also a general quality, such as clearness, sharpness, dullness, and the like. These are supposed to represent the characteristics of the mind; and a clear voice is supposed to indicate a clear mind or clearness of thought; a sharp voice, excitability of temper; a harsh voice, harshness of disposition. Every man's voice, therefore, is, to some extent, a reflex of his mental nature. We cannot so change the voice as to disguise that, or to simulate feelings not actually possessed. The character alone can control or cure defects such as we may lament or desire to destroy. In short, the acquisition of a desirable voice can be effected only by the cultivation of the mind and of the higher and nobler faculties of our nature; and those who aspire to it will find their only course to lie through this. Simulation of thought or speech is not eloquence; nor is it to be accepted as such by any who would master that high art. The loftiest achievements and grandest attainments in oratorical action are possible only to such as have received, fresh from heaven, the divine afflatus and inspiration. We need scarcely insist upon the voice, and upon the proper modulation of its tones, in this discussion, as it will readily appear, to any conversant with the subject, that these, more than any other gifts of the orator, are of supreme importance. A first-class voice, and perfect mastery and control over its intonations, are essentials in the composition of a great orator; so much so, that, however distinguished a public speaker may be without them, he cannot hope to attain to the most exalted position as an orator of presence and power, if not possessed of such natural gifts.

The ancients insisted upon the voice; upon a voice of great compass and depth as well as sweetness, as among those choice endowments which lend their aid in the formation of a distinguished orator. We do not affirm that a man cannot be an orator without a good voice and mastery over it, but that he cannot be such an orator as we are in quest of—a man who shall fill our ears with sweet and pleasant sounds as of players upon instruments, while, at the same time, his periods are turned to sublimity by the grandeur of his thought and the

splendor of his diction. We are not speaking of "*well-spoken*" men, nor of what are called fine speakers, but we call for orators; and for orators, too, of the first class; and we assert that such as they are not found on every platform, in every market-place; on every rostrum, or in every pulpit. It is not, therefore, the principles of good speaking, nor of well-spoken men, nor of fine speaking, nor of declamation; none of these belong to our theme, and these we care not now to discuss; but the principles of eloquence, and that too is the art of arts, the oratorical art. Since this is so, and our range is thus prescribed, we contend for all the accomplishments which go to make up the eloquent speaker, or rather the great orator. "In my opinion," says Cicero, "no man can deserve the praise of an accomplished orator without the knowledge of all the arts, and of everything that is great: it is from this acquaintance with the world that eloquence must receive its flow and its embellishments. Without it, let a subject be ever so well considered and understood by an orator, there will be still something poor and almost childish in his expression." Well might he also say, considering the character he gives of the master of eloquence, "Let us therefore be no longer surprised that there are so few orators, since eloquence consists in a variety of accomplishments, any one of which it were a difficult task to attain; and rather let us advise our children, and those whom we wish to see make a figure in the public stations of life, to reflect maturely upon the importance of the thing, and not to imagine it can be attained by those precepts and masters, or that kind of exercise which they all practise, but by other means."

In respect to the difference between a *well-spoken man* and an *orator*, Cicero is not the only authority that may be quoted. Quintilian has also explained the distinction in the following passage: "Do not even the bees extract that fragrant taste which honey alone can impart to human sense, from very different flowers and juices? Is there any wonder that eloquence (which is the greatest gift Heaven has given to man) requires many arts to perfect it? And though they do not all appear in an oration, or seem to be of any use, they, nevertheless, afford an inward supply of strength, and are silently felt in the mind; *without these a man may be eloquent, but I want to form an orator*; and none can be said to have all the requisites, while the smallest thing is wanting."*

We have spoken of the desirableness of a good voice as being one of those things which enter into the idea of action in an

* *Inst. Orat.*, Lib. i., Cap. 7.

orator; but we do not wish our testimony to stand unsupported by great names. Cicero, in his work on the character of an orator, refers to this point, and presses it upon the attention. Thus, having spoken of the arm and of other parts of the body, the entireness of which helps to constitute an orator, the master of Roman eloquence declares that, "As to the advantages and excellency of action, the chief and most desirable lies in a good voice. If you have not a good voice, whatever nature has given ought to be cherished. I shall not pretend here to point out in what manner the voice is improved. . . . I know not how this happens, but it is certain that, in speaking, nothing tends more to acquire an agreeable voice than frequently to relieve it, by passing from one strain to another; and nothing tends more to destroy it than a continual violent straining. What gives greater pleasure to our ears, and more delight to action, than a well-judged vicissitude, variety, and changing? . . . In every modulation of voice there is a mean peculiar to itself."

Extemporaneous efforts must frequently possess many and great advantages in point of effectiveness, over those which are specially prepared. Let us here speak of another advantage—that of adaptability to the precise circumstances of the hour and occasion. This cannot be said always of what are called prepared speeches. A thousand things occur, and are constantly happening, which make the occasion far different from what could have been anticipated; so that speeches which have been elaborately and laboriously prepared are useless, and unsuitable to the occasion and circumstances at the moment of delivery. Prepared speeches, too, may be above or below the occasion; as, for instance, where the audience is unexpectedly small, and insignificant for intelligence and numbers; or where, on the contrary, there is a vast audience, and the speeches were prepared for a small one. Many such instances occur in the experience of orators; and extemporaneous speakers only can meet and answer the exigencies of all such seasons. Every one knows how often a few happy and pertinent remarks are hailed with plaudits, which are denied the speech which is the labor of days and months of preparation. But while we wish to point out some of the innumerable chances a prepared speech has to meet, and to show that such a speech, written and committed and thus recited, word for word, can seldom, if ever, have an equal effect with an extemporaneous one of no greater intrinsic merit, we by no means wish to divert any one from laboriously elaborating or preparing his speeches. Many are the occasions, indeed, when it is necessary, and expected, that the

speaker shall prepare himself; and then it were a shame and disgrace to the orator did he not prepare—even though his efforts, like those of Demosthenes, “smell of the oil.”

The great masters of eloquence, in all ages, have prepared themselves for their more important efforts; but they have done this not so much, perhaps, to shape the precise language used, (which is the common acceptation of the term prepare,) as to collect and arrange their materials, and have the subject grow into and upon the mind till it was permeated with it; thus exciting the mind to deeper interest than before. They, doubtless, left a wide margin to the subject, to be filled up in the heat of the moment or the exigencies of the hour and occasion, by conceptions inspired by the theme itself or its particular circumstances. Nor is it to be supposed that an extemporaneous speech must necessarily be altogether unpremeditated in anything save in the language in which it is clothed. We do not mean here, by extemporaneous efforts, speeches which have not been thought out or arranged in the mind previously to their being pronounced; neither do we have in mind orations—if such they may be called—whose style and structure as to idea and method have not been premeditated; for such efforts would be unworthy of speaker and of hearer, and could neither instruct, convince, nor affect. We refer to speeches which have taken shape and form as the result of thought and meditation, and whose line of argument, passion, and appeal lie plain and palpable in the mind of their authors. They are extemporaneous, therefore, not in respect to their ideas, sentiments, and arguments, but so far as the particular language in which they are brought to bear upon the mind is concerned. Premeditated speeches are the kind and style of address we have in view, and would always recommend; but unpremeditated discourses upon any theme whatsoever are not only unfit to be pronounced or heard, but they are detrimental to reason, feeling, and taste. No ancient orator went into the forum or spoke from the rostrum, until by study and thought he felt prepared to discharge his sentiments effectively and well; and the most distinguished and remarkable of them all, the bright luminaries of Athens and of Rome—Demosthenes and Cicero—never dared to face an audience in the advocacy, exposition, or defence of any great cause, until they were persuaded by reason and judgment that they could do themselves and it justice. How unlike the course of would-be orators and mouthing declaimers of our day and generation!—of men who aspire to the orator's robe and crown, and who mistake declamation for argument, bathos for pathos, commonplaces for ideas, and the tinsel of a tawdry rhetoric for eloquence, divinest and noblest

of gifts to mankind! In our day, it is well to make the distinction between the two kinds of composition of which we have been speaking—namely, the premeditated and the extemporaneous—because the two are so often confounded; and also because, whilst the former is always resorted to on the part of those who are careful and concerned for their reputation, the latter is often the last refuge of the indolent and the unprepared. A want of preparation on the part of public speakers is enough to subject them to the derision and contempt of their audience, when, as is generally the case, they have had ample time at their disposal to gather their material and to put it in shape; and when, too, it is expected of them that they will fulfil the obligations and meet the requirements of their theme.

Yet even with the most labored preparation, partial failure may result, and the effort made will be attended with but meagre fruit; for no man can have his ideas so arranged always, and on all subjects, and for all occasions, as to be able to speak well, certainly in his best vein, whenever he may be called on. Nor should any man be required to do such injustice to himself as to respond to every call, when the subject is either new, strange, or foreign to his interests, and opportunity is denied him to anticipate and prepare.

Some orators are distinguished by a great mental defect in the character of their efforts; which should be avoided by all who wish even to converse with others in an interesting manner. We refer to a tendency to wander continually from the subject in hand to other things more attractive to the fancy, or more pleasing to the taste. Some do this from a desire to pluck rhetorical flowers with which to wreath and adorn their subject; decking it with new and extrinsic beauties and adornments; and others from inability to fix their attention for a single moment *on* their subject.

John Randolph was one of that eccentric class of orators; and there is scarcely one of his speeches which, so far as its bearing on the matter concerned goes, is not as well adapted to any other theme as to that on which it was pronounced. There is also another danger to be avoided by discursive and imaginative minds. Whilst looking for the ornaments of speech, they are to see to it that they neglect not the care of the speech itself. Such men sink from orators into mere elocutionists, who may, indeed, clothe a subject with the apparel of taste and drapery of beauty, but who fail to establish it on a strong foundation. They may attract, but they cannot convince; their efforts are rhetorical flourishes, that have no logical substance.

Elocutionists are not orators, any more than rhetoric is logic, or than the scaffolding is the building. That is a poor dwelling which has no foundation, and we would not care to trust ourselves and our families to its uncertain strength. It is not enough that the speaker knows how to utter his thoughts or to pronounce his speech; the first of necessities is that he have a thought, that he have ideas, that he have a speech to pronounce; and then all the rest will follow as a matter of course. Eloquence must have a basis; ideas, sentiments, thoughts, must underlie it; or it is shorn of its strength, and becomes little more than vapid declamation, without force or passion. Many orators are like Chinese troops, who advance to the battle with gongs, trumpets, lanterns, and paint, and with all the show of a holiday, but who bring to bear upon the enemy nothing but wooden guns. Wooden guns may do very well to look at or to frighten women and children with, but they are not precisely the thing when the roll of musketry is heard and the thunder of artillery shakes the ground.

We have said enough to show that eloquence or oratory is not a simple gift of nature, depending, as is commonly supposed, only upon facility of utterance and happiness of expression; but that it is an extraordinary combination of qualities which must occur in a man to constitute him an orator, especially a natural orator. While all eloquence springs from the feelings, the intellect is required to employ, as well as embody, the ethereal essence of which the feelings and emotions are the principle in palpable forms, and to train and discipline the fancy and imagination, that the sentiments may be clothed with living grace and beauty. Great and varied genius, therefore, is as indispensable to the orator as to the poet, the philosopher, or statesman, or to any other great and distinguished artist or man of science.

It is, therefore, by no means strange, that where the requisites for it are so many and so great, that so few men appear, in any age, who excel in this art. Nor is it strange that, notwithstanding this fact, there should be so many who would make pretensions to it; for, whilst eloquence and poetry are so delightful, they will never be lacking, who will be intoxicated, rather than inspired, by drinking of waters flowing from such a fountain and from such springs. But, though we may not hope to share the palm of either Demosthenes or Homer, we should not be deterred from most earnestly endeavoring to cultivate and expand whatever powers we may possess, and from bringing them up to the highest point of improvement of which they are susceptible. Excellence may not be attainable in this or in any other pursuit that may engage our thought

and attention; yet, in most cases, an honorable degree of proficiency may and will be secured. And, would we wish properly to estimate the value of labor in accomplishing this, as of other things, we need only open our eyes to the vast difference seen in point of availability, and altogether apart from mere knowledge, between those who are of cultivated minds and those who are not; especially when we find that in every art, whatever may be the natural inclination of the mind thereto, depends, in no small measure, upon the degree of application to it. Remembering facts like these, we shall be the more inclined to value, as we ought, and not to underrate, the worth of labor and of toil. Moreover, a genius for a thing is shown not more by what it can accomplish in that particular way, with little or no labor, than by the disposition as well as ability to labor earnestly and persistently.

Though superficial talents may be and are flippant, real talents are always of a muscular character; they are not only able, but they are willing to work hard; such energies require toil, and love it for its own sake. Besides, whatever may be the natural capacity of a man, it is certainly true that it can be increased and extended by energizing the bounds of thought, and stretching the mental horizon still farther; and it is a delusion to suppose, as some writers do, that genius is best left altogether to herself. What harvest can be reaped from a fertile but neglected soil, but one of tares and weeds? And what sun, but that of knowledge, can make whatever of good there may be in the soil of the mind germinate and spring forth blossoming into fruit? Genius, would she achieve her noblest triumphs and produce her sublimest effects, must accept the aids of mediocrity; aids derived from knowledge, which is a kind of Archimedes' lever, which, while it makes ordinary powers more efficient than the rude strength of a giant, yet gives to his strength the power to move mountains! Knowledge furnishes to all a light which reveals to vision and hearing worlds full of mysterious life, of glorious beauty and hidden love, which would otherwise remain to them for ever a clasped and sealed volume, which none might open or read. Let her sun cease to shine and its rays to warm and illumine, and men would grope in darkness, blind to all the changes of life's seasons, deaf and dumb in the presence of its "harmonies and hymns;" unable to read or decipher the wondrous tales old Nature hath told "since first the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy."

In view of what we have offered with regard to the value and consequences of proficiency in the orator's art, how great a stimulus should the prospect of success be, which is never

absolutely denied to labor, when afforded to a noble and right ambition, and to a glowing zeal and enthusiasm! How here, as elsewhere, should we not only desire to win, but also to deserve, the gifts of fortune! All the more should we thus feel when we remember that we belong to a country where every avenue to preferment is kept open; where every door stands ajar, and ready to swing its leaves apart for our admission, and where there is free and open competition for the prizes of genius and talent; a country where zeal, learning, industry, and perseverance always meet with their appropriate recognition and reward. When a man perceives that, though Nature may not have granted him greater gifts than she has conferred upon the many, yet labor can give a new value to the least of these, he will struggle and toil until he shall have achieved success.

We do not know, nor can we imagine, how far legitimate efforts for self-improvement may be carried. We may not agree with those philosophers who have asserted in their hopefulness that "labor can conquer all things;" and yet, by judicious training, by industry, and the fervor and enthusiasm that always promise, if they do not always command, success, the effective powers of men may be wonderfully increased. The history and experience of every man noted for eloquence confirm the truth of this remark. Not to come down to our own times, we may instance the great orators of antiquity, especially those, among the rest, whose names stand forth to the world the wonder and admiration not only of their own age, but of all time. Neither the wart of Cicero nor the stammer of Demosthenes prevented them, the first from becoming the ornament of his countrymen and the delight of the learned and the cultured since; and the second from occupying, in the thought and judgment of the most accomplished critics, the foremost place in all the world, as the prince of orators. Let none, therefore, be discouraged, to whom Providence has assigned the desire and the will to attain to eminence in the field of eloquence. Let every faculty and power be strengthened and improved, and the five or ten talents, as the case may be, be put out at usury, that the end may be attained.

Finally, though great and commanding eloquence is a rare gift, and belongs only to the few, yet an honorable standing in this as in any other art is within the reach of the many. Although nothing can be promised where there is an absolute lack of ability, yet where a natural inclination to a thing exists in the mind, it is always an evidence of some ability; and to this, when accompanied by labor, zeal and perseverance, a reasonable degree of success can at all times be promised.

But, after all, the fulcrum for our lever must be that master quality of the mind which, in its sure and triumphant course, overcomes all difficulties, and without which all effort were valueless and vain—we mean the persistence of perseverance. Patience and perseverance will at last achieve the work when all other things fail. Even the largest resources and the greatest talents cannot achieve the largest success in a day. Geologists and scientific men have demonstrated that the saying of the vulgar is founded in fact, that “the world was not made in a day,” nor in six; but that thousands of years were required to bring it to the perfection demanded by the first human pair who walked hand in hand, wondering and amazed, amidst its awful solitudes and solemn shades. If, therefore, the Great Creative Power above and around us needed time to fashion and complete His master-piece—“to make the world and all things therein”—it is not to be supposed that man can do less than imitate him in this. The foundations of all things which are destined to endure, to be great and lasting, must be laid wide and deep, and by the slow results of laborious years. And the same law which applies to nature in all her manifestations also holds with regard to art; especially apparent is this truth as it bears upon the production of a work of genius; especially true is it as it contemplates the production of a great orator. Not in an hour, in a day, nor in years alone, is he fashioned whose intellect and will, arrayed in the glowing periods of a massive rhetoric, and finding expression in a sublime and eloquent declamation, that sway and impress as well as convince and convict the world, crown and robe him as a prince among orators. Of the eloquence of speech we have written; of its value and importance to mankind we have spoken. We are conscious that we have but imperfectly performed our task. We have not sought to do more than present an outline of the great subject which has engaged our thought at this time. In regard to eloquence, we can only say that there is no art like it, none so worthy of the study and thought of our youth, who are arising to assume the positions of those who, to-day, by reason of the pressing weight of years and of honors, are leaving the stage whereon they have, to the best of their abilities we would hope, performed their parts.

We close our sketch in the language of one* who was worthy to testify to the truth of the utterance; who united in himself the gifts and graces he so eloquently recommended to others; who, amid all his labors in the senate and at the bar, never forgot the main, the chief desire and ambition of his soul—

*Cicero.

to be an accomplished orator: "Is there anything so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of man should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates?"

ART. VII.—1. *The Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review.*

2. *The Wall Street Underwriter.*

3. *The Commercial and Insurance Journal.* Philadelphia.

4. *The New England Insurance Gazette.* Boston.

5. *The United States Insurance Magazine.* New York.

IN venturing to write the brief article entitled "Quackery of Insurance Companies," which appeared in our September number, we had little idea of the penalty we should have to pay for our rashness. Had we anticipated one-fourth the abuse we have since received, and which continues unabated to the present day, we are not sure that we would have made the attempt, for we do dislike to be barked at and besmeared with mud, even though neither do us any great harm. But we have now got so well used to both, that we cannot say we are very sorry after all. We had not been aware that quackery has its regular organs, whose chief business it is to act the bully for its professors. Had it been otherwise, we might have shrunk from the undertaking; but it so happens that the advocates are as frothy as their clients. The logic of the former has as little genuineness in it as the capital of the latter: one has as much exaggeration and imposture in it as the other. In other words, the organs are, indeed, ready enough for war; on this their very existence depends. But their mode of warfare is peculiar; their onset is somewhat like that of the Chinese warriors, who depend much more on the *sound* of their gongs and other noisy instruments, than on the sharpness of their steel. In short, they belong to that class of champions who hurt themselves or the cause they espouse much more than they do their antagonists; so that even the quacks may well exclaim, "Save us from our friends!"

Not one of them has disproved a single assertion we have made. Instead of attempting anything of this kind, they attribute to us all kinds of bad motives. One says that we were paid by one company to distinguish itself from all the rest, as respectable and reliable; another, that we were actuated by personal malice; another, that we wished to be revenged because insurance companies would not patronize our journal:

another, that our main object was to make a covert attack on *Appleton's Cyclopædia*, &c.

We trust it is hardly necessary for us to deny any of these charges; yet we will make a few observations on the subject in passing, and then leave the reader to judge between us and our accusers. As to the first charge, in remarking that we were very willing to admit that there are as honest and honorable companies at the present day as ever were, we mentioned one as an illustration. Simply because we did this, it must follow that we were paid for it! But the truth is, that the president mentioned knew nothing of the circumstance until the article was published. We had never consulted with him on the subject in any way, directly or indirectly. We had never mentioned to him, or to any other insurance official, that we had any intention of writing such an article; nor have we ever to this day asked or received any payment, remuneration, or compensation from him for it, or from anybody else on his behalf. To this it is hardly necessary to add, that the gentleman alluded to has never asked us to say one word in his favor; nor has any officer of his company. We believed him to be as faithful and reliable as he is courteous, and we spoke of him accordingly as an illustration *Voilà tout!*

With regard to the second charge, it is sufficient to say, that had our motive been personal malice, we should hardly have sought vent for it in so general a way as to have criticised insurance quackery in the aggregate without mentioning a single name as an illustration. The amount of malice that could fall to the share of each of the representatives of one hundred and eighty insurance offices would be slight indeed. If we described the official conduct of one president—without, however, mentioning either his own name or that of the company to which he belongs—we did so the same as we give an extract from an indifferent book as a specimen of its general contents. And far from overdrawing the picture, we omitted many shades which we would readily have used had our object been, not to expose an extensive system of swindling and imposture, but to gratify a private pique against an insurance president.

In reference to the third charge, we had no cause for revenge against insurance companies, since they advertised more in our journal than in any other literary periodical whatever. Nor did the president whose portrait we sketched form an exception; he had advertised in it several times. Had our object been to make money by the insurance companies, as their organs represent, we could have done so in a much easier and less hazardous way than by exposing their quackery as we did; for all that was necessary was to devote a brief paragraph to each,

representing that it was superior in certain important particulars to all others. In other words, we had only to give editorial "puffs" in order to get insurance advertisements. Before the editor had anything whatever to do with the business department, several companies had advertised in the "National Quarterly." One was so liberal of its patronage, as to insert *four pages* in two successive numbers; but the president was highly indignant because he did not get an amount of editorial praise proportioned to the extent of his advertisement! Instead of this, however, he did not get one line or one word. Of course he did not put in his advertisement the third time; nor has he inserted it again to this day, although nearly three years have elapsed since his liberality was so conspicuous. He thought us all the more negligent and unappreciative in not praising his company, because he had furnished us all the arguments ready made in his favor; for like the renowned Hudibras,

"He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And then solve them in a trice."

He would not have thanked us for saying that his company was as good as others; in order to conciliate him, we should have asserted that "its assets are larger than those of any other life insurance company in the United States, amounting to over six millions of dollars." Nor would this have been sufficient; we should have added certain other important particulars—such as, that "its dividends have been greater than those of any other companies." Then we should have proceeded to explain that this resulted from "a very low rate of mortality among the insured," thus showing that among the many other blessings conferred by the company for a very small consideration, is that of longevity! Lest the skeptic should inquire too curiously how this occurred, we should have informed our readers that "The mortality among its (the company's) members has been proportionally less than that of any other life insurance company in either America or Europe, whose experience has been made known," &c.; and we should have taken care to put the principal words in capital letters, if not in *red*. All this, however, would have been only an introduction to the principal work. We should then have proceeded to raise objections which it might puzzle us to answer, were the answers not ready at our hand.

Thus, for instance, Mr. Smith being called upon by the canvasser, says, "I cannot afford to insure my life;" but we, knowing his affairs better than himself, should have proceeded, at once, to convince him of his error, after the following fashion: "Twenty-five cents a week will insure \$1,000 on the life of a

man aged 30," &c., &c. Mr. Jones being called on for the same purpose, replies thus: "I can make a better investment for the benefit of my wife and family;" and when it comes to Mr. Brown's turn, he replies, "*The policy may not be paid—offices sometimes fail.*" True, answers have been furnished for these as well as other objections; but we thought that, at least in this particular instance, Jones and Brown had by far the better part of the argument, and accordingly we begged leave to decline urging the contrary view of the case. As we have already observed, we got no further patronage from this company. Does this show that we have been actuated by vindictive motives?

This case, too, we merely mention as an illustration. That is, several companies advertise in our journal; and seeing that we would not praise them editorially, or make assertions, for their benefit, which we do not believe to be true, they withdraw in disgust, and bestow their favors where they get a better price for them. In proof that we made no attempt to retain such patronage, we refer to our pages. In no number of the "*National Quarterly*" have we said one word in favor of any insurance company; the smallest paragraph of the kind has never appeared in our journal. The first instance in which we ever referred to insurance in any form, *pro* or *con*, was that of the article in our last September number, and we took up the subject then, the same as we had that of the Quack Doctors, more than a year previously.* The latter, too, accused us of "malice prepense." They had no doubt that our motives were of the worst kind. More than one of them told us so; but the conduct of the worst of them was decent, intelligent, and sensible, compared to that of the insurance quacks, as illustrated in their two organs published in Wall Street, in this city—one entitled *The Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review*; the other, *The Underwriter and Stock Jobber's Journal*, or some such name. We have no intention, however, of abusing either in return. The public would derive no benefit from our doing so; nor would it afford us any gratification to call the editor of one or the other opprobrious names. We are well aware that both have to place their columns at the service of the quacks, when any attempt is made to expose their impostures as we have done. Why, then, should we not rather pity than blame them? Even the quacks who employ them we should readily forgive, if they would only mend their ways, for we believe with Coleridge, that there is "an involuntary sense of fear from which

* See Nat. Quarterly for March, 1861, Art. Quackery and the Quackod.

nature has no means of rescuing herself *but by anger*," and that "*the first defence of weak minds is to recriminate.*"

"There's no philosopher but sees
That rage and fear are one disease."

The fourth charge against us is, that the chief object of the article in question, notwithstanding its title, was to make a covert attack on "Appleton's New American Cyclopædia;" but none who read our journal need be informed that we make no covert attacks; or in other words, that we do not shrink from giving our opinion openly and undisguisedly of any publication whatever. We think the publishers of the Cyclopædia themselves would have done us the justice to admit this, had they been consulted on the subject; although we do not pretend that they have any admiration for persons of our way of thinking, in that particular. At all events, our remark about the Cyclopædia was simply incidental; but we maintain that it was, nevertheless, true. We do not, indeed, say anything on the subject, in reply to either the *Monitor* or *Underwriter*. It would not be worth while. But a Philadelphia paper, entitled the *Commercial and Insurance Journal*, has treated the subject with so much ability, that it is more likely to be regarded as correct than any of its *confères*. Instead of the personal abuse of the latter, it used a much stronger weapon; that is, cool, dispassionate argument. While the *Monitor* and the *Underwriter* only give garbled extracts, in order to put a false construction on our remarks, the *Commercial and Insurance Journal* has had the honesty and courtesy to reproduce our article, before making any comments upon it.* By adopting this course, it has proved a far more formidable opponent to us than all the Billingsgate journals put together.

But the editor himself made a much better hand of us in his October number, than his correspondent did in his January number. The latter devotes five columns—a column more than a whole folio page—to what he would have us regard as a confutation of our two or three incidental remarks in relation

* It is proper to say that the *New England Insurance Gazette* evinced a similar regard for "fair play;" although, in its "refutation" of four columns, it insinuates that we have been bribed. "Then why," it asks, "does he make these assertions? Have some insurance companies favorably mentioned by him, paid him handsomely for praising up the twenty companies, and proclaiming the unfortunate one hundred and sixty companies and thirty-two hundred employees to be all quacks?" Now, we ask in turn, whether we have made a more serious charge against even the quacks, than is contained in the part of the *Gazette's* question which we have printed in italics? Still, as compared with the *Monitor* and the *Underwriter*, the Boston organ is polite and decent in its mode of treating the subject. If the latter uses some naughty words, it makes some attempt at logic; nay, like the *Commercial and Insurance Journal*, it is perhaps as logical as the bad case it has in hands would admit; while the Wall Street organs—*par mobile featum*—are content with the lowest scurrility of the fish-market.

to the Cyclopædia's view of the origin of insurance; but those who read this lucubration will easily see that it refutes nothing, except it be the writer's assertion in reference to himself with which he starts; namely, that "there is nothing like the *animus* of a party defendant in *our* (his) *mind*." He undertakes the work of exposing our ignorance for the pure love of the insurance cause; but instead of attempting to disprove any charge we have made against the quacks, he jumbles together a parcel of garbled extracts, which he triumphantly informs us prove that insurance "is entirely modern in its inception and development." We were somewhat puzzled to understand what this had to do—supposing it to be true—with insurance quackery, since it was not against the quacks of two or three thousand years ago that we wrote; but against those still in the flesh. But in turning over two or three pages of the *Commercial and Insurance Journal*, we find nearly five columns of the Cyclopædia article, with the intimation at the bottom that it is "to be continued."

We confess that before we had seen this at all, it occurred to us that the article purporting to be a vindication of the quacks was from the same pen that wrote the Cyclopædia article; for the style and mode of treatment of both are exactly similar. One as well as the other shows that the writer has devoted little attention to the classic ages; that he is one of that class of *savans* whose world is England and America; and who think it sheer folly to look back farther even into English history than the "dark ages." It is absolutely offensive to investigators of this class to pretend that the ancients were acquainted with any useful art or science. They will admit, indeed, that some tolerably good books were written in Greece and Rome thousands of years ago; or if not *written*, at least composed in some way; they also admit that the ancients have left us some fair specimens of sculpture and architecture. But anything further than this they have no patience with.

Now, we know nothing of the writer on Insurance in the Cyclopædia. We have certainly nothing against him. He may be a distinguished author or a distinguished jurist, or both, for aught we know to the contrary; but judging from the article or articles before us, we should readily conclude that he is neither one nor the other. We merely denied, in passing, the assertion of the Cyclopædia that "It (marine insurance) is at all events *no older than the close of the middle ages*;" that "it was *wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans*."* We now deny the same quite as emphatically as we

* Vol. ix., Art. "Insurance," p. 550.

did in our first article. In other words, we assert that *it was known both to the Greeks and Romans*.^{*} If the forms of the contract were not exactly the same among the Greeks of the time of Demosthenes as they are in our time, that does not alter the fact. Their form of taxation was entirely different from ours, but its principle and object were mainly the same. In short, they did nothing as we do. Their provisions for the punishment of murder, adultery, theft, &c., were radically different from ours; but is it to be inferred from this that they had no laws against those crimes? The modern drama is entirely different from the Greek drama; but who will deny that the Greeks understood and appreciated the dramatic art? They carried on their commerce, too, in a different manner; even their ships were entirely different from ours. Is it then strange that their writers do not speak of insurance as ours do? Still less strange will the fact seem if it is borne in mind that the higher classes of the Greeks did not engage in commerce in any form, because there were then, as there are now, dishonest merchants and traders who brought disgrace on those associated with them.

But we need not depend on mere argument or inference to show that our cyclopædist is no authority as to the origin of insurance. We hope he is not a teacher, or, if he is, that he gives more correct instructions to his pupils, in general, than he has done in this particular instance. McCulloch has given a paper on insurance in his "*Cyclopædia of Commerce*." In this the opinion is put forward that insurance is a modern invention. Because the author has paid much attention to commercial matters, several cyclopædias have adopted its views; but all that make any claim to be considered works of reference indicate the authorities which maintain the contrary; such, for example, as Grotius, Puffendorf, &c., &c. But it seems the author of the article in the "*New Cyclopædia*" has never seen anything of this kind; or perhaps the cause of the omission was, that he did not think it would be altogether in accordance with the "fitness of things" to put old ideas into a "new" work. At all events, let us see what others say on the subject. Nor need we go beyond American authorities. We prefer the latter, because the parties pecuniarily interested in the

^{*} Had we said that the system had been known and practised before Greeks or Romans by the Jews, we should have been much nearer to the truth than the writer in the "*New Cyclopædia*." Whether Moses, the great lawgiver, was ever an insurance president or not, could not be easily proved at the present day. All we can say is, that if he had been like those of his name and race who engage in the business at the present day, the rule even of the Egyptian taskmasters over the *poor* Israelites, required to make bricks without straw, would have been mild and gentle compared to his.

"New Cyclopædia" try to shield it from criticism at home, on the ground of its being an American work—an argument which would apply with equal force to the most worthless sham that happens to obtain "a local habitation and a name" on this continent. In the *Encyclopædia Americana*, edited by Francis Lieber, we find the following language on the subject under consideration:

"There was a kind of insurance in use among the Greeks and Romans called *bottomry*, or *respondentia*, which is, where the owner of a vessel or goods borrows money upon bottomry (q. v.) upon the vessel, or upon respondentia on the goods, for a certain voyage, agreeing, that if the ship or goods arrive at a certain port, the money shall be repaid, and also interest, exceeding the legal rate; but if lost by the risks specified in the bond, before arriving at the port named, the lender is to lose the money loaned. The risk of losing the whole is the cause of the excess of interest allowed in case of the arrival of the ship or goods; and it is called *marine interest*, which ought to be equal to the common rate of interest added to the rate of premium for insuring the ship or goods for the same voyage against the same risks."—Vol. viii., pp. 41, 42.

The author of this shows that he had paid some attention to the subject before he undertook to write on it for the instruction of others; he shows that he had consulted the best authorities on the commercial laws of Greece and Rome; for he gives us the essence of the latter so far as they relate to insurance in the brief paragraph just quoted. But let us turn to another American authority. Dr. Anthon treats the ancient branch of the subject in his "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," in a manner to satisfy any intelligent person who is willing to be convinced. In his article on the Interest of Money, he speaks of the *τοκος ἐπιτοκος*, or 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.; and observes, "The latter, however, was chiefly confined to *cases of bottomry*, and denotes more than it appears to do, as the time of a ship's voyage was generally less than a year."—(P. 545.) In a subsequent paragraph of the same article the author is thus explicit:

"Bottomry (*τὸ ραβδιον*, *τοκοι ραβδιονες εκδοσις*) was considered a matter of so much importance at Athens, that fraud or breach of contract in transactions connected with it was sometimes punished with death. In these cases the loans were generally made upon the cargo shipped, sometimes on the vessel itself, and sometimes on the money received or due for passengers and freightage, (*ἐπὶ τῷ ραβδιῳ*.) The principal, (*εκδοσις*, *οἱοντι ἐξω δόσις*;) as well as the interest, could only be recovered in case the ship met with no disaster in her voyage (*σώτησιν τῆς νεώς*;) a clause to this effect being generally inserted in all agreements of bottomry or *ραβδιαι σύγγραφαί*. The additional risk incurred in loans of this description was compensated for by a high rate of interest, and the lenders took every precaution against negligence or deception on the part of the borrowers; the latter also were careful to have

witnesses present when the cargo was put on board, for the purpose of depositing, if necessary, to a *bona fide* shipping of the required amount of goods. The loan itself was either a δάνεισμα ἐκτερόπλου, *i. e.*, for a voyage out, or it was a δάνεισμα ἀμφοτερόπλου, *i. e.*, for a voyage out and home. In the former case, the principal and interest were paid at the place of destination, either to the creditor himself, if he sailed in the ship, or to an authorized agent. In the latter case, the payment was made on the return of the ship, and it was specially provided in the agreement between the contracting parties, that she should sail to some specified places only. A deviation from the terms of the agreement, in this or other respects, was, according to a clause usually inserted in the agreement, punishable by a fine of twice the amount of the money lent. Moreover, if the goods which formed the original security were sold, fresh articles of the same value were to be shipped in their place. Sometimes, also, the trader (ὁ εὐεργός) was himself the owner of the vessel, (ὁ ναυκληρὸς,) which in that case might serve as a security for the money borrowed. The rate of interest would, of course, vary with the risks and duration of the voyage, and therefore we cannot expect to find that it was at all fixed.—"Dict. of G. and R. Ant., pp. 545, 546.

It will be seen from this that the principal difference between the ancient and the modern system is, that the ancient insurers paid the money in advance, whereas the modern insurers do not do so until the goods insured are lost or injured—the modern quacks never paying when they have any plausible excuse for refusing. But this is not all. A case in point occurs in the speech of Demosthenes against Lacritus. In regard to this, too, we refer to Dr. Anthon's analysis rather than to that of any European writer; although the speech of the orator decides the case by itself. "Two Athenians," says Dr. Anthon, "lent two Phaselitans 3,000 drachmæ upon a cargo of 3,000 casks of Meadean wine, on which the latter were not to owe anything else, or raise any additional loan. They were to sail from Athens to Mende or Scione, where the wine was to be shipped, and thence to the Bosphorus, with liberty, if they preferred it, to continue their voyage on the left side of the Black Sea as far as the Borysthenes, and then to return to Athens; the rate of interest being fixed at 225 drachmæ in 1,000, or 25 per cent., for the whole time of absence. If, however, they did not return to Hierum, a port in Bithynia, close to the Thracian Bosphorus, before the early rising of Arcturus, *i. e.*, before the 20th of September, or thereabout, when navigation began to be dangerous, they had to pay a higher rate of 30 per cent., on account of the additional risk," &c.

Here are two American writers whose views are founded on the best authorities.* The writer of the article in the "New

* To these may be added, among others, Dr. Duer, whose *Lecture on the Law of Respondentia in Marine Insurance*, published in New York in 1844, proves, to the satisfaction of any intelligent person willing to be convinced, that the Roman mer-

Cyclopædia" founds his views on no authority. He tells us that insurance "was wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans and to Oriental nations." Now which are we to believe? First, there are two to one. The two give their reasons for the faith that is in them; the one does not condescend to give any reason. The two refer us to the original sources where the evidence is to be found; the one refers to no source. We have no doubt but the latter as well as the former meant well. We entirely acquit him of having had any intention of misleading the good-natured people who take up the "New Cyclopædia" as a work of reference. He may charge us with any motives he likes, but we are quite willing to admit that he has made the statements referred to, not because he wished to deceive "Young America," but because it did not happen that any book had fallen into his hands that gave any particular account of the commercial affairs of the ancients. It is, however, very possible that our insurance author may have read Livy,* Puffendorf,† Grotius,‡ and other writers§ who speak of ancient insurance, without having remarked what any of them has said in particular on the subject; but it would have been sufficient for him to refer to "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon. It is not to be supposed that Gibbon had any prejudices in regard to insurance; and had it been otherwise, his various critics and commentators would not have failed to correct him. Scarcely any important error he could have fallen into would have escaped Guizot and Milman, who, with others, have copiously annotated his great work. But neither attempts to contradict what the historian says on the subject of insurance. The latter shows us very clearly why it was that nothing of the kind was popular among the ancients; he explains also that this prejudice on the part of the people caused an ambiguity or want of definiteness in the forms of expression applied to all high rates of interest, which has led the casual reader to mistake one kind of interest for another. In

est res generally availed themselves of the benefits of insurance as afforded by reasonable *collegia*. See, also, *Traité des Assurances et des Contrats à la Grèce*. Par M. Emergon. Paris, 1783.

* The record of Livy is conclusive by itself. He tells us that when the Roman army in Spain was in need of supplies, three companies (*societates*) offered to accept the contract from government on two conditions: one, that they might be exempted from military duty; the other, that their cargoes might be secured against risk, both from the enemy and from the weather. The words of the original text are as follows: *Ubi ea dies venit ad conducendum tres societates aderam hominum undeviginti, quorum duo postulata faveo: mun ut militia vacarent dum in eo publico essent; alteram, ut, que in vires immovent, ab hostium tempestatisque rei publicæ periculis essent. Utinam invictata, emendarent; privataque pecunia respublicæ administrata est.* T. Liv., lib. xxiii., cap. 49.

† See his *Droit de la Nature et de Gens*. Tome v., cap. 9.

‡ *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, 1624.

§ Locemius, *De Jure Maritimo*. Lib. II., cap. I.

speaking of the different purposes for which money was paid for money, the historian observes:

"Usury, the inveterate grievance of the city, had been discouraged by the *Twelve Tables*, and abolished by the clamors of the people. It was revived by their wants and idleness, tolerated by the discretion of the prætors, and finally determined by the Code of Justinian. Persons of illustrious rank were confined to the moderate profit of *four per cent.*; six was pronounced to be the ordinary and legal standard of interest; eight was allowed for the convenience of manufacturers and merchants; *twelve* was granted to NAUTICAL INSURANCE, which the wiser ancients had not attempted to DEFINE; but, except in this perilous adventure, the practice of exorbitant usury was severely restrained."—*Dec. and Fall of R. E.*, vol. iv., p. 308.

If the writer in the "New Cyclopædia" is a better authority than Gibbon and the others whom we have quoted, then we were entirely wrong in the remark we ventured to make in our article on Insurance Quackery, and we withdraw it accordingly. But the champion of the Cyclopædia—whether that gentleman himself, or a zealous friend—who hurls his five-column "refutation" at us, is not content with contradicting what we have said, with all the contempt which a profound *savant* has for the shallow and illiterate. "The classic languages," he says, "had no verbal expression for the idea. * * There is not a word about it in classical literature."* We maintain that the classic languages had, and have, verbal expressions for the idea. Nay, have we not fully proved the fact already? The *τοκοι ναυτικοί* of the Greeks expressed the idea quite as fully as any two words we can use at the present day; and there are many other terms and phrases which express the same. The idea of marine insurance was expressed by the Romans by the terms *fenus nauticum*. To insure goods from loss by fire was *damna ex incendio accepta præstare*; the office was called *collegia*, &c. The truth is, that most words used at the present day in reference to insurance are derived from the classic languages. Even the term policy comes to us from the Greek *πολιτεια*, nautical, from the Latin *nauticum*, &c. On this point, too, we may quote Gibbon:

"In the case of a friendly loan, the merit of generosity is on the side of the lender only; in a deposit, on the side of the receiver; but in a *pledge*, and the rest of the selfish commerce of ordinary life, the benefit is compensated by an equivalent, and the obligation to restore is variously modified by the nature of the transaction. The Latin language very happily expresses the fundamental difference between the *commodatum* and the *mutuum*, which our poverty is reduced to confound under the vague and common appellation of a loan. In the former, the borrower was obliged to restore the same individual thing with which he had been accommodated for the temporary supply of his

* Commercial and Ins. Jour. for Jan., 1863, p. 4.

wants; in the latter, it was destined for his use and consumption, and he discharged this *mutual* engagement by substituting the same specific value according to a just estimation of number, of weight, and of measure."—*Dec. and Fall*, vol. iv., pp. 336-7.

We have now shown from American and English authorities that insurance was known to the ancients, and practised by them. If those charged with the business of defending the "New Cyclopædia" want ancient or foreign authorities, they can have them in abundance. We have every disposition to be as accommodating to them as possible; for certainly theirs is a hard task. Atlas carrying the globe on his shoulders had but an easy burden compared to those who undertake to prove that if the blind lead the blind, both will *not* fall into the ditch. We would have them remember, in all kindness, that a Cyclopædia that is full of errors is very much like a chair with a crazy bottom, which no one above five stone weight can sit upon except at the risk of falling through. We admit, however, that there is a peculiar fitness in combining a defence of such a work with that of insurance quackery. One species of quackery has naturally an affinity for another: between fraternities of quacks, as well as others, there is a fellow-feeling. Nay, indeed, we regard it as a redeeming quality on the part of the insurance quacks that they are grateful for the services rendered their cause by the "New Cyclopædia." True, they might have given sufficient proof of their gratitude without abusing us for telling the truth, and putting the unwary on their guard against building on sandy foundations; but let that pass—perhaps they will be more courteous in future.

It was a grievous sin on our part to allude to the *modus operandi* by which the insurance quacks swindle all who are credulous enough to put any faith in their "statements;" although we did not say one word against legitimate insurance. On the contrary; we commenced the second paragraph of our article as follows: "*The principle of insurance is fair and just; and, in practice, it has saved thousands from ruin and misery; it is only the abuse of it that does mischief; and this is all we desire to speak against. In short, we have as much faith in legitimate insurance, in its effect on trade and commerce, as we have in legitimate medical skill in its effect on human health and longevity; but we hold that quackery is as bad in one case as in the other.*" It is clear, then, that no respectable company—no company conscious of its integrity—had any more cause for indignation against us than respectable auctioneers would have had, had we commented in a similar manner on the conduct of the mock auction fraternity, who claim to be their brethren. Still less was there any reason for indignation, since we did not men-

tion the name of any company in disparaging terms; but the adage, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser," explains the whole affair. We remarked, that "Of one hundred and eighty insurance offices, all in New York, of which we have a list before us, we think it is within the truth to say, that of the companies represented by these not more than twenty are doing a legitimate business; and may it not be added, that the same number would meet the wants of all who are disposed to have their lives or properties insured?" These two observations have brought more insurance wrath upon us than any others. Being quite willing to believe that we may have formed an erroneous estimate in this particular, we have sought information on the subject wherever we thought we could find it; and we have been assured, both by merchants and underwriters, that had we said a less number would be sufficient, we should have been nearer the truth. We now repeat, that twenty reliable, honest companies, such as the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company, Security Fire Insurance Company, New York Life Insurance Company, Manhattan Life Insurance Company, Continental Fire Insurance Company, Brooklyn Fire Insurance Company, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, Hope Fire Insurance Company, Columbian Marine Insurance Company, New York Mutual Marine Insurance Company—companies that are able and willing to pay all fair claims without needless delay, or any litigation—would be amply sufficient to accommodate all citizens of New York who have any desire to have their life and property insured.

We did not assert that the public was swindled to a great extent by parties calling themselves insurance companies, until we had made ourselves acquainted with the facts; although common sense would have shown that had the public not given much more than it received from insurance companies, there would not be so many of the latter springing into existence almost every week. It is clear to any intelligent person, that the business is profitable only in proportion as the amount received is greater than the amount paid. We do not mean by this, that companies who meet their engagements promptly and fully, ought not to profit by the business; on the contrary, we hold that no other class of business men deserve higher reward for their time, labor, and capital. It needs no elaborate researches either in political economy or arithmetic to understand that, were such necessary, it would be cheaper in the end to pay ten per cent. to a reliable, solvent company, than to pay two per cent. to one of the opposite character. But we are told by the quackery organs that there are none of

the latter; that the business of insurance is so pure and elevating a thing in itself, that none but the pure and high-minded can belong to it. We leave the thousands who have been swindled to appreciate pretensions like these at their proper value. But let us see what the organs themselves sometimes say on the subject; and try whether it does not fully corroborate our worst allegations. As to the *Underwriter*, we have never seen a number of it but one, that containing abuse of ourselves, a copy of which was sent to us carefully marked. We confess we had never heard of it before. It is not worth while to make any comment on such a journal. Some idea may be formed of its character from the following advertisement, which we find in the *Commercial and Insurance Journal* of Philadelphia, duly displayed in various styles of type:

"Grierson & Ecclesine, Insurance and Share Brokers, (Publishers of the Wall Street *Underwriter*, 44 Wall Street, New York.) Fire, Life, and Marine Insurance effected. Shares bought, sold, and negotiated."

One of the gentlemen who thus advertises himself as a broker, ready to do any little job in the way of buying, selling or negotiating shares, for a consideration, is the editor-in-chief of the *Underwriter*; a fact which, we are sure, will induce our readers to excuse him for his abuse of us, and perhaps, also, to excuse us for taking no further notice of his editorial performances. As we have not seen the advertisement of the *Monitor*, we cannot say whether its editor is the rival of the *Underwriter* editor in the business of an insurance broker and "adjuster of losses;" but judging from appearances, and certain "internal evidence," we are inclined to arrive at the affirmative conclusion. Why, then, should we blame one or the other? Alas, poor fellows, not at all! Whenever a quack president gives either five dollars for abusing the "*National Quarterly*," to divert attention from his portrait in that periodical, or for any other purpose, set to work, by all means, Mr. Jones, Jr., or Mr. Ecclesine, for you will do no injury by your best or worst efforts, save to Her Majesty's English, or mayhap to your employer.

In turning over some numbers of the *Monitor*, furnished us by a friend as curiosities, we find that either we were right in alleging that there is a good deal of swindling done under the name of insurance, or the *Monitor* is very much like the boy that cried "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. In the number for November last of that journal the following remarks occur:

"They (the company) advertise a capital of \$100,000, and proclaim that their company is 'organized by permission of the authorities.' The authorities are simply their own. We called upon these gentlemen, and found them represented by a one-horse writing-desk, a borrowed

chair, and a rented safe, situated in the rear of a low basement. We take occasion to warn the public against this attempt to delude the families of soldiers, and disappoint them of the rewards of their faithful and valiant patriotism; and we suggest to the superintendent to close up this trap. The advertisement of these persons appears below, reprinted from their circular, *sent to Western papers*. It is a specimen of audacious effrontery, which should be instantly rebuked."—P. 232.

It would be curious to know how much the sending of the advertisement to Western papers without having furnished any copy to a certain paper in Wall Street, had to do with the righteous indignation of the insurance organ. At page 229 of the same journal we find another specimen, which runs thus:

"THE EAGLE SWALLOWS THE ARGUS.

"A fine specimen of sharp practice by a company claiming to be respectable is recorded in the following article. By the process of amalgamation below set forth, it appears that the shareholders of the Argus have realized about \$150 a share more than the stock of their company was worth in the market; in other words, they have, by this transfer, taken the accumulated premiums which ought to have been held by the company for the purpose of meeting its liabilities, and which properly belong to the policy holders, as an indemnity for the future," &c., &c.

Now be it remembered that our greatest sin has been to remark that things of this kind take place occasionally not far from Wall Street. We ventured to observe, also, that insurance companies sometimes go to law rather than pay the losses against which they insured. We have an article on this branch of the subject in the *Monitor* for September, (p. 208,) from which we quote as follows:

"THE CRYSTAL PALACE FIRE, AND THE — FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

"As a specimen of the tone of the foreign press towards American insurance dodges, we cite the following rebuke from the *Canada Insurance Gazette*:

"The following trial shows forth one of those detestable quibbles which now and then are attempted to be set up to evade the payment of a just claim, than which nothing is better calculated to bring down insurance companies in the mass, unless every insurance journalist

* We find the following paragraph from the New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, reproduced in the *Commercial and Insurance Journal* of April last, (p. 46):

"I am informed, on the same authority, that in the city of Albany there are fire insurance companies without one cent of capital, except that of forged mortgages upon the property of men who are utterly innocent of the whole matter, and that if a series of large fires were to occur, the parties insuring in those companies might be ruined, as they would be unable to recover anything from the insurance companies referred to."

The same journal, in speaking of a Philadelphia company, remarks: "The City Insurance Company, of this city, one of those wild-cat concerns that hang out shingles in this city, for the purpose of entrapping ignorant people, has been obliged to close up. It deliquessed from a disease known as impecuniosity."—*Com. and Ins. Jour.*, of Philadelphia, for April, p. 54.

puts such infamous defences prominently forward, to be gibbeted and impaled on public opinion. We believe that no company in Canada would dare to put such a plea on the record in a court of justice here; but if there should ever be such an adventurous company, we dare affirm that its career would soon be terminated by such a departure from the path of common honesty.

"Superior Court, Trial Term, Jan. 23, 1862.

"THE MAYOR, &c., vs. THE — FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

"It will be remembered that this action was brought to recover the sum of \$5,000 upon a policy of insurance issued by defendants, upon the Crystal Palace, which was burnt September, 1857.

"The defence was, mainly, that the Crystal Palace building was personal property, belonging to the receiver, *and not really belonging to the city!* It was therefore argued that the city had no standing in court, and could not maintain the action to recover the insurance.

After receiving the instructions of the court, the jury found a verdict for the amount claimed."

We might easily multiply cases of this kind, were it worth while; but these will be sufficient for the present; especially as we have yet another feature of insurance quackery to glance at in this article, which has already transcended the bounds we had prescribed for it. If we gave extracts from the journals that have abused us as specimens of the belles-lettres of insurance, it might seem that we were actuated by vindictive feelings. We will therefore turn our attention, for a few minutes, to a periodical entitled "*The United States Insurance Gazette and Magazine*," edited by Mr. G. E. Currie. If Mr. Currie has ever abused the *National Quarterly* or its editor, we are not aware of the fact; of the gentleman himself we know no more, personally, than we do of the Grand Lama of Thibet. If, then, we make a few hurried observations about his performances, or those which grace the pages of his Magazine, we do so much more to show the sort of thing that is most agreeable to insurance quacks, than to disparage the talents of the editor. A friend has favored us with two or three numbers of the *Insurance Gazette*. The first we happen to take up is the number for September last; and the first article in this is a "Biographical Sketch of T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., late President of the New York Mutual Insurance Company, &c., &c." The latter surpasses all the performances of its kind we have ever met with in any language; although we have sometimes had the curiosity to read eulogies got up by the inmates of lunatic asylums. It would have puzzled the author of the "Rejected Addresses," or any other author, to have burlesqued it. The

* We have omitted the name of the Company against which this conduct is alleged because we are not acquainted with the facts. Suffice it to say that it is a Wall Street Company, and one which would doubtless be highly indignant at being ranked among the quacks.

Biography occupies ten pages and a half, including the psalms and hymns sung at the burial service. Before introducing the subject of his theme, the writer pays a passing tribute to other great functionaries who had departed this life under circumstances somewhat similar to those of T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq. After a suitable expression of grief for the uncertainty of human life, even among such exalted personages as insurance presidents, the author proceeds on the following key:

"The first and most distinguished of the three individuals here alluded to was *the famous and world-renowned president* of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, the late WALTER R. JONES, Esq., whose death took place in April, 1855. The next in order was one whose name, although perhaps *not so extensively known beyond the limits of the United States* as his predecessor, yet was most dearly beloved and most sincerely regretted by the entire insurance and mercantile community of New York, his native city. We mean ANTHONY BLEECKER NELSON, Esq., late President of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company, whose demise took place in November, 1860."—P. 231.

When those dead some years are spoken of in this style, the reader may well expect something very "appreciative" of one whose successor has but just been appointed; and of course the successor may infer from the performance what he may one day expect, if he will only be as liberal and accommodating as he ought:

"The third and last, whose obituary was recorded in a previous number of the *U. S. Insurance Gazette*, and whose name now forms the caption of the present article, and is the theme of the following biographical sketch—T. B. SATTERTHWAITE, Esq., late President, &c., &c.

* * * * *

"Although the late Mr. Satterthwaite enjoyed to a lesser degree the popularity of his two *illustrious predecessors*, yet he was none the less zealous and sincere in his efforts to advance *the interests of the profession to which so many years of his valuable life were devoted*. His mental and physical constitution alike formed an inseparable barrier to the attainment of *that wide-spread fame and popular favor* which he might, and doubtless would, have acquired had he been otherwise constituted."—P. 231.

Had he been constituted like Julius Cæsar, or Alexander, his fame would doubtless have been as "wide-spread" as that of either of those personages. The following sentence shows that he possessed qualities rarely combined even in the highest order of master-spirits:

"Mr. Satterthwaite was *pre-eminently a quiet, retiring, and unassuming man, as much by choice as by nature*; genial, kind, and sincere, he shrank from the appearance, as he did from the spirit of pride or ostentation, and was as free from the lust of gain as he was exempt from disturbing cares or *ambitious desires of exalted position and worldly fame*."—*Ib.*

But T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., did one thing which would have immortalized him by itself, for it shows that he had wisdom and sagacity enough for a dozen of presidents, even of the "illustrious" order, not excepting the Joneses, the Smiths, and the Browns. As the reader will naturally be impatient to know what it was, we hasten to explain in the biographer's own words:

"To show the interest he took in everything relating to the interest and advancement of the business of underwriting, up to within a short time of his death, *he suggested to us the propriety of publishing, in pamphlet form, the 'Suggestions to Masters of Ships approved by the Merchants Underwriters of New York,' along with the 'American Ship-Masters' Association, Rules of Council, and list of Mates and Masters who have received certificates.'* When finished, *he was highly pleased with the manner and style in which it was got up, and believed it was well calculated to advance the cause it was designed to promote.* Again, only a few weeks before his final illness, *we informed him it was our intention to publish the Chronology of the Insurance Corporations doing business in the City of New York, from the earliest period up to the present time. He at once heartily approved of our resolution, and promised to assist us in the undertaking by revising the proofs.* But, alas, before the first page of proof was ready for his revision, his peaceful, happy spirit had gone to join the blood-washed throng above, and his body to the place where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

What a pity that our biographer did not cast all these touching circumstances into the form of a tragedy! although we have not time just now to point out all the fine strokes of *lathos* which occur in almost every line of this wonderful biography. After the extract just quoted, the reader is introduced to the burial service, including the texts read by the officiating clergyman, &c. The latter, too, (Rev. J. C. Eccleston, of Clifton, Staten Island,) must needs be very brilliant, if only because he had the honor of eulogizing so illustrious a man. "We need scarcely say," says our biographer, "that the address was most eloquent and impressive," &c. Again, the same gentleman is styled "the talented rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Clifton, S. I.," and we are told that

"Those who had the privilege of hearing the orator on the 8th of June last, delivering the above solemn and touching address to weeping relatives and sorrowing friends who had assembled to pay the last tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the departed, will, we are satisfied, be as ready to-day, as they were then, to endorse, with emphasis, all that the rector said in relation to the subject of his remarks, by fervently ejaculating *Amen, and Amen!*"—P. 241.

Passing over two pages more, we come to that highly dramatic part where the funeral *cortège* reaches New York:

"On landing at the pier," says Mr. Currie, "the company formed in line and proceeded to Trinity church-yard, Broadway, and in the sit-

ness and dim light of a cloudy summer's Sunday afternoon, and within hearing of the solemn organ peals of old Trinity, all that remained on earth of T. B. Satterthwaite was consigned to the silent tomb, to rest in hope of a blessed immortality."—P. 237.

Great and illustrious as T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., was, it would not do to finish this eulogy upon him without giving a rub of the same chaste brush to a few others of the insurance fraternity. The French occasionally cause a smile because they say, *Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!* But in this there is no puffery. What the biographer in the present case does is much more like the epitaph of the sorrowing, but thrifty, widow over her beloved spouse, an honest fishmonger, which ran thus: "Here lies the body of Tim Smith, who was loved and liked by the whole town for his honest and kind heart, and for his excellent and cheap herrings. This headstone has been placed over him by his bereaved and inconsolable wife, who carries on the business at the old stand, and will continue to sell the best herrings as cheap, if not cheaper, than Tim." Our present biographer is a little more wordy than Mrs. Smith. It will be seen from the following that he uses a much heavier brush:

"At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Marine Underwriters, held in their rooms, 49 Wall Street, John D. Jones, Esq., the President of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, was unanimously elected President of the Board, as the representative of the greatest American Marine Insurance Corporation; besides his high qualifications and great experience as an eminently successful underwriter, the selection, in this case, has been highly judicious, and will give unbounded satisfaction. John H. Earle, Esq., has been elected successor to T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., as the President of the New York Mutual Insurance Company, 61 William Street. Our readers will be pleased to learn that he is a gentleman long and favorably known to the business community as a retired merchant, and for several years occupied the responsible position as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees, and has posted himself with regard to the operations of the Company, and has some knowledge how to manage its affairs with energy and success. John H. Lyell, Esq., is Vice-President, and W. P. Handford, Esq., Secretary. We have no doubt but that his efforts in this direction will be heartily sustained by the other officers of the Company."—P. 242-3.

This, be it observed, is the conclusion of the biography of the illustrious T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq. It will be admitted that it casts Mrs. Smith and her herrings completely into the shade. Nay, who has ever seen the like before, in any magazine published in the Metropolis of America—or, in fact, in any publication whatever, published anywhere? Yet our object in quoting these extracts is not to expose the editor of the *U. S. Ins. Gazette* to the ridicule and derision of our readers. We only call on them to admire the refinement and

taste that are capable of being pleased with doses so nauseous. The probability is that the editor could do better if he wished, but that he knows exactly what suits the palate of those whom it is his interest as well as his duty to please. This we think all the more likely from the fact that the insurance journals are sustained or neglected precisely in proportion as they make fools of themselves by trying to make giants of pigmies, or make some approach to truth, decency and common sense; although we confess we do not know one in New York of the latter character. Still the *Gazette* carries away the palm in the business of puffing the living and the dead: and accordingly it is more extensively and more liberally patronized than all the rest put together.

But it is not alone by praising everything done or said—nay, many things that are neither done nor said—by insurance functionaries, that the editor has thus ingratiated himself into the favor of the quacks. He devotes two or three pages of each number to what he calls his "Correspondence" with the fraternity. In this department, each official who pays a certain amount, or makes some appropriate allusion to the immense service rendered the cause by the *Gazette*, may expect to see his communication printed in handsome type. Nor is this all. If any of them, or even their friends, have a turn for poetry, or imagine they have—it is all the same—their performances are duly published, and they are praised pretty much in the style of which we have given specimens.

But woe to the critic who would venture to find fault with these lyrics! Of course they are never seen outside the insurance community. Sometimes, however, an insurance journal endowed with a little more courage than its colleagues, may venture to laugh at the silly twaddle. We see the *Philadelphia Commercial and Insurance Journal* has done so once; but in one of the most glaring cases of the poetaster mania we have ever met with. The criticism is perfectly fair; not one observation in it which the most courteous professional critic might not have used. The poet thought differently, however, as may be seen from his letter to the editor, which we copy at the bottom of the page, omitting the writer's name, and asking our readers have they ever met such a specimen of the epistolary style?*

* NEW YORK, December 10th, 1862.
 Mr. McIVER, Editor *Commercial and Insurance Journal*,
 Philadelphia, Pa.:

SIR—My attention has just been called to a scurrilous paragraph in your paper for November, entitled "The Insurance Gazette's Poet." I think it only necessary, as a matter of *courtesy, for the present*, to acknowledge your distinguished notice, and inform you that disinterested parties, who have read it, pronounce your effusion the ravings of a *mean, low-lived, sneaking, contemptible soap-fat villain and blackguard!* all of which I verily believe.

Yours, &c.

We do not mean, however, by anything we have said, that those who conduct the organs of the insurance quacks do not understand their business; on the contrary, we hold that they are entirely qualified for their position. To bespatter praise, as with a trowel, on insurance functionaries, and act the bully in their defence, are the chief necessary qualifications; and that these are possessed in a high degree by the editors of the *U.S. Insurance Gazette*, *Monitor*, and *Underwriter*, far be it from us to deny. As for intelligence, they do not need it. Why would they occupy their time in examining history? If they did, they would not be so flippant as they are. The slightest attempt at regular research—research carried on, if only during leisure hours, for a few months, would teach them to pause before they undertook to contradict facts for no better reason than that they do not know them to be such. No doubt they have more potent reason for the course they pursue—the reason of the pugilist, who waylays one and knocks him down; not because his victim has ever injured him, or attempted to do so, nay, ever met him before, but simply because he is hired for the work; that is, if indeed reason has anything to do with the matter. Persons in the habit of reasoning would hardly use such language as that of most of the biographical passages we have quoted.

We readily admit at the same time that even such organs as we have named might teach certain presidents a little courtesy, if they would only set about it. We know it seems difficult to teach others what we are strangers to ourselves; but nevertheless, such things are done. The attempt might be made, at all events. Thus, for example, the *Monitor* might give the high functionaries of the "Sun Mutual" some such advice as the following: "Gentlemen, between ourselves, it becomes you badly to be uncivil or rude; you should rather remember that when you are so, you sadly belie the name you assume, for the great fountain of light makes no distinctions; but is kind alike to all; as kind to the peasant as to the prince. Your successful rivals of the Columbian Marine Insurance Company, Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company, New York Life Insurance Company, Security Insurance Company, &c., do not go beyond our own planet for a name; yet their presiding officers are neither harsh nor overbearing in their conduct towards the humblest who have occasion to call upon them in their official capacity. And, by-the-way, do compare their directors with your trustees! If you make a promise and don't keep it, at least 'back out' in a civil manner; otherwise you will run the risk of being called the 'Moon Mutual,' instead of the 'Sun Mutual.'"

It seems to us that a few hints of this kind appearing in the official columns of the *Monitor* or *Underwriter* might do incalculable good; but we are almost sure it could not fail, if accompanied with a biography of sufficient length in Mr. Currie's peculiar style. To prepare the president for the change, he might be reminded, as it were incidentally, that insurance canvassers are not always welcome guests, and that, although they are generally ranked among the most importunate and most pertinacious in their efforts, there are but few who think it necessary to treat them harshly. In illustration of this, a quotation might be given from the poet, (not the poet of the *U. S. Insurance Gazette*.) such as the following:

"By fire and marine insurers next
I am intercepted, pestered, vexed
Almost beyond endurance;
And tho' the schemes appear unsound,
Their advocates are seldom found
Deficient in assurance."

We have one other suggestion to make here. Since the quack organs have such a relish for stale laws and statutes, why not publish a document known as an Act for the Suppression of Gambling Insurances, passed by the British Parliament in the fourteenth year of George III., which enacts, among certain other things, that "no insurance shall be made on the life of any person, or on any event whatsoever, where the person on whose account it shall be made shall have an interest; or by way of gaming or wagering; and that every such insurance shall be null and void," &c. Is there nothing of this kind wanting nearer home? Of course not! To hint at anything of the kind is a crime; and yet we have been assured ourselves, by the president of one company, that he would not give five cents for the policy of another company which represents that it has deposited \$100,000 with the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, and whose president is as much afraid of the quack organs, as an overgrown baby, threatened for slobbering its bib, is of its mamma.

We are well aware, from the experience of the last six months, what we may expect* for having given our views thus

* The rude and overbearing conduct of some of the functionaries of insurance companies would seem incredible, were it not in any one's power to realize the fact any day he happens to have an hour or two to spare; and we do not now speak of companies that have the reputation, so far as we are aware, of belonging to the quack genus. General remarks, however, have little effect in cases of this kind; and we know no reason why the official conduct of functionaries dependent on the public for support should not be a legitimate subject of criticism. An insurance company has, or is supposed to have, a charter the same as a college, seminary, or academy, and consequently is as amenable to public opinion. Nay, if it be fair and just to give an opinion of a book sold for one dollar, and say whether it is worth that amount or not, so that others not having an opportunity of judging of its merits

freely of the quacks and their organs; but we will take no notice of the writhings of either. If our comments contribute, however slightly, to cause an improvement in the habits and manners of the quacks, our object will have been attained. It is hardly necessary to repeat that it is not against the principle of insurance we have written. None have more faith in it than we have ourselves. Even our books we have had insured. We would not possess anything of value on sea or land without observing a similar precaution in regard to it; nor would any one else who would be advised by us. We should

its themselves may be aided in deciding whether they ought to purchase it or not, it is at least equally fair and just to give an opinion in a case which may involve an outlay of thousands of dollars.

Without further preface, therefore, we will note in brief what came under our observation during a visit of one hour to the office of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company in Wall Street. We have often heard and read of tyrants and despots; we have seen some of those called by those names; but never had we realized either character before, as we did during this visit. The sovereigns of modern times who are called tyrants, or despots, are almost without exception men of culture and refinement; they may consign those they dislike to exile or the dungeon; but they rarely indulge in abusive or insulting language. This would be beneath their dignity, if they have any respect for themselves. At all events, judging from the treatment received by a brother editor, we should not only expect much more courtesy and consideration from the Czar of all the Russias, than from the President of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company; but we should be sure of receiving both. Nay, indeed, did we happen to be a suitor before the throne of the semi-barbarous Emperor of Morocco, we should expect to see him evince more regard for the amenities of life, than did the personage alluded to in reference to our friend. Perhaps we should not have sympathized with the latter as much as we did, had we not been aware that he was charged with the authorship of our article on Insurance Quackery. He had been invited different times to call, by the president, in order that the latter might make an arrangement with him in regard to advertising in his journal. But it is not an insurance organ; whereas, the representatives of more than one insurance organ were present, as we have since been informed. His Highness asked what the terms were, and because our friend would not publish his "statement" for less than half price, and promise to give a "puff" into the bargain, he almost threw his journal into his face.

While he had been waiting to see the president, a messenger came to announce that a vessel insured by the company had been partly or wholly wrecked. (If our memory does not fail us, the ship mentioned was the *Planter*.) At once the president had it that she was a bad vessel; that she was not seaworthy—in short, everything was wrong with her! The captain, too, must have neglected his duty. Who was he? What other vessels had he commanded? or who had recommended him? &c. When our friend saw how he was treated, he ventured to remark that he was surprised that the president of a company professing to have so large a capital could have induced him to occupy his time by calling on three different occasions, and then refuse to keep his word, because he did not get what he wanted cheaper than anybody else. "I confess," said he, "that if I were insured by your company, I should have some fear in the event of the money falling due; for I am inclined to think that those who would quibble and 'back out' for a matter of twenty or thirty dollars, would be apt to give some trouble in case of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. If I am not right," added he, "then the remarks I have just heard in regard to the wrecked ship are somewhat inexplicable." These may not have been the exact words used; but they are substantially the same. It struck us who witnessed the scene that, if one of our most distinguished gladiators had been the president, and that his "office" had been an oyster saloon in the Bowery, he could hardly have made a more prompt exhibition of his fighting propensities. He took care to confine himself to menaces and gestures, however; although our friend afforded him ample time to give vent to his fury before he turned on his heel to leave, wondering whether he could believe his eyes or his memory, that he was really in an insurance office in Wall Street, and not in one of those places in our back streets where it is said one is liable to be knocked down any moment for attempting to express

not fear that any one of twenty companies, including those mentioned, would wrong us out of a single penny, any more than we should that the most solvent bank in New York would keep our deposit. But we should fear those new companies that are springing into existence almost weekly like mushrooms, only to pass away just as suddenly as the same fungi. We have never said to any one, and never will, "Do not insure your property, or your life;" on the contrary, we have always advocated the importance of insuring both; and we are well aware that were it otherwise, we should justly incur the charge of being wanting either in intelligence or honesty. Honest and reliable companies have, therefore, no cause for wrath against us, but on the contrary, for it is far more their interest than it is ours, or that of any class, to expose the quacks. Nor have we any reason to believe they think differently themselves. It would be the part of prudence even for the quacks to keep their wrath to themselves; although we admit that it is not easy for a guilty conscience to keep quiet. At all events, we shall not be deterred from exposing shams; but it will always afford us much more pleasure to commend the substantial and good than to denounce the spurious.

any opinion which happens to be distasteful to the master of the establishment, or its patrons.

After having witnessed such an exhibition as this, we were naturally curious to know who are the trustees of a company whose president feels it incumbent upon him to vindicate its honor and redeem his own word by a demonstration of this kind. We had only to turn to any of the insurance organs, in order to be enlightened on this point. Nor have we failed to do so; and among the names which the public are to regard as a tower of strength are the following: Louis Lerut, Joseph Foulke, Jr., Peter Poirier, William Oothout, Henry A. Galt, Oliver State, Jr., John A. Iselin, Drake Mills, Ernest Caylus, Elias Ponvert, &c. We make no disparaging remark against any of these; nor do we make any charge of insolvency, or lack of honesty against the company. We simply note our own impressions as public journalists of what we saw. The president alluded to may be a model of refinement and politeness in private life, or among men who have valuable stores or well-freighted ships to insure, for aught we know to the contrary; but it seems to us that he ought at least to be civil as a public officer even to those who have neither ships nor stores. It is his privilege not to patronize the latter or lend them any aid; but it is *not* his privilege to occupy their time by making appointments with them day after day, and then insult them, because, however poor they are, they decline to sell him \$30 worth for \$15. There is far too much of this kind of thing; but far be it from us to say that all insurance presidents are equally rude and overbearing. We have never denied that there are as true and worthy gentlemen in the profession as in any other whatever. This is true, for example, of Ellwood Walter, Morris Franklin, Joseph Walker, George T. Hope, B. C. Morris, James Lorimer Graham, Willard Phillips, Jacob Reese, &c. All these are insurance presidents; but they are not the less gentlemen of culture and refinement on this account. Not one of them, we believe, would offend a child; and are they not as much distinguished for their honesty and their promptness to meet all fair claims against the companies they represent, as they are for their regard for the amenities of life?

- ART. VIII.—1. *La Vie et les Temps de Charlemagne*. Par M. DE MOUSART. Paris. 1859.
2. *Vita et Regnum et Res Gestas Caroli Magni*. Leipzig. 1714.
3. *The Life and Times of Charlemagne, or Charles the Great*. By JAMES H. HENDEL. London. 1842.

IN subjecting any human life to analysis, we find that it results from three elements, which, to produce different individualities, are variously modified and combined. There is a constitution predetermined to the individual, having certain points of identity with all others, but possessing at the same time certain differentia, by which it is distinguished; there is a tide of circumstances or influences into the midst of which it is thrown, which cannot but develop certain peculiarities, the effect of which must be taken into account in any estimate, whether of national or individual character; there is also a line of conduct that is voluntarily chosen, in their judgment of which, mankind are too apt to overlook the influence of the two above-mentioned elements.

The first of these, with the causes and reasons of its being thrown into the world at any particular juncture, is known only to the mind of Omniscience. Whence has come this germ of humanity, for what specific purpose devised and fashioned, what part it shall play in the world-drama, what its predetermined destiny, conditional or unconditional, are problems which the finite mind may not undertake beforehand to solve. Undoubtedly, there is in every germ an amount of capacity which death finds undeveloped. It not unfrequently happens that there is no proper correspondence between the first and second of these elements, but on the contrary, judging from the awkwardness of some from their lack of adaptation to surrounding circumstances, we almost fancy that they have no sphere on this planet, so ill conditioned are they to their work and surroundings, yet from which they find it impossible to escape. One goes through life a bungler at the work which accident has cast in his way, who, in his appropriate sphere, could he but find it, would take rank as the superior of those who despise his present feeble efforts. But he finds no stimulus; no occasion offers for the exercise of his natural gifts. It is only when all these elements are in favorable proportion, operating harmoniously, that greatness takes an objective form and becomes manifest to the world. There must be a constitution—using this term in its most comprehensive sense—capable of great achievement; circumstances adapted to call into exercise its latent powers, and a will to elect and pursue the appropriate course. An exodus demands a Moses, and a Moses is found competent

to control and guide the exodus. No great event calling out his activity, his life would have been passed in quiet seclusion, tending his few sheep on Horeb. Who could have fancied that Xenophon was capable of conducting in so masterly a manner the retreat of the "Ten Thousand?"

The observations which we are about to make on Charlemagne's character, genius, and times, shall be in the light of these considerations. It were unfair to bring him to the standard of our present civilization, and pass judgment in accordance with his relations to that. It is seldom indeed that a genius appears, who, rising above the prejudices of his sphere, untrammelled by the influences of his time, shall so speak and act that his life shall bear the scrutiny of an age, measuring on its dial a thousand years of progress from his own day. Few reputations will bear such a test. All greatness is relative. As in letters there are some productions which find an echo in all time; applauded as they fell from the lips of the living poet, they have come, ringing down the centuries, exciting the wonder of myriads who have been captivated by their strains; which are so attuned to the universal and essential in humanity, that they seem even now as young and fresh and wonderful as ever. Because they are striking emblems of human experiences, or deep and many-sided expressions of human thought, divinely struck out by superior genius, they always are, and probably always will be, regarded as the product of superlative wisdom. So in life it is not impossible to find an occasional one, who, rising above the local, accidental, and partial, regulates his life by a law which, comprehending all possible human conceptions of propriety and morality, becomes, so to speak, an incarnation or embodiment of these; and infinite cycles of progress shall never make him appear otherwise than as the best of men. Charlemagne clearly cannot be brought under this category, nor, as far as our information extends, can many of the heroes, ancient or modern. We must content ourselves with a standard falling somewhat short of perfection, seeing that but few men can answer for one of a thousand of their faults.

The time that Charlemagne comes upon the scene of action, about the middle of the eighth century, (he is supposed to have been born in the year 742, in the village of Ingelheim, but not now to be determined with certainty,) was not only a transitory period, but one of ignorance and barbarism. Men were held in estimation only as they were great saints or great warriors. It would be difficult to find an age affording less stimulus to mental development in the direction of the higher legislative or literary pursuits. A representation of these

times, so far as respects intelligence and progress, would form the darkest picture in the history of Europe.

From the mayors of the palace, who for several generations had ruled the Franks in the name of the Merovingians, Charlemagne inherited the qualities of a warrior and monarch. The kings of that dynasty had so far degenerated as to be utterly unfit for the duties of their high office. A terrible fatality seemed to have overtaken the blood-stained house of Clovis. His descendants either dying young or falling into premature old age, the government passed into the hands of a class of servants who had insensibly risen to great power, resulting almost necessarily from the position they held in the royal household, and the relations which they sustained to the nobles. The *maîtres du palais*, for so they were called, were intrusted with all matters pertaining to the royal estates, and being the medium through which requests were presented to the king from the nobles, and through which answers were returned, when the power of the king was in the ascendant they stood firmly by him, and when the nobles were predominant in the state, they came over to their side. When the Merovingians had fallen so low that their flowing locks, the outward mark of crowned supremacy, found no corresponding qualities within, these men became virtually the rulers of the Frank—the office descending in hereditary succession—king in all respects save the name. But the fiction of a puppet-king could not long be imposed upon a people who demanded that their ruler should be their leader, a representative of the passions which burned in their own breasts; that he should be a pattern of all the manly qualities, and of unquestioned prowess in the field. When, therefore, in answer to a question by Pepin, the pontiff responded that “The name of king should be to him who had the power,” the last of the line of Clovis, Hilpenk III., shorn of his flowing locks, was thrust into a convent for the remainder of his days, and the father of Charlemagne unanimously elected king.

At the time of this ceremony, (752,) the young prince was in his tenth year, but no historical mention is made of him until two years later, when he is deputed by his father to meet the Bishop of Rome, who, threatened by the Lombards, came to seek protection from the king of the Franks. The vast influence which a powerful religion might be made to exercise over a rude and superstitious people was evident to the shrewd Pepin. Many generations must elapse before the heterogeneous elements under his rule could be assimilated into a political unity. The time had not yet come for the carrying out of those ideas of national unity which have since been developed

and embodied in existing nations, and for which some are struggling at the present hour. But Pepin had a confused notion of certain great things which might be accomplished, were the elements of his kingdom consolidated. The turbulent nobles, each aspiring to the leadership of his own province, were only held in check by the known firmness of the reigning king, ready for an insurrection on the slightest occasion, prepared to dispute the royal power on the remotest chances of success. What policy and force could not accomplish—if at all, only by long and patient effort—it was possible that religion might arrive at by a shorter road; therefore, it was the settled policy of Pepin to conciliate and strengthen the church.

Ascending the throne, (768,) the policy of Charlemagne was to a certain extent indicated and determined by the course of his predecessors and the exigencies of the times. Before this, we find him, when very young, at the head of an army, marching against the Aquitanians, thus preparing for the time when he should be called to battle for his own kingdom. Unwearied physical activity was a characteristic of the Frankish warrior. Unceasing vigilance, the ability to move troops with celerity between distant points, the personal superintendence of all martial undertakings, while they were the price of peace at home and security from invasion, cultivated a taste for the severe exercise and discipline of the field. The succession not being regulated by any law of primogeniture, the royal power was weakened by its division among the male members of the family; a custom productive of the worst consequences, giving rise to jealousies and family feuds, with which others not immediately interested were ready to sympathize, and which they were by no means anxious to allay. Always ready for an occasion to gratify their thirst for plunder, or to avenge themselves on their more powerful oppressors, their hostilities were hailed with a delight peculiar to the savage instinct. The effects of this Charlemagne might have experienced in some slight degree, as he inherited the kingdom with his brother Carloman, a prince possessing few of the qualities of his brother, but jealous of that genius in another which he himself had not the good fortune to possess—had not death claimed him within three years of his accession, leaving Charlemagne, by the election of the leudes, sole king of the Franks, and master of Pepin's vast possessions.

An estimate of this king should be based, not so much upon what he did, although in actual achievement he stands high above all his successors and predecessors, with perhaps a single exception, but upon his insight into what was necessary to be

done upon his appreciation of those refined and enlightened pursuits to which, amidst his other labors, he was always longing to return; upon the aim of his endeavors, whether in war, legislation, or the encouragement of learning and mental development; by which he left his impress upon his age, in spite of the unimpressibleness of the material with which he had to struggle. To restore and establish his kingdom, as a whole, as well as in all detail, was essential to his happiness. His was one of those minds which can find no peace in the midst of antagonisms, active or passive. His soul, like that of all highly endowed men, was attuned to harmony; instinctively creating around him an atmosphere in which disorder finds it impossible to live. Yet, not having sufficient breadth and penetration of intellect to see the great principles that needed to be applied, while minor influences were brought to bear, his capitularies or rules for the conduct of the empire (for they cannot be called a code of laws) are often trifling, mere surface applications, while the disease and its causes are allowed to rankle in the system.*

His policy demanded an internal unity, a oneness of aim and interest at home, that he might effectually repel the Saxons in the north and the Saracens in the south. The claim to great skill in generalship, which his panegyrists have put forth, fail of being substantiated, for the annalists tell of no instance in which he encountered a foe worthy of his arms, or where the exercise of great military qualities was demanded. The enemies with which he had to contend were generally fierce and brave, but lacking in that discipline which would render them formidable in the aggregate. No great and important battle hands down his name as a conqueror. Sir James Stephens speaks of his skill "in moving detached bodies of men along remote and converging lines, with such mutual concert as to throw their united powers at the same moment on any meditated point of attack;" and M. Thierry finds in his Hungarian war some resemblance to the Austrian campaign of the first Napoleon. But the comparisons instituted between the monarch and other generals are mostly fanciful. Of his numerous campaigns, eighteen were against the Saxons; a significant proof of the mode of warfare in which he was chiefly engaged, as well as of the buoyancy and elasticity of the tribes against which his efforts were directed. Mostly situated at the extreme limits of the empire, with no possessions

* Montesquieu says that it was Charlemagne who gave the Saxons their best laws, the same which we boast to have derived from our ancestors. "Charlemagne qui le premier dompta les Saxons leur donna la loi que nous avons. Il n'y a qu'à lire ces deux derniers codes pour voir qu'ils sortent de mains de vainqueurs."—*Esprit des Loix*, Liv. XXVIII, Chap. 1.

beside their rude arms, they had from their invasions nothing to fear by way of reprisal; nothing to lose, if not much to gain. The only possibility of ultimate success on the part of the Franks lay in wearing out their enemies; in wearing down, by persevering effort, their stubborn and independent spirit.

That he might have become equal to any of the generals either of ancient or modern times, is undoubtedly true. The possessor of a genius such as his can find but little difficulty in attaining to excellence in any field of achievement. Had occasion offered, or had he been stimulated by no nobler motives than those of ambition for the conquest of territory, his name would shine with greater brilliancy as a conqueror. But his wars were subordinate to the leading purpose of civilizing his people; only as they contributed to that end did he prosecute them; for which he deserves a larger meed of praise, than had he proved himself another Alexander or Caesar. This may seem inconsistent with the fact that most of his wars were carried on in the enemy's country. It may seem that he was the aggressor, rather than the defender of his own soil. Considering the relative situation of the hostile parties, an explanation readily suggests itself. To guard all points of attack on a frontier so extensive as that of the Frankish dominion, was an impossibility. A series of Hunnic wings or a Chinese wall would have been insufficient for that purpose; as a defensive measure, therefore, war was carried into the heart of the enemy's territory.

His treatment of the Saxons has been the subject of severe animadversion. There are many circumstances connected with it which on no hypothesis are justifiable, but which the manners of the time may mitigate. The murder of over five thousand at once, by whatever feelings dictated, whether from exasperation at the perfidy of the Saxons, or from the loss of the flower of his army, which, under subordinate yet valiant leaders, had been destroyed by them, is a dark blot on the otherwise fair fame of Charlemagne. Nor is the nature of the deed softened by remembering that they who thus fell were not the leaders or instigators of the insurrection, but of those who had staid behind to attend to menial employments, while they who deserved to have suffered the vengeance of the victor had retreated far beyond his reach. Were it designed as a lesson of severity, to strike terror to the heart of every barbarian who should hear of their fate, it failed of accomplishing its end; for the contrast in the attitude of the Saxons for some years after this time, with the frequency of their invasions and insurrections, is very striking when compared with the spirit which they exhibited in later years, after he had pursued a course

of conciliation and kindness. Obnoxious treaties dictated or oaths administered by a stronger to a weaker nation—the latter knowing that they are in the power of the former and shall be crushed unless they comply with its demands—are observed only so long as their infraction is attended with danger. And the offence has generally been regarded as a venial one in those who cannot be expected to understand the nature or importance of such guarantees, and with whom self-preservation stands second to no interest whatever.

The intention of Charlemagne, it is evident enough, was to lay the foundation of Christian institutions among the barbarians, for his compulsory and interested conversions were followed by the building of churches, monasteries, and schools, to complete the work so inauspiciously begun. Nor was any missionary work undertaken, having for its object the elevation either of his own people or the surrounding tribes, to which he did not afford protection and encouragement. How far the sagacious monarch saw beyond the limits of his own age; whether his view took in distant centuries, or was bounded by the narrow horizon of his own time; whether his effort proceeded from an unenlightened yet enthusiastic zeal for the eternal interests of the people, or from foreseeing the consequences that would result from introducing the mild tenets of the Christian faith among a people now to decide who should at least yield to their humanizing influence, it is now impossible to tell. While he was not free from the superstitions of his age, and occasionally used means not justifiable by any end, he yet saw into the future farther than his contemporaries, which, we may believe, had no slight influence upon his course of action.

Of the fifty-three campaigns which he performed in a reign of forty-seven years, there is no victory important in its consequences, nor with which we are sufficiently acquainted in its details to infer his strategy. No Marathon or Tours excites our admiration. Even his invasion of the Saracens, so celebrated by the romancers of the middle ages,

"Where Roland brave and Oliver,
And many a paladin and peer,
By Roncesvalles fell,"

sheds no great lustre on his name. What strikes us most in his mode of warfare, is the rapidity of his movements between distant points of the empire. Now in Aquitaine, now in Germany; now crossing the Alps in mid-winter, subduing the Lombards, a few weeks find him across the Pyrenees, fighting the Saracens in Spain. And in all his wars, with the single exception already referred to, there is a clemency and moderation evinced which would shame belligerents of more recent times.

Amidst this ceaseless activity of movement, the monarch still had time to attend to the civil and political affairs of his kingdom. His capitularies, bearing date not only from the palace of Aix, but from any point where he happened to be sojourning, pertain to the least as well as to the greatest affairs of the kingdom; from the regulation of legislative assemblies and the administration of state affairs, to the most trivial matters of the royal household. Nothing escapes the regulating mind of the king. The general features of his mode of government are already known to the intelligent reader, its local and central administrations, composed of dukes, counts, &c., appointed by the emperor to raise forces, maintain order, render justice, and the like, with the *missi domini* or temporary ambassadors, running through all parts of the kingdom, and rendering to the emperor a true statement of what they have seen and heard, with the *placita* or *diets*, a kind of deliberative assembly, composed of lords, lay and clerical, meeting twice a year for the transaction of whatever business each might bring before them, and in which the decision of the emperor had great weight. On paper it presents the appearance of an elaborate system of legislative and administrative machinery, but it is doubtful whether in operation it was effectual to arrest the disorders prevalent among all classes of society. Instead of framing new laws, he amended the old when they were imperfect, or not suited to present exigencies. He tried to improve upon the legislation of former reigns, to correct errors and abuses, in which, says Eginhard, "he did not always succeed." From the capitularies we catch a glimpse of the social condition of those days, especially from the edicts levelled directly against the prevailing disorders of the times. All persons of low condition, with excommunicates; adulterers, serfs, and slaves, were not permitted to appear in courts of law; sorcery and magic were condemned, and severe penalties visited upon those who practised them, unless they recanted their errors.

But the habits of the people were not likely to be improved by edicts to which the monarch did not lend the sanction of his own example. One of the first acts of his son, Louis le Debonaire, after his father's death, was to purge the purlieus of the palace of all improper women. However rigid Charlemagne may have been in observing himself and enforcing upon others certain commands of the Decalogue, he had no great respect for the seventh commandment. Yet this trait, also, like all others in his character, has been greatly exaggerated.

An opinion likewise held by some historians sinks the mon-

arch much lower than justice will allow. That he was married four times is clearly established; that on the death of Luitgarda, his last wife, he took four concubines, is generally admitted; but whether in succession or at once is not determined, and some have thought that they were a kind of Morganitic marriage. He, indeed, seems to have had no great respect for the marriage relation, summarily divorcing his wives on slight occasion. Perhaps, however, this ought to be confined to a single instance, as the case of Desiderata, the Lombard princess, is the only one on which all are agreed. The effect of the looseness of his own life was but too evident on the lives of the members of his family. Of his eight daughters, there are none whose characters are free from suspicion. They were ardently loved by their father, who took great pleasure in their society. He would not allow them to marry,* but required

* There is a difference of opinion, however, on this point. What seems most probable is, that three of the daughters were married. Of the marriage of one, at least, there is now little doubt. Eginhard is said not only to have gained the affections of the emperor's most beautiful daughter, Imma, but also to have obtained her hand, with the consent of her father; although his boldness in regard to her had nearly cost him his life. "On lit," says Bayle, "que notre Eginhart s'insinua de telle sorte dans les bonnes grâces d'Imma, fille de Charlemagne, qu'il en obtint tout ce qu'il voulut. Charlemagne," he continues, "having discovered this little mystery, did not do like the Emperor Augustus; for he married the two lovers, and gave them fine lands. The circumstances are stated as follows:

"Eginhart, Chapelain et Secrétaire de Charlemagne, s'acquetoit si bien de ses emplois, qu'il étoit aimé de tout le monde. Il le fut même ardemment d'Imma, fille de cet Empereur, et il conçut aussi pour elle beaucoup de passion. La crainte des suites les empêchoit de se joindre; mais elle n'empêchoit pas que de part et d'autre le feu de l'amour n'allât tous les jours en augmentant. Il se résolut enfin à faire un coup de hardiesse, ne pouvant plus refréner l'ardeur qui le transportoit. Il se glissa de nuit à l'appartement de la Princesse, il frappa tout doucement à la porte, il fut admis dans la chambre sur le pied d'un homme qui avoit à parler de la part de l'Empereur, il parla tout aussitôt d'autre chose, et il apaisa sa flamme le plus agréablement du monde. (Denique cum idem vir egregius inremediabiliter amando astuaret, auresque virginis per intermuncium appellare nec presumeret, novissime sumptis de semet ipsa fiducia nocturno tempore latenter ad puella tendebat habitaculum. Bâillemque pulsans clanculum et intrare permissus tanquam alioquin juvenem de regali mandato, statim versa vice solus cum secretis usus loquus et datis amplexibus cupito satisfecit amor.)"—*Chronicon Laurisshamense*, p. 62

The chronicler goes on to say that the lover wished to withdraw from the lady's chamber at break of day, but he perceived that there had been a heavy fall of snow during the night. He was afraid, therefore, that the marks of his feet would discover him, and he made known his fears to the princess. After some minutes spent in anxious deliberation, Imma proposed to carry her lover beyond the range of the snow. The emperor, having passed the night without sleep, got up earlier than usual, and saw what happened. "Regardant par la fenêtre il vit sa fille qui avoit de la peine à marcher sous le fardien qu'elle portoit et qui après s'en défaire se retiroit au plus vite." We are told that the emperor was agitated by the conflicting sentiments of admiration and grief. The secretary, though bold in the first instance, was not brave; at least, he was not disposed to pursue a very gallant course. Fearing that all would be discovered, he resolved to leave the service of the emperor, on pretence that his salary was insufficient. Charlemagne called a meeting of his council, and made known the crime of his secretary, relating all the circumstances that had come under his observation, his object being to obtain advice. Some were in favor of beheading the secretary at once; but others thought this would only make the matter worse. The emperor agreed with the latter, and gave his daughter in marriage to Eginhard, using the following words: "Juri vestro nuptum tradam meam filiam vestram scil. portaricem que quandoque alte succinet vestre subvectionis se morigeram exhibuit."

them to accompany him in all his campaigns. Their shortcomings he affected to be ignorant of, entertaining for them to the last the warmest affection.

To get the best view of Charlemagne, we must visit him in his parlor, at Aix-la-Chapelle. At the head of his semi-barbarous army, marching against Saxon or Saracen, he exhibits only the Germanic side of his character. In this view Thierry presents him. Dwelling upon his Teutonic descent, he represents him as the noble savage, loving to surround him with the primitive forests from which his ancestors emerged, regarding him as possessing little of that civilization of which history and romance have celebrated him as the founder, and giving even to his Christianity a sombre and superstitious hue. With enough of the old Teuton in his composition to give him a relish for the excitement of the battle-field, (without it, he could not have retained his supremacy in a rude age,) it is far from being that which he most esteems. Into whatever he enters, it is done with great depth of earnestness. There is nothing vain or trivial in the man. His relaxation, his practical jokes, in which he was prone to indulge, if we can trust the gossiping chronicler of St. Galls, had a serious purpose in them, which somewhat redeem them from the general proscription of that species of entertainment. If he invites foppish nobles to the hunt, and forces them to sit through dinner in their tattered and bedraggled garments, it is nothing more than a wholesome discipline. There is in the monarch an exuberance of animal life, which must manifest itself in some way; and which, as it happens, is needed in the way of making rapid marches and dealing stout blows against his enemies. There can be no question that he keenly enjoyed the quiet hours in his academy at Aix. There is, to be sure, something very pedantic, and to us amusing, in the classical names assumed by the emperor and his wise men. Their exercises would be deemed very puerile for full-grown men of the present day. But it should not be forgotten that while the pupils of that academy were men in body and mind, they were nothing more than *pueri* in the matters in which they were being instructed. The court of the great Frederick, of more recent date, was a great advance upon that of his Frankish predecessor. A thousand years should make somewhat of a change. Unfortunately, it is not always for the better. Charlemagne, plus ten centuries, to state the case mathematically, shall more than equal Frederick. In other words, it were unfair to judge the performances of the eighth century by the standard of the eighteenth. Let us content ourselves, if we find even the aspiration after learning. Although no literary performance has come down to us from that time, in-

dicating originality of thought or skill in writing, we hail the love of it, and the aspiration after it, as the dawn of a brighter day.

The emperor attracted around him the most learned men of his time. Talent and intelligence were a sure passport to his favor. In the schools established for the training of the young, those who had made the greatest progress in the prescribed studies were the most warmly commended, irrespective of station, and rich rewards stimulated promise to put forth effort. It is well known that the establishment of public schools in France dates from Charlemagne. Lyons and Rheims, Fulda and Corvey, date from this century. He planted Germany with religious foundations, which bore good fruit. Time and again were the glebes of the church ravaged by the treaty-breaking Saxons, and the edifices levelled with the ground. Looking upon the religious establishments as so many marks of subjugation, the fields of the monks were an especial object of hate, and on any fresh outbreak, were reduced to their former desolate condition. But the patience of the priest overcame the stubbornness of the barbarian; a feeling of reverence for the church gradually arose among the people, and with its faith was diffused a knowledge of the art of agriculture, followed by increase of wealth, and the comforts of social life. Flourishing towns sprung from these religious establishments, some of the most important cities of Germany dating their origin from this monarch's time.

No biographer or historian has done more justice to Charlemagne than Montesquieu, in his *Spirit of Laws*. "Charlemagne," he says, "resolved to keep the *noblesse* within its proper limits. He tempered the different orders of the state to such a degree that they counterbalanced each other, and he remained master. All was united by the force of his genius. He constantly led the *noblesse* from expedition to expedition; he did not allow them time to form designs, but occupied them wholly in carrying out his. The empire was maintained by the grandeur of the chief; the prince was great, the man was greater still. The kings, his children, were his first subjects, the instruments of his power, and the models of obedience. He made admirable rules; he did more, *he caused them to be executed*. His genius was diffused over every part of the empire. We see in the laws of this prince a spirit of forethought which comprehends all, and a certain force which surmounts all. Prettexts for eluding duties are removed; negligences are corrected, abuses are reformed or prevented. (See his *Capitulary III.*, of the year 811, p. 486, and *Cap. 1*, p. 812, &c.) He knew how to punish; he knew still better how to pardon. Vast in

his designs, simple in their execution, no one possessed in a higher degree the art of accomplishing great things with facility, and difficult things with promptness. He was constantly travelling through his vast empire, giving it a vigorous hand whenever it was in danger of falling. Business revived everywhere; he encouraged it in all parts. Never did prince understand better how to brave dangers; never did prince know better how to avoid them. He worked at all points, and especially at those which the greatest conquerors almost always experience—I mean conspiracies. This great prince was extremely moderate; his character was gentle, his manners simple; he loved to live with his courtiers. He was, perhaps, too sensible to the pleasure of women: but a prince who governed always by himself, and who passed his life at work, may be excused for this. He governed his expenses by an admirable rule; he managed his affairs with sagacity, with attention, with economy. A father of a family could learn from his laws how to govern his house. We see in his capitularies the pure and sacred source whence he derived his riches. I will only say one word more; he ordered that the eggs in the poultry-yards of his estates be sold, and the superfluous vegetables in the gardens; and he distributed among his people all the riches of the Lombards, and the immense treasures of those Huns who had despoiled the universe."—Book xxxi., chap. xviii.*

* Charlemagne songea à tenir le pouvoir de la noblesse dans ces limites, et à empêcher l'oppression du clergé et des hommes libres. Il mit un tel tempérament dans les ordres de l'état, qu'ils furent contre-balancés, et qu'il resta le maître. Tout fut uni par la force de son génie. Il mena continuellement la noblesse, d'expédition en expédition; il ne lui laissa pas le temps de former des desseins, et l'occupa tout entière à suivre les siens. L'empire se maintint par la grandeur du chef; la prince étoit grand, l'homme étoit d'avantage. Les rois, ses enfans furent ses premiers sujets, les instrumens de son pouvoir, et les modèles de l'obéissance. Il fit d'admirables réglemens; il fit plus, il les fit exécuter. Son génie se répandit sur toutes les parties de l'empire. On voit, dans les lois de ce prince, un esprit de prévoyance qui comprend tout, et une certaine force qui entraîne tout. Les prétextes pour éluder les devoirs sont ôtés; les négligences corrigées, les abus réformés ou prévenus. Il savoit punir; il savoit encore mieux pardonner. Vaste dans ses desseins, simple dans l'exécution, personne n'eut à un plus haut degré l'art de faire les plus grandes choses avec facilité, et les difficiles avec promptitude. Il parcourroit sans cesse son vaste empire, portant la main partout où il alloit tomber. Les affaires renaissent de toutes parts; il les finissoit de toutes parts. Jamais prince ne sut mieux braver les dangers, jamais prince ne les sut mieux éviter. Il se joua de tous les périls, et particulièrement de ceux qu'éprouvent presque toujours les grands conquérans, je veux dire les conspirations. Ce prince prodigieux étoit extrêmement modéré; son caractère étoit doux, ses manières simples; il aimoit à vivre avec les gens de sa cour. Il fut peut-être trop sensible au plaisir des femmes; mais un prince qui gouverna toujours par lui-même, et qui passa sa vie dans les travaux, peut mériter plus d'excuses. Il mit une règle admirable dans sa dépense; il fit valoir ses domaines avec sagesse, avec attention, avec économie; un père de famille pourroit apprendre dans ses lois à gouverner sa maison. On voit dans ces capitulaires la source pure et sacrée d'où il tira ses richesses. Je ne dirai plus qu'un mot: il ordonnoit qu'on vendit les œufs des basse-cours de ses domaines, et les herbes inutiles de ses jardins, et il avoit distribué à ses peuples toutes les richesses des Lombards, et les immenses trésors de ces Huns qui avoient dépouillé l'univers.—*De l'Esprit des Lois* par M. de Montesquieu, Tome v., pp. 57-8.

His companions were not warriors, but men of learning, whom he invited to his court from those countries where intelligence had not reached so low an ebb as in his own dominions. Alcuin from England, Peter of Pisa, Clement of Ireland, Wannefriede Theodulf, Angilbert and others, formed a kind of literary club, for the entertainment and instruction of the emperor. These were the men in whose society he found most pleasure. They waited upon him in his leisure moments, and discussed with him his favorite authors. Projects for the endowment of schools, the establishment of religious foundations, the general interests of education, were submitted to these men, and carried out by their combined wisdom. Schools fashioned after that of Alcuin were established in almost every parish throughout the country; and although the range of studies was limited, being confined to the arts of the ancient *quadrivium* and *trivium*, a long-established division of science; the former comprehending music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy; and the latter grammar, logic, and rhetoric; and these were cultivated only in reference to theology; astronomy, for example, being reduced to the calculation of Easter, and music to the choral services of the church. It was a turning-point, a beginning that ultimately developed into those institutions of learning, which a few centuries later became celebrated throughout the world. By the assiduity with which Charlemagne applied himself to study, he became tolerably proficient in all the accomplishments which were represented at his court. The hours devoted by others to sleep, found him engaged in the prosecution of his favorite pursuits. Latin he spoke with fluency, and had some acquaintance with Greek and the Oriental languages. A natural aptitude for eloquence he improved by culture, to which he added a knowledge of dialectics, rhetoric, music, and astronomy. The use of the Latin characters he introduced in place of the rude letters used under the Merovingians; but, as Eginhard remarks, "having begun late in life to study the art of writing, he never acquired much skill in that accomplishment." From the ambiguous construction of the sentence in which reference is made to the difficulty with which he wrote, some historians have concluded that he could not even write his own name; a thing so improbable, in one possessing so many other accomplishments, it seems strange that the opinion should have found a single advocate. He composed a learned treatise on theology, and also a work in which he attempted to reduce his own tongue, the German, to grammatical forms. Augustine was his favorite author, in whose work, on the "City of God," he took especial delight.

On the Christmas festival of the year 799 took place one of

the most important events in the monarch's life. His presence had been solicited at Rome to arbitrate certain difficulties which had arisen on the election of Leo to the pontifical throne. On the holy festival of our Lord's nativity all Rome flocked to the basilica of the Vatican, to participate in the ceremonies of the season. This occasion was rendered still more attractive by the presence of the king, with a large retinue, the pope himself chanting the mass. At the close of the services, while the people were yet engaged in the exercises of devotion, the pontiff, stepping forward to where Charlemagne was kneeling, placed upon his head a golden crown, at the same time saluting him "Augustus," and "Emperor of the Romans." The king affected surprise at this unlooked-for demonstration. But it is highly improbable that this surprise originated from his ignorance of the intention of the pope. Some have thought it a mere hypocritical assumption or affectation of modesty. But neither supposition is in keeping with the ingenuous, manly bearing of the king on all other occasions. The crown had seldom been placed upon a worthier brow. Through a long reign of thirty-one years, by his wisdom in administration, his invariable success in war, his devoted attachment to the religion of Christendom, and the general prosperity of his reign, he had given proof of his fitness for the highest gift in the power of man to bestow. Such a man, by his elevation, confers more honor than he receives. The surprise of which his biographer speaks, as Kohlraush well remarks, was doubtless owing to the manner in which the ceremony was performed, the king expecting that the crown would be presented to him, that he might either place it upon his own head, or command it to be done by the pope as his bishop, as was customary with the Greek emperors at their coronation by the patriarch. The act itself, however, was grateful to the king. By force of character he had compelled a recognition of his greatness throughout the west. His power was unquestioned. It only wanted the sanction of a religious consecration to secure for it the respect and stability of long-established monarchies. At least, so thought the emperor, and such was the dream of Western Europe. To the Church, especially, was the idea of the empire dear; for, having already risen to great power, she foresaw a still greater ascendancy, could the nation be bound by a political unity. What might she not expect from a succession of emperors as favorable to her interests as the first and second of the Carlovingians? But this premature endeavor to consolidate elements so heterogeneous, and with interests widely different, must prove abortive. Not that the labors of Charlemagne were productive of no consequences beneficial to his own

and after times.* It may be granted that the success of many of his schemes, and the good resulting from them, were not commensurate with the labor bestowed upon them; that many of his laws fell into disuse; that his efforts at church reform failed of effect; that the empire, within thirty years after his death, was formally dismembered and divided into three kingdoms.

The results of this splendid and seemingly effective reign may seem, to the superficial observer, as only vanity and vexation of spirit. But a deeper discernment discovers its permanent influence on after times. The divisions of his empire do not return to barbarism—by which we mean that state when the tribe predominates over the nation, where patriotism consists in fidelity to the traditions of descent rather than of country—but became the corner-stones of new political fabrics, bound together by the remembrance of their former intimate relationship. The political boundaries of countries heretofore fluctuating, as Italy, and Spain, and Germany, were now established. At the very time the nations yielded to the conquering arms of Charlemagne, and became a part of his empire, they were asserting their essential independence of each other—kingdoms, separate and distinct, and prepared to give expression to the national life. While the emperor enacted laws for all parts of his vast dominion, the nobles of each province held no rank out of their respective countries, except when on special service for the crown. The privileges of rank and power being associated with local possessions, laid the foundation of feudalism and national kingship. When, therefore, the empire of Charlemagne, falling into hands incompetent to wield it, went to pieces, these parts, at once fragmentary and complete, formed themselves into the nations whence modern Europe took its rise. Not as at the dismemberment of the Old Empire did everything rush to destruction; but, the outward bond being dissolved, a common Christian interest united the nations against savage and Saracen; the work of creation, of progress, of intellectual development, went on, giving promise to the world of a brighter and a better future.

* Laharpe, in comparing Theodoric, king of the Goths, to the Frankish emperor, says: "Charlemagne a conquérant, politicien et législateur like him, but far superior to him, and without doubt the greatest man that appeared in that long interval which separates the fall of the two empires. Charlemagne introduced the sciences and the arts into the vast plan of government which he wished to make the base of a power which could not survive his genius."—(*Cours de Littérature*, Tome iv., p. 17.) The same writer observes that although he was the founder of the University of Paris, he was perhaps the cause of retarding the progress of the French language. "Charlemagne retarde, peut-être les progrès de la langue Française en faisant régner dans ces vastes états la langue des Romains qui fut généralement en France celle des lois et des actes publics jusqu'à François Ier."—*Ib.*, T. iv., p. 29.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Complete Works of James Sheridan Knowles.* In 3 Vols. New Edition. London, 1859.
2. *Personal Recollections of James Sheridan Knowles.* By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D. Philadelphia, 1863.
3. *The Men of his Time.* New York, 1852.
4. *Biographical Sketches in Fraser's Magazine, London Athenæum, &c.*

A GREAT light has fallen from the literary firmament. James Sheridan Knowles died at Torquay, in the south of England, on Sunday, November 29th, 1862, in his seventy-ninth year, having been born at Cork (a city ever fertile in genius) on the 12th of May, 1784. In compliance with his own request, his remains have been interred in Glasgow Cemetery.

He was the son of James Knowles, a teacher of grammar and elocution, in Cork, and author of a Dictionary of the English Language. He was a learned man, fond of teaching, and bent on making elocutionists of all his pupils. He went to London, in 1792, with his son, then a lad in his ninth year. Here he opened a school, with his usual success, and gave his son—the future dramatist—a substantial, rather than a showy, education. Eventually, the elder Knowles became English and elocutionary teacher in the Belfast Academical Institution. For many years he was wholly maintained by his son, and died, at a very advanced age, in London. So lately as 1835, the old man published a Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, which he dedicated as “A Fac-Simile Pronouncing Dictionary, in which every letter, in ninety-eight thousand words, represents a sound actually heard in the Pronunciation,” and claimed to have performed more, in this respect, than either Walker or Sheridan. It is, perhaps, as good a book as any could be, whose author was prevented, by infirmity, from correcting the proofs. Following the preface is a page of gratitude, rather out of place, to one Baron Heurteloup, a surgeon, who had successfully operated as a lithotriptist on Mr. James Knowles, ending with an earnest request that William IV. would propose a parliamentary grant, to enable the Baron to found a Lithotriptic Institution, *pro bono publico*. He declared that it was necessary to add a description of his own case, as supplementary to what he had already said under the term *Lithotriptist*, in the Dictionary; but it is a curious fact that this word (signifying one who treats a stone in the bladder) actually is not to be found in the book! But the term *Lithotomist* is, which renders the mistake still more amusing. The title-page of this vocabulary runs thus: “Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language; founded on a correct development of the nature, the number,

and the various properties of all its simple and compound sounds, as combined with syllables and words; to which is added a vocabulary of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, divided into syllables, with the accented letters and vowel sounds in each, marked according to their classical pronunciation; by James Knowles, teacher of reading, elocution, grammar and composition: father of the author of 'Virginus,' 'William Tell,' 'The Hunchback,' 'The Wife,' &c.; and nephew of Thomas Sheridan, author of the Art of Reading Prose and Verse, Lectures on Elocution, Pronouncing Dictionary, &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall, 1837." This is a curious title-page, but what is peculiarly humorous is the author's apology for inserting so common a word as "Papist," and adopting Johnson's definition, "One who adheres to the Church of Rome;" because some of his Roman Catholic friends had objected to its use.

Of this Dictionary, originally published in August, 1835, a fifth edition was published, by Boln, of London, in 1847. The apology for giving the word "Papist" was appended to the preface, in which the author boasts of his early acquaintance with the Rev. Father O'Leary, (a Cork man, like himself) and promises "that in the second edition of my Dictionary, about to be printed—one thousand copies of the first having been subscribed for, or sold by my publishers—the term *Romana Catholic* shall be substituted in room of the offensive expression." It so happened, however, that such substitution was never made. In the apology, James Knowles says, that, in 1792 or 1793, as "a freeholder of small property, near the city of Cork," he signed a petition to George III., and the Parliament, in favor of Catholic Emancipation. The portrait of the elder Knowles, which forms the frontispiece of his Dictionary, is very like the son, James Sheridan Knowles. The publication of this work was extremely costly, (800 octavo pages of small type;) and as the sale was not very large, the chief burden of payment fell upon the younger Knowles, and heavily oppressed him for many years.

James Sheridan Knowles derived his second surname from the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was his father's first cousin. The grandfather of both was Dr. Sheridan, renowned for his wit and learning, to whom Dean Swift was so much attached. The Doctor's son, Thomas Sheridan, manager and actor, who published a Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, in 1780, was himself a man of talent. *His* son was "The dramatist, orator, minstrel, who ran through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

Then came Tom Sheridan, who may be chronicled as having

died too soon for his renown and the advantage of literature. The family list closes with Mrs. Norton, the most eminent of all poor Tom Sheridan's daughters. This is the line in which the hereditary genius of the race of Sheridan has been transmitted. Knowles, collaterally, added to the family honors a grace of a very rare and un-Sheridan-like description—that of a genius for the serious drama, full of faith in the good and beautiful, and grand upon that account. From this seemingly necessary adjunctive genealogy of the two illustrious families from which James Sheridan Knowles inherited his genius and talents, we come now to the main object of this paper.

As has already been remarked, the elder Knowles came to London when the younger was in his ninth year. Three years later, James Sheridan had gained some distinction as a youthful actor, in a small Thespian society. At fourteen, he was the author of a play, and the libretto of an opera, called "The Chevalier de Guillon," and soon after produced the ballad of the "Welsh Harper," and at twenty-one, a tragedy, in five acts, called "The Spanish Story."

Shortly after this, in 1808, Mr. Knowles left London for Dublin, and there gained some credit for his rendering of Irish melodies, pleasing his friends by his sweet singing, and especially delighting in declamatory exhibitions. The earlier passion of Knowles for the stage was irrepressible in such a place as Dublin, where even the shoe-black, who sits among his associate "gods," in the gallery, is a natural critic; and resolving to become an actor, he made his *début* at Crow Street Theatre, but signally failed, although performing with sense, considerable skill, and ability.

He abandoned the idea of becoming a "player," for a time, and occupied himself by writing "Leo, the Gipsy," a play destined to greater honor than fame. Quitting Dublin, he joined the "nomadic" company of Mr. Cherry, at Waterford, in the south of Ireland, and here became acquainted with Edmund Kean, who had come over from Swansea, to star. Knowles was twenty-five years old at this time, and Kean only twenty-two. "Leo, the Gipsy," was produced, with Kean as the hero, with great success. Soon after, he produced "Hersilia," and subsequently, "Brian Boruighme," founded on the history of the Irish warrior, who defeated the Danes, and lost his own life, at Clontarf. This play was frequently performed, with great applause—Kean personating the hero, Mrs. Knowles (an actress, named Miss Charteris, whom Knowles had married in 1810,) representing the heroine, and Knowles himself appearing first singer, as the high priest.

In 1811, the elder Knowles having become teacher in the

Belfast Academical Institution, Sheridan Knowles published a small volume of poetry, entitled "Fugitive Poems." It was published by subscription, and yielded him a handsome sum. In this volume may be found "The Smuggler," a very spirited ballad, which has since become very popular, Knowles having frequently recited it in public with great effect.

Arriving at Belfast, he took his father's advice to abandon the stage, and became a teacher of elocution and grammar. His power of imparting instruction to others was very great. Among his distinguished pupils was the late famous orator, Richard Lalor Shiel.

While teacher at Belfast, Knowles compiled an English Reader, called "The Elocutionist"—a collection of pieces in prose and verse—the introduction to a successful attempt to simplify Walker's system. The chief advantage of the work is the application to phrases and accented words of every description of the principle of the series—the law, in fact, of Walker's harmonial inflection, although Knowles was unaware of this truth. The result is, that the student cannot be at a loss for the inflecting of passages which preceding systems did not contemplate. The selection is made with much taste and judgment, and, as early as 1830, had passed into the eighth edition. It is a permanent school-book in the North of Ireland and West of Scotland. Among other original portions, is a noble debate on the question, "Was Caesar a Great Man?" This is written with admirable tact, and proves that if Knowles had not been a poet, he might have been successful in other fields of literature.

Mr. Knowles's prominent career as a dramatic writer may be said to have begun with his play of "Brian Boruighne," whose success was followed up by his "Caius Gracchus," which was first performed by Talbott's company, in Belfast, on the 13th of February, 1815, and afterwards in London, with more than ordinary applause.

In 1820 Knowles produced "Virginus," founded, as its name indicates, on the well-known incident in Livy's Roman History. The subject was suggested to Knowles by his old comrade, Edmund Kean, then at the highest pinnacle as an actor. Knowles took his time to the composition of "Virginus," which was first played in Glasgow, in 1820, under the management of Mr. Mason, the hero being personated tolerably well by John Cooper, an actor of moderate ability but of general utility, who has only lately retired on a large fortune, laboriously earned and penuriously put together and retained.

After Virginius had been played fifteen times in Glasgow,

it attracted the attention of Macready, who soon after induced Mr. Harris, lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, to produce it before a London audience, Macready personating *Virgilius*. This play, having in it much of the melo-dramatic element, and Macready's talents running in that line, rather than in true tragedy, he soon rendered it exceedingly popular among all classes, and built up for its author a wide reputation, besides giving Macready himself great renown as the greatest performer of the age. It is said that Kean always regretted having allowed Macready to gather the laurels which he might have easily earned himself, had he not neglected the chance of making himself famous in the same part.

In 1823, Mr. Macready produced "*Caius Gracchus*," in London, himself acting *Caius*, but without much success. This was followed by "*William Tell*," the subject of which was suggested by Macready. This noble play, by common consent, placed Knowles among the best living dramatists, and gave Macready a higher rank as an actor than he had ever held before. In after times, when—despite a bad figure, small eyes, a cocked nose, wretched profile, horribly bad voice, and painfully elaborate utterance, Macready became an "eminent tragedian," he made it an express stipulation that, either as stock actor or star, he should never be asked to play "*Virgilius*," "*William Tell*," or "*Rob Roy*," the three great melo-dramatic characters upon which he had built up his great fame and popularity as an actor.

In 1829, Knowles, being a teacher of elocution in Glasgow, after leaving Belfast, produced another play, called the "*Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*," founded on a ballad in Percy's *Reliques*. It failed—but in 1834, he cut it down from five to three acts, and appeared in it at a minor theatre in London, with good success. The best part of the "*Beggar's Daughter*" was its underplot, very slightly connected with the main story, but full of wit and humor.

A lapse then ensued, when a new group of plays, of another style, brought a new instalment of fame to Knowles. These began with the "*Hunchback*," one of the most popular English dramas in possession of the stage. It was first brought out at Drury Lane in 1831; but the underplot being considered imperfect, it was remodelled, and the play carefully produced at Covent Garden, under Mr. Bartley's superintendence, on Thursday, the 5th of April, 1832, with very great success. Miss Fanny Kemble and Miss Taylor (now Mrs. Walter Lacy) were the original *Julia* and *Helen*. Charles Kemble played Sir Thomas Clifford, and Knowles Master Walter. This part had been offered to the late William Farren, but as he "did

not see himself in it." Knowles undertook it, but did not succeed, as dramatic annalists record, for on the first night, after the curtain fell, when Knowles was warmly thanking the *dramatis personæ*, Charles Kemble slyly said, "The only performer who seemed not to *understand the author*, was the gentleman who played Master Walter." When Knowles published this play, he said, in his preface: "The '*Do it*' of Julia, in the elocution of the actress, stands beside the '*Hereafter*' of Lady Macbeth—that instance of transcending histrionic display I never hoped to hear equalled."

The next production by Knowles was "The Wife: a Tale of Mantua," a noble drama—so full of beauty and originality, so well arranged and striking in plot, and so truly poetical in language—imbued with passion, power, poetry and pathos. Mr. Farley put it on the stage, and the part of Mariana was intrusted to Miss Ellen Tree, a young and handsome actress, who had followed Miss Kemble as Julia in the "Hunchback." Charles Kean played Leonardo, J. P. Warde Ferrado Gonzago, and Knowles, Julian St. Pierre, a character for which he had no qualification, although it was effective in parts. In the fourth act, where St. Pierre writes down Ferrado's confession, gets his dagger by a trick, and compels him to sign the document ere the shadow on the dial passed the point of noon, the situation is one of the most striking in the range of the whole drama, and on the first night of the presentation of the play, the audience held their breath, in a listening hush, until the climax was wrought, when the curtain fell, literally to the sound and echo of thunders of applause.

When Mr. Bunn became lessee of the two great London theatres, he offered Knowles a *carte blanche* (supposed to mean \$2,500) for a new play, but the offer was declined by Knowles, on the ground that he was determined to have a leading part in all his own future plays.

In 1834 Mr. Knowles came to the United States, where his leading plays were well received, through the acting of Miss Kemble and others. He made his first appearance here at the Park Theatre, New York, as Master Walter, in "The Hunchback," on Michaelmas day, 1834. There was much curiosity to see the author and actor, although he did not gain any popularity in the latter character. He failed everywhere, particularly in Boston, where his manager lost money during his first engagement, and was compelled to withdraw him altogether from the stage in that city. On November 8, 1834, the leading citizens of Philadelphia gave him a public dinner, as a mark of respect for his *literary* ability, ignoring his qualifications as an actor altogether. He nevertheless made "troops

of friends," and *starred* extensively through the Union, making more money in this manner in a few months than he had earned in all his life by teaching.

On the return of Mr. Knowles from the United States to London, which he now made his permanent residence, he became a regular manufacturer of plays, and produced them in great numbers and variety. Among these was the "Love Chase," which, like the "Hunchback" and "The Wife," was an invention of his own, and like them, still remains a favorite stock piece of the stage. These three plays, of his own unaided conception, are the ones that chiefly sustain the reputation of Mr. Knowles as a dramatic author.

His other plays are "Woman's Wit," "The Maid of Mariendorpt," "Love," "Old Maids," "John of Procida," "The Wrecker's Daughter," "The Rose of Arragon," and "The Secretary," the last of which was produced in 1843, and closes the list of Knowles's dramatic writings. These plays have been collected and published in three volumes.

Worn out by his constant labors in these works, Mr. Knowles's health became considerably impaired, while his finances were extremely limited. Up to this time, he had lived principally by his pen. His profits were uncertain, although occasionally large. He maintained an army of retainers, broken-down friends, old family followers, and a crowd of relations. Thus it was, in 1845, that a committee of English dramatic authors made an application to Sir Robert Peel to have Knowles put on the pension list, as a deserving man of letters. There are twelve hundred pounds a year (£6,000) voted, annually, by the House of Commons, to provide pensions for deserving persons who have distinguished themselves and served the public, in literature, art, and science. Unfortunately, however, before the time of granting the pensions arrived, Peel was driven out of office by the manœuvres of a faction, when Lord John Russell succeeded him as Premier. He is charged with behaving very shabbily, in holding off the pension for three years, allowing this literary fund to be misappropriated, by giving the Duke of Sussex's widow (Lady Cecelia Buggins) five-sixths of it for life, and subsequently quartering upon it all the queen's teachers, who should have been pensioned out of her own large income. He finally offered to grant £100 per annum, but Knowles's friends refused to receive for him only half what Peel had promised. At last, in 1849, after the merchants of Glasgow had joined their request to that of Knowles's friends, Lord John Russell reluctantly signed the warrant for a pension of two hundred pounds a year to Knowles.

In 1847, while waiting for his pension, he published a novel, in

three volumes, called "George Lovell." Subsequently he wrote two serial stories, called "The Lovers," and "Henry Fortescue," for the London *Sunday Times*. They were very inferior productions, and injured his literary fame very materially among those who remembered the freshness and beauty of his early prose fictions. These earlier efforts—"The Magdalen," "Love," "Authorship," and "Old Adventurers," originally appearing in the *Englishman's Magazine*; "The Portrait," in the *Monthly Magazine*; "The Lettre-de-Cachet," in the *Literary Souvenir*; and "Therese," in the *Keepsake*. All these were collected in a small volume, in 1832.

After receiving his pension, Knowles was appointed curator of Shakespeare's house, at Stratford; but this was a barren honor, as there was neither residence for the curator nor money to pay his salary. Subsequently he became a preacher of the Baptist persuasion.

Very little is known of the life of Mr. Knowles—or of his habits and peculiar disposition. That he was eccentric, is generally believed. Some have reported him as wonderfully reserved, while to others he appeared a remarkably genial man; very frank, but tempered with a little roughness of manners. One day a gentleman stopped him in the street to say, "Mr. Knowles, I am happy to see you in Liverpool." Knowles's face brightened up; he seized the stranger's hand with a crushing squeeze, expressed *his* delight at seeing him look so well, and the *rencontre* terminated in this warm manner. Knowles being asked "who this friend was?" turned, looked his interrogator in the face, and with a half smile, answered: "My dear boy, I do not recollect that I ever saw him before, but he appears to have met me."

In personal appearance he by no means realized the beautiful ideal of a poet. His favorite attire was the short jacket and wide trowsers of a seaman. Indeed, with his peculiar walk, as if he were not accustomed to *terra firma*, which gave him a rolling gait, with his brusque manner, and his weather-beaten, ruddy face, the poet might easily have been taken for the captain of a merchant vessel.

Mr. Knowles, as already remarked, was rather taciturn, but at times was quite communicative in respect to his own affairs. On one occasion, when he had just returned from a professional tour in Ireland, a friend asked him if it was true, as had been reported, that when he arrived in Cork he instantly went to visit his old nurse. The answer was, "To be sure. I have none other there to see. Since I left Cork a boy, all my old friends, all the old familiar faces, had gone off, or could not be recognized, and in my utter loneliness of spirits I went to see

the old woman. Aye, my dear boy, (his favorite expression to young men,) I came to Cork after a lapse of forty years, and except Mitchell, my writing-master, who must now be nearly ninety, all were departed."

On being asked what success he had in Ireland—a large benefit in Cork, of course—"What success?" he replied; "that which an Irishman usually meets on his own ungrateful soil, upon which the curse of Swift hangs heavily. In Cork, where I was born—where my father had a great school for many years—in a city which the people proudly call the Athens of Ireland—my benefit amounted to ninety pounds—being two pounds less than they had given, a fortnight before, to a negro actor—the African Roscius." After a slight pause, with a faltering voice he added, emphatically: "My dear sir, the fact is, my plays are too liberal for the aristocratic liberals of Ireland. At my benefit in Cork, the only man of influence who attended was one who had been my schoolfellow, and, in him, friendship and a warm heart overcame political prejudice—his personal kindness was stronger than his party bias. My plays, into which I have thrown my heart, breathe the sentiment of liberty, and such are not the sentiments of the influential classes of Ireland." His friend rejoined: "Those sentiments have been so large and wholesome, you cannot regret them." "Regret them!" Knowles replied: "No; but I am going to a country where liberty exists in its best forms, and not in form alone, but the embodied spirit. If I do not clear one shilling by my visit to America, still I shall rejoice at visiting it."

In making a speech, Knowles's manner and matter were always admirable, and would convince any one who had heard of his elocution off the stage, that it was not an exaggeration. He was always earnest in tone, distinct in utterance, and simple in language. His broad, decided accent—that tone, Moore said, in which the gems of Irish wit can alone be set, and which Madame de Staël liked because it "makes you know how much in earnest the speaker is"—always produced a pleasurable effect upon his hearers. Knowles was a clever pianist, and it delighted him to play and sing Irish melodies, particularly Moore's, which he executed with wonderful pathos and effect.

About the time his health began to fail, in 1845, his first wife having died, he married Miss Emma Elphinstone, an actress, whom he first met in Maywood's Chestnut Street Company, Philadelphia, in 1834. She had "starred" with him in England, as his "pupil," from 1837 up to 1843. She was a mediocre actress, but proved an excellent wife to Knowles. She is still living, and has always been much respected by her husband's friends. Of his numerous children, only two sur-

vive—Mr. R. B. Sheridan Knowles, of London, and Mrs. W. Dobbin, of Dublin.

It was not our intention to discuss the merits of Knowles as a dramatist, in this paper; but we may remark, in passing, that to have written even five successful plays—and he has done *that*, and more—was to achieve what has not been accomplished by any other dramatist in a century past. In portraying female character he is eminently successful. As to his acting, that it was indifferent there can be no difference in opinion. He was too stout, while his face, however “made up,” was always deficient in expression. He was the object of considerable ridicule and merriment among the critics and literary wags of his better days. As early as 1834, long before *Punch* was commenced, Gilbert A. à-Becket, who edited a little satirical paper, in London, called *Figaro*, made Knowles an especial target for his sarcasms and witticisms.

Knowles was originally intended for the medical profession, and studied for it during two years. He even obtained the dignity of being chosen to act as cupper in one of the great London hospitals, where, for some reason, now unknown, he was called “Jeremiah.” His inclination to literature and the stage, however, was too strong to be repressed. William Hazlitt, a leading critic of that period, took a fancy to the boy, corrected his rude productions, and introduced him to Charles Lamb and others of that especial and highly cultivated *coterie*. At that time he was actually gazetted as ensign in an infantry regiment; but he preferred the mimic to the actual war.

His first play written and acted before he was fourteen, is lost. So was his libretto of an opera, the “Chevalier de Crillon,” his father having placed it for correction in the hands of Richardson, the eccentric friend of the Sheridan. The more the pity, since people like to see the buds and blossoms, as well as the fruit and flowers of genius, and

“Love to trace the unfolding of that power
Which has grown angler, grander, every hour.”

Whatever may be thought of the latter period of the existence of James Sheridan Knowles, there is no doubt that in his demise the public lose a very worthy man, and an author whose works will always hold rank among the standard dramatists of the English language.

ART. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION AND SCIENCE.

The True Method of Studying and Teaching History. By AMOS DEAN, LL. D., Chancellor and Professor of History in the State University of Iowa, and Professor of Law in the University of Albany.

A pamphlet bearing this title, which has recently fallen into our hands, has interested us so much that, although it was printed several years ago, we do not hesitate to devote to it a portion of the space which is usually occupied with reviews of new publications. We learn from the title-page that it was read in August, 1857, before the American Association for the Advancement of Education, at its annual session in the City of Albany. The whole *brochure* does not extend beyond thirty pages; but it contains sufficient suggestions for an octavo volume. Indeed, it is a model of condensation of thought and energy of expression. We do not agree with the author in all his views on the subject of history; but even when we disagree with him most, we are obliged to admit that his arguments are founded on the best authorities. As we cannot here discuss the subject so fully as its importance deserves, we think it best to let the author speak for himself as much as possible, and, therefore, proceed at once to give extracts. After referring to the present unsatisfactory method of studying history, he points out its faultiness as follows:

"First. Very many historical works are far from being entirely truthful in all their statements. Independent of personal and party biases and predilections, tending to pervert the truth of history, many supply by imagination what they deem wanting in fact to interest; while others gratify the love of the marvellous by relating tales and fictions which may amuse, though they fail to instruct.

"The second and greatest difficulty lies in the character of the facts themselves that are brought down to us by the ordinary course of history. What is the great burden of its story? Changes and revolutions in governments—heroic conduct of individuals—plots and conspiracies—rebellions, successful and unsuccessful—wars, with their bloody accompaniments of battles and sieges—the assault and the blockade—all acts of violence, individual and national—these, and such like, are mainly the subjects that fill up its record. It rarely condescends to detail the industrial pursuits of a people; to give their religious beliefs and forms of worship; to exhibit their government and jurisprudence; or to present their manners and customs, their philosophy or their arts. All these are less striking in their character; less marked in their attributes; less palpable in their effects; and furnish less food for the marvellous in our nature.

"The great difficulty seems to be, that the out-goings of human nature, in history, are studied more in their wonder-workings than in their ordinary quiet exhibitions; more in their abnormal conditions than in their normal state. It is much the same as studying the river in its cataracts; the ocean in its storms; the wind in its tornadoes; the functions of the human organs in a raging fever; the muscles in their spasms; or geology in its rocky upheavals. The river has its quiet flow as well as its cataracts; the ocean its calm as well as its storms; the wind its soft breathings as well as its tornadoes; the human organs their harmony of function as well as febrile excitement; the muscles their natural contractions as well as spasms; and geology its slow depositions of strata as well as violent upheavals."—Pp. 5, 6, 7.

None acquainted with the subject will deny the force and truth of these remarks. In our opinion, they claim the earnest attention of

every teacher; for although the student must take history as he finds it, he should learn to separate the wheat from the chaff. He is not obliged to believe all he finds in history; it is his privilege to test, as severely as possible, whatever seems of doubtful authenticity; although it is well to remember that in history, as well as in the drama, what is true has not always the appearance of probability:

"Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable."

The sources of history are placed in bold relief, and its gradation is graphically, though briefly, presented by Prof. Dean. Having told us that *the monument, the man, and the written record* are the three principal evidences on which it is founded, he makes Egypt the representative of the first, Arabia of the second, and Phœnicia of the third. This mode of illustration is peculiarly happy; and it will be seen that it is admirably carried out:

"Egypt is peculiarly the land of the monument. The pyramid there towers aloft in its solemn grandeur; the temple presents its forest of columns, the palace its massive architecture, and the catacomb speaks after its silence of centuries. What high promptings must have stirred the minds of those primitive fathers of human industry and art to lead them to the performance of those gigantic labors that have enabled the world in its infancy to speak to the world in its maturity.

"But the Nilotic valley is not alone the home of the monument. That elder civilization that once held dominion on the banks of the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Chœspes and the Araxes, is now being proclaimed to us through the monuments of Babylon, of Nineveh, of Susa and Persepolis. These lead us towards the orient.

"But in reversing our course and travelling towards the occident, we encounter in Greece and Italy the old ruins of Lycosura, of Tyrius, of Norba, and of many other cities; the remains of that cyclopean architecture that marks the pathway of the Pelasgi.

"Nor should we here be unmindful of that ancient race, who may be traced, by a line of ramparts and tumuli, through the passes of the Caucasus into Siberia; and along its southern mountains from the Tobol to the Yenisei and the steppes of the middle regions of the Lena, by ruins of towns and tumuli, sepulchres, vessels, diadems, weapons, trophies, coins of gold, silver and copper; across Behring's Straits and down the great valley of the Mississippi, even as far as Mexico and Peru; scattering, all along, their mounds, ramparts, tumuli and pyramids, thus almost literally girdling the globe with their mural monuments.

"In passing from Egypt into Arabia, we find ourselves also, in one sense, in a land of monuments, but its monuments are men. Man is there monumental, because he is unchanged. The Bedouin of the Desert and the rocky Arabia possesses the same general features, traits of character, modes of life and civilization, that were in ancient times possessed by the immediate descendants of Ishmael. The Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian civilizations have travelled by him on their journey westward; while the Egyptian, Hebrew, Phœnician, Grecian and Roman have, for ages, hovered around him; and yet he has remained the same. The manners, customs, forms of intercourse, social habits and modes of life that belonged to the early patriarchs are yet to be seen impressed upon the living page of Arabian being. Man has there no institutions, but he is himself an institution. He has no history, but he is himself a record. In passing into Phœnicia, we find the home of the written record—the alphabetic character—without which man could be little more than the mere creature of the present."—Pp. 7, 8, 9.

The undeniable facts contained in the above extract are too often lost sight of by both teachers and students. This is not strange, however, for such are seldom brought together; they are too widely scattered. We have abundance of histories—a still greater abundance of essays on history; but it is otherwise with the facts. In our opinion, it requires genius to group the latter so that they will make the most lasting impression. If it be objected that they exist al-

ready, and only require to be pointed out, the same objection would apply to the most sublime conceptions of the poet. None will deny that the sea, the land, and the firmament are each full of poetry; but it requires a poet to give it form and expression. In a similar manner, it requires culture of a high order, long and careful study, keen perception, and above all, an analytical mind, to concentrate, as it were, the essence of history; or to take it apart and give specimens of its principal constituents, so that the student may see for himself the force and tendency of the *tout ensemble*. This, to a great extent, Prof. Dean has accomplished. At the same time there are some of his views in which, as already intimated, we cannot concur. In our opinion, he does not do justice to Asia in the following passage:

"Under these combined influences, man, in Asia, has ever remained the same. We have seen him exhibiting no striking evidences of mental or moral advancement; bequeathing us no important discoveries in science or art; handing down to us no trophies of his victories over the elements of nature. Exclusive of what foreign agency has effected, when have we ever witnessed an alteration in the manners, customs, laws or institutions of Southern, Eastern or Central Asia? The sun that has gladdened this day has risen upon the same, with few or no modifications, that were dawned upon by the sun of Zoroaster.

"Centuries have there come and gone and left no impress. Let foreign influence and agency cease to operate, and they never will leave any. As soon may we expect to see the Egyptian mummy bursting the cerements of its sepulchre and displaying anew the energies of a life long lost, as to witness the Asiatic competing with the European or American in the actings and doings of this world.

"Industry, religion, government, society, philosophy and art there form one mingled mass. No attempt at separation—no effort at development, except in combination. We see everywhere exhibited the same dull, dead uniformity; the same Sahara of the mental and moral world."—Pp. 13, 14.

We think it more in accordance with those facts and phenomena which the professor himself has so graphically and eloquently placed before us to believe that we only behold Asia in her old age; and that could we have contemplated her in her youth, we could not have said that she "everywhere exhibited the same dull, dead uniformity." There is still evidence enough, it seems to us, to prove the contrary; for Asia, too, has her monuments—some of which rival in splendor and magnificence those of Greece and Rome, after having lain in ruins, surrounded by desolation, for more than three thousand years. It is to these noble vestiges Volney refers when he says: "I will evoke from the bosom of the tomb *that spirit which formerly in Asia was the splendor of states and the glory of peoples*."^{*} Having described at more or less length the magnificent architectural remains of Palmyra, Babylon, Tyre, Balbec, &c., the same author exclaims, "Grand Dieu! d'où viennent de si funestes révolutions," &c. The researches of Sir William Jones alone would vindicate the ancient Hindoos and Persians from the charge of having "ever remained the same." Indeed, the languages of both would be sufficient for that purpose, since even the Greek in its most polished state cannot pretend to rival the San-

* "J'évoquerai du sein des tombeaux l'esprit qui, jadis dans l'Asie, fit la splendeur des états et la gloire des peuples."—*Les Ruines*, Chap. iv., p. 24.

serit, not to mention the noble epics still remaining of which it is the original.

This, however, is the only fault we can find in the pamphlet before us; if, indeed, a difference of opinion can be called such. Voltaire differed with most men of culture and taste in preferring Virgil to Homer, regarding the former as the representative of the European mind, and the latter as the representative of the Asiatic mind; but notwithstanding this strange prejudice, none will deny that the author of the *Henriade* was a great critic and a profound thinker. It would be as illogical as unjust to form an estimate of the judgment of Plato from his views on what he considered the vicious influence of poets; but we admit that it would be nothing more so than to condemn the author of this excellent pamphlet because he happens to make some remarks in it which are at variance with the opinions of the greatest investigators. We are all the more willing to overlook the injustice which, in our opinion, is certainly done by the professor to ancient Asia, from the vivid and striking picture of Greek and Roman civilization which follows. It is, indeed, rather long for our space, but to cut it short were to spoil it:

"In Greece and Rome human elements strongly tended to separation and development. Industry, religion, government, society, philosophy and art no longer form, as they did in Asia, one commingled mass. Society, philosophy and art here achieve their enfranchisement.

"The first, escaped from the dominion of caste, asserts its own prerogatives. It claims and exercises the right of yielding obedience to its own laws, and of being governed upon its own principles. It annexes to its decrees its own sanction, and visits its members with its own joyous approval, or lays upon them the weight of a blasted name.

"The enfranchisement of philosophy was still more important. The very point of separation is the centre of a deep feeling, of an intense interest. That point was sealed with the blood of a Socrates. In him philosophy first awoke to a knowledge and comprehension of itself. It afterwards investigated earth and its productions in the researches of its Aristotle. It ascended to the source of things in the splendid idealism of its Plato.

"Art, liberated from its fetters, and encouraged in its efforts, here brings forth its choicest products. This is, in fact, the crowning element of Grecian civilization. Its charm has never vanished from the world. Its spell has never been broken. It has aided in sustaining civilization in its most fearful extremity; and in every age and clime, where it has become known, it has awoken in the human mind a sense of the beautiful, and kindled in the human soul a love of the ideal. To the eye it has presented its forms of peerless beauty, as they glow on the canvas of Apelles, or stand forth in the marble of Phidias; while on the ear has fallen its full diapason, mingling the song of Sophocles and Euripides with the thunder tones of Demosthenes.

"The remaining elements, industry, government and religion, were still intimately blended together. A successive separation was necessary, for the purpose of allowing each an opportunity of being developed, or carried out into all its possible applications.

"Of these yet enveloped elements that of government, or the state, was predominant. It was the central element of the Greek and Roman movement. Around this, as a nucleus, gathered all the others. To strengthen the patriotic love of country, Industry lent its application; Religion its inspiration; Society its warm approvals; Philosophy its deductions; and Art its glowing canvas and chiselled monument.

"The Greek formed a part of his state. Its acts were, therefore, to some extent, his acts. To him that state was the world. To it belonged the dawn of his infancy, the bloom of his youth, the vigor of his manhood, the decay of his age. Had he affections? that was their centre. Had he powers of action? that furnished motives for their exercise. To him it embodied all that was beautiful, all that was in-

teresting, all that was lovely, all that was worth living for, all that was worth dying for. Beneath him was the Grecian soil; around him were Grecian monuments; above him the abode of Grecian gods.

"Individual worth, during this epoch, is estimated from the extent of individual sacrifice. The nation is the actor. The wave of Salamis; the Straits of Thermopylae; the plain of Marathon; the field of Canne; Carthage in ashes; a demolished empire; a subjugated world, attest the energy of its action."—Pp. 15, 16, 17, 18.

We find we have devoted much more space to the professor's *brochure* than we had intended; and yet we cannot conclude without indicating at least the leading points of his method. These he presents under five heads, as follows:

"1. To settle clearly how many, and what, are the great elements of humanity, insisting that they should, all together, be exhaustive, giving employment, in their separation and development, to every possible human power and energy.

"2. To inquire into their successive separation from each other—the great historical epochs to which this separation has given birth; the characteristic features of each epoch, and the theatre, or region of the globe, to which the events that compose it have been chiefly limited.

"3. I would take up and exhibit the two great divisions of men, the nomadic or wandering, and the settled or civilized; giving, as far as known, the history of the former, but with the view, more particularly, of ascertaining how their action and influence have affected the latter.

"4. So far, at least, as regards the Iranian and Semitic races, as contradistinguished from the Turanian, I would give the results arrived at by ethnology; as I feel entirely convinced that national development can never be fully unfolded until the elements, the races that originally composed the nation, are thoroughly investigated and understood.

"5. Leaving the extreme orient, where the elements have always existed in a state of envelopment, I would take up that ancient people, or, more properly perhaps, those peoples, composing the old Iranian empire, including what is more generally known under the Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian empires. Not that I regard these as identical in character, yet as each successively held dominion over substantially the same territory, it may be very well to consider them together."—Pp. 26, 27, 28.

We think that no friend of education will need any apology from us for having devoted so much space to such valuable suggestions. We should be glad to see all professors, who wish to be considered accomplished educators, compress an equal amount of thought into their addresses. Indeed, one of our principal reasons for noticing the "True Method" is, that it might serve to stimulate to more worthy efforts than their own that numerous class of "professors" who seem to think that it matters little how empty and commonplace their addresses are, provided they *sound* well.

But why will not some competent hand undertake a work that would briefly unfold the history of civilization, or the elements of human progress, on Prof. Dean's plan? May we not suggest that such a work would be worthy the attention of the Professor himself? For, judging from the ability he has displayed in his pamphlet, we know no one who is better qualified for the task.

On Matter and Ether; or, the Secret Laws of Physical Change. By THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS, M.A. 8vo. Cambridge, (England): Macmillan & Co. 1862.

We do not predict for this slender volume a large number of readers. It is too dry and technical to be popular; but it is not the less worthy

on this account of the attention of the scientific student. Not that it contains much in itself; but it suggests a good deal. Its groundwork is the notion that matter is dual, consisting of what is commonly called matter, and of ether. The author thinks that the latter is mingled with the former throughout the realms of space; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that in his opinion, ether fills up the interstices between the particles of matter. Each is governed by laws peculiar to itself. Thus, for example, while the particles of matter mutually attract each other, those of ether mutually repel; but at the same time, the latter have a strong affinity for the former. The theory is not new, however; it is as old as the time of Newton and Laplace. The discussion of it is curious, if not instructive; but it is carried on chiefly by means of mathematical formulæ; and none but scientific students have the patience to examine these.

1. *How Plants Grow. A Simple Introduction to Structural Botany, with a Popular Flora, or an Arrangement and Description of Common Plants, both Wild and Cultivated.* Illustrated by 500 Wood Engravings. By ASA GRAY, M.D. Third edition.
2. *Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States, including Virginia, Kentucky, and all East of the Mississippi, arranged according to the Natural System.* Third Edition, revised, with Garden Botany, &c. By ASA GRAY, Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University; with six plates, illustrating the Genera of Ferns, &c. New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.

In no country, equally enlightened, has the science of botany been less cultivated than in this country. This seems all the more strange, from the fact that nowhere else is more attention paid to the education of ladies, for whom the science has peculiar charms; and nowhere else are such facilities presented for the study, since no other country affords so boundless a variety of botanical specimens. Probably the chief reason of the anomaly is, that our young people are not disposed to close study; and without close study, investigation, and research, but little progress can be made in botany. To this it may be replied, that inasmuch as our young ladies are not too indolent to study algebra and geometry, it is hardly fair to attribute their comparative inattention to the science under consideration to indolence; and the argument does them no more than justice. Why, then, have we not more female botanists, worthy of the name, than we have? Why have we no female writers on botany, of any eminence, save Mrs. Lincoln Phelps? We will try to answer by another question: Is it not true, all over the world, that women make a choice of those studies which render them most agreeable to the men? In this country men in general are too much occupied in making money to devote much time to a study that requires such close and persevering application as

botany; and they cannot appreciate a species of knowledge possessed by others for which they have no taste themselves.

Be this as it may, however few are our students of botany at the present time, as compared to the number who study the same science in France, Germany or England, there is no doubt but the series of Prof. Gray have attracted thousands to it, who, without his instructions and influence, would never have bestowed a thought upon it. It affords us pleasure, therefore, to see new editions of his principal text-books, especially of his "Manual;" for we regard the fact as evidence of progress. In general, they are by no means the best thinkers, or the most accomplished scientific men, who devote their attention to the compilation of text-books; but, indeed, the reverse. This will sufficiently account for the success of Prof. Gray, of whose intellectual capacity and scientific attainments there can be no doubt. In Europe, as well as in America, his works are held in the highest estimation; and no intelligent person who examines them need be informed that he has well earned the distinction. Not, however, by his own original discoveries; although he has made important additions to the total number of plants known before his time. His great merit, however, consists in the skill and judgment with which he has availed himself of all that is valuable in the works of others. In illustration of this, we need only refer to his "Botany for Young People," ("How Plants Grow,") which is certainly the best introductory work on the subject with which we are acquainted. The explanations, definitions, and suggestions, in every section of this text-book, seem very simple, as, indeed, they really are, in the admirable order in which they are arranged by Prof. Gray. But when we come to examine them more closely, we shall see how numerous are the sources from which they have been culled; an observation which applies, with still greater force, to the contents of the "Manual." Here we are reminded of the very erroneous notion that botany is a new science. We have conversed on this subject with persons of good education, who regard the fact that Prof. Gray's text-books are used in Europe as conclusive proof that the New World understands botany better than the Old. They admit, indeed, that Linnaeus must have been a very good botanist—better, perhaps, than any American botanist of his time; but further advantage than this they will not concede to the Old World. As for Theophrastus of Eresus, they will not believe that his knowledge of the subject was any more extensive than that of an ordinary horticulturist of the present day. Still less would they listen to the assertion that the Persians, Hindoos, and other eastern nations, were quite as well acquainted with the science thousands of years ago as we are at the present day, notwithstanding our numerous colleges, universities, and academies, not to mention our innumerable free schools; although there is not one of those nations which does not understand, to a

greater or less extent, the language of flowers. The names alone of botanists who wrote elaborate treatises on the subject, even in the dark ages, would occupy nearly the whole of one of these pages. Suffice it, for the present, to say, that all these have been divided into four or five different sects, each having a system of their own. This had been the case long before Linnaeus's time. As already observed, Prof. Gray has profited by the systems of all, including that of Jussieu, which is the best of modern times. All, especially the ladies, should commence the study in the spring, for obvious reasons; thus it would be a source of health, as well as pleasure.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

My Diary North and South. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863.

Those who read this volume carefully will be surprised to find how little reason there is, after all, for the feeling of indignation so generally entertained against the author. We are no admirers of Dr. Russell. We never have sought his acquaintance, like those who once lauded him to the skies, and now abuse him in a style equally exaggerated. But if we have never joined in the toadyism with which he was received in this country, by those who were not ashamed to obtrude themselves on his attention, but thought that those who did would one day be sorry for their pains, it is equally true that we have no prejudice against the man. We take up his book, not to abuse itself or its author, as so many have done. We hold that that sort of thing never does good. Criticism, in order to be worthy of the name, must be calm and thoughtful, not boisterous; it must adopt the language of reason, not of passion. Were Mr. Russell a much more powerful writer than he is, it would be unworthy of us, as a people, to lose our temper, because he chooses to make unfavorable criticisms on ourselves and our institutions. By pursuing such a course, we flatly contradict ourselves, since no people in the world pride themselves more on maintaining thorough freedom of discussion.

It is but right that we should feel thus proud; for nowhere else has the liberty of the press been so fully recognized. In time of war restrictions of all kinds have to be used; this is particularly true in regard to civil war. The public interest requires that when the nation is struggling for its life, no journal, no writer, or speaker, should be permitted to give systematic aid to its enemies. If there is any truth in the aphorism, that the pen is mightier than the sword, why should the person wielding the former be permitted to do all the harm he can, while the person who wields the latter cannot attempt to use his weapon except at the risk of his life? The degree of liberty en-

joyed by the press is, therefore, not to be judged by restrictions imposed for the common safety, in war times.

Why, then, we ask again, should we, who allow such liberty among ourselves, permit ourselves to be angry because a foreigner, coming amongst us, employed for the express purpose of giving his opinion, such as it is, of whatever comes under his observation, consults the wishes of his employers rather than ours? It is not pleasant that he should speak harshly of us, let him think, or feel, as he may; that he should deliberately misrepresent us is still worse. Yet, if we recognize freedom of discussion, it is illogical for us to lose our temper.

If Americans, going to England, adopt a different course, and praise everything, that is their affair. The English have much more respect for those who criticise them, than for those who bespatter them with fulsome praise; and we can never boast of a healthy public opinion, until we become equally patient under the scourge. We should remember that even Mrs. Trollope has scarcely spoken more harshly of us, than James Fenimore Cooper has of the English. He has said more, in his "Recollections of England," against English manners, English customs, &c., &c., than all other American writers put together; yet no American writer is more read. Nay, to our own knowledge, he is more read than all the rest. At least ten read his best novels for one who reads the best productions even of Irving. When Cooper criticised the English, their literary journals criticised him in return; but none, save the thoughtless—those who deserve to be criticised, if criticism did them any good—had any idea of regarding him as an enemy whom all true "Britishers" were bound to detest.

If Dr. Russell is very different, as a writer and critic, from Mr. Cooper—as different, indeed, as the pigmy is from the giant—we are all the more to blame for attaching so much importance to his opinions. We have no disposition to deny that the author of the volume before us is a clever newspaper writer; few, if any, are more clever in the particular department to which he has been devoted; but any higher praise cannot be given him without violating truth. His style is, in general, graphic and lucid; but it is not that of a man of high culture. It is too flashy, contains too much slang, too much bad French, and worse Latin. It would be difficult to find more egotism in any one volume of equal size, than there is in "My Diary." But are we to treat all as worthless on this account? By no means. If he is egotistic, and affected, that is no reason why we should not examine how much truth or falsehood, justice or injustice, there is in his statements. We should not hesitate to do this were it even true that his book is everywhere hostile to us; but in point of fact it is not. In comparing his statements in regard to the North and South with each other, we find that he has said quite as much in our favor as he has in favor of the rebels; nay, indeed, upon the whole, the balance is on

our side. The worst he has said against us, in the effect it is calculated to produce in Europe, is, that the Union can never be restored. As for malice against the Northern people, or any disposition to slander them, we confess we find no evidence of it in his book. What a foreigner says of the ladies is a very good criterion whereby to judge of his disposition in regard to the people, as a whole, whom he visits. Well, in Mr. Russell's second chapter, we find the following:

"To-day I am quite satisfied that if the American women are deficient in stature and in that which makes us say, 'There is a fine woman,' they are easy, well-formed, and full of grace and prettiness. Admitting a certain pallor—which the Russians, by-the-bye, were wont to admire so much that they took vinegar to produce it—the face is not only pretty, but sometimes of extraordinary beauty, the features fine, delicate, well-defined. Ruby lips, indeed, are seldom to be seen, but now and then the flashing of snowy-white, evenly-set ivory teeth dispels the delusion that the Americans are—though the excellence of their dentists be granted—naturally ill provided with what they take so much pains, by eating bon-bons and confectionery, to deprive of their purity and color."—(P. 13.)

The ladies, we think, will not say that there is any malice in this, although we emphatically deny that the American ladies are "deficient in stature." They are not, indeed, so muscular—not so large in circumference—as the women of most European countries; but, in general, no women are taller, or can boast finer symmetry of form. But, with this exception, the description is rather complimentary than otherwise. As to the alleged scarcity of ruby lips, let the ladies remember that Sheridan, Moore, Byron, and other good judges, could see no beauty in any lips that would not smile on themselves, but would regard the sweetest pretty much as the fox did the grapes. Now let us see how our author speaks of the rebel ladies. After alluding to certain habits of the slaves, he says:

"Later in the day, their mistresses sail out from the inner harbors, and launch all their sails along the passages, down the stairs, and into the long, hot, fluffly *salle-à-manger*, where, blackened with flies which dispute the viands, they take their tremendous meals. They are pale, pretty, svelte—just as I was about to say they were rather small, there rises before me the recollection of one Titanic dame—a Carolinian Juno, with two lovely peacock daughters—and I refrain from generalizing. Exceedingly proud these ladies are said to be—for a generation or two of family suffice in this new country, if properly supported by the possession of negroes and acres, to give pride of birth, and all the grandeur which is derived from raising rare produce, cereals, and cotton—*sua terra*. Their enemies say that the grandfathers of some of these noble people were mere pirates and smugglers, who dealt in a cavalier fashion with the laws and with the flotsam and jetsam of fortune on the seas and reefs hereabouts. Cotton suddenly—almost unnaturally, as far as the ordinary laws of commerce are concerned, grew up whilst land was cheap, and slaves were of moderate price—the pirates and pirates' wives had control of both, and in a night the gourd swelled and grew to a prodigious size."—(P. 48.)

This is certainly not complimentary. It is very different from the terms in which the Northern ladies are spoken of throughout the "Diary." Nor do the male rebels fare much better in the hands of Dr. Russell. Those who read the following passage will easily believe the author, that more than once he was threatened with tar and feathers by the Secessionists:

"Whether it be in consequence of some secret influence which slavery has upon the minds of men, or that the aggression of the North upon their institutions has

been of a nature to excite the deepest animosity and most vindictive hate, certain it is there is a degree of something like *ferocity* in the Southern mind towards New England which exceeds belief. *I am persuaded that these feelings of contempt are extended towards England.* They believe that we, too, have had the canker of peace upon us. One evidence of this, according to Southern men, is the abolition of duelling. This practice, according to them, is highly wholesome and meritorious; and, indeed, it may be admitted that in the state of society which is reported to exist in the Southern States, it is a useful check on such men as it restrained in our own islands in the last century. In the course of conversation, one gentleman remarked, that he considered it disgraceful for any man to take money for the dishonor of his wife or his daughter. 'With us,' he said, 'there is but one mode of dealing known. The man who dares tamper with the honor of a white woman, knows what he has to expect. We shoot him down like a dog, and no jury in the South will ever find any man guilty of murder for punishing such a scoundrel.' An argument which can scarcely be alluded to was used by them, to show that these offences in slave states had not the excuse which might be adduced to diminish their gravity when they occurred in states where all the population were white. Indeed, in this, as in some other matters of a similar character, slavery is their *summum bonum* of morality, physical excellence, and social purity. I was inclined to question the correctness of the standard which they had set up, and to inquire whether the virtue which needed this murderous use of the pistol and the dagger to defend it, was not open to some doubt; but I found there was very little sympathy with my views among the company."—(P. 31.)

Who will say that there is anything favorable to secession in this? Nay, what worse could be said against the rebel Confederacy? If Mr. Russell occasionally speaks disrespectfully of the North, Northern men encourage him to do so. Thus, for example, the Messrs. Appleton are very willing to speak disparagingly of American talent, in order that they may get a "puff" from "our own correspondent." We can testify ourselves that Mr. Russell is not the only writer for the press to whom the "facts" in the following extract were presented for publication. We only wonder he was not also informed that the same gentlemen had just received a very large order from Constantinople, for certain of their publications which are not in much demand in the home market:

"In some of the large booksellers' shops—Appleton's, for example—are striking proofs of the activity of the American press, if not of the vigor and originality of the American intellect. I passed down long rows of shelves laden with the works of European authors, for the most part, oh shame! stolen and translated into American type without the smallest compunction or scruple, and without the least intention of ever yielding the most pitiful deadend to the authors. Mr. Appleton sells no less than one million and a half of Webster's spelling-books a year; his tables are covered with a flood of pamphlets, some for, others against coercion; some for, others opposed to slavery; but when I asked for a single solid, substantial work on the present difficulty, *I was told there was not one published worth a cent.*"—(P. 17.)

Well, indeed, may he cry "Oh, shame!" But there are American bookstores he could have entered, to which no such language could apply. It cannot be said, for example, of Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, that their English books are "stolen and translated," "without the smallest compunction or scruple, and without the least intention of ever yielding the most pitiful deadend to the authors." Still less would they tell the correspondent of the *London Times* that not one of our books or pamphlets on the war is "*worth a cent.*" When statements of this kind are made in reference to American authors, by those who are supposed to know them best, who can wonder if they

are sneered at by foreigners? And a similar remark will apply to the condition and prospects of the country. Thus, who can blame Mr. Russell for thinking it wrong to coerce the South, and believing that the Union cannot be restored, if it be true, as he tells us, that an American historian, and ex-Minister to England, had expressed himself as related in the following paragraph:

"Mr. Bancroft conversed for some time on the aspect of affairs, but he appeared to be unable to arrive at any settled conclusion, except that the republic, though in danger, was the most stable and beneficial form of government in the world, and that as a government, it had no power to coerce the people of the South or to save itself from the danger. I was, indeed, astonished to hear from him and others so much philosophical abstract reasoning as to the right of seceding, or what is next to it, the want of any power in the government to prevent it."—(P. 13.)

We should prefer to believe that this misrepresents whatever observations were made on the subject by Mr. Bancroft; although we do not think it at all derogatory to that gentleman to give his opinion on the subject, such as it was. An American citizen may believe coercion to be wrong, and still be heartily in favor of the Union. But if it be right for an American ex-minister and historian—a Northern man, residing in New York—to speak against coercion, we should regard it as at least excusable on the part of a foreigner to entertain the same opinion.

Commentaires de Charles Quint publiés pour la première fois. Par le Baron KERVYN DE LETTENHOVE, Membre de l'Académie Royale de Belgique. Bruxelles: F. Heussner. 1862.

The author of this volume claims to have made a discovery, no less important than the Diary and Commentaries of Charles V. Many have questioned the truth of his pretensions, chiefly on the ground that no such ever existed; that the Emperor was not a man to occupy his time in that way, or indeed in any way requiring intellectual effort. The German critics maintain, with a considerable show of reason, that one who cannot write a private letter to a friend without calling his secretary, is not likely to indulge in elaborate criticisms on the manner in which his contemporaries choose to manage their own affairs. True, it is not said that the Emperor himself wrote the Commentaries which the Baron presents us in this work. The latter informs us that they were dictated to his private secretary, Van Male, in 1650 and 1651, and that they were originally written in French. It is alleged that the latter fact, by itself, is evidence that either the Baron must have been imposed upon, or that he intends to impose on the public. Most of the so-called diary consists of narratives of the journeys and expeditions of the Emperor; but scarcely one of them is correctly related. They all contain anachronisms, more or less important; and as for the style, it is certainly dull enough to have been that of an emperor much less intellectual than "Charles Quint." If the book contained much information, it would matter little whether it was written by the

emperor, his secretary, or the Baron; but it adds very little, if anything, to what had been known for nearly three centuries on the same subject. Still the "Commentaires" will repay an examination. To us, the introduction, and the dedication to the Prince of Spain, are the most interesting part of the book; not that either sheds much light on the disputed points; but they are curious specimens of historical criticism.

Five Years in Greece and the Ionian Islands. 12mo, pp. 386. By Mrs. E. L. WHITFIELD. London. 1853.

There is a good deal of information in this volume which will be new to the generality of readers. The author has resided for three years in Athens; the remainder of the five years which she spent in the country having been occupied in visiting various places of interest; collecting facts wherever she could get them; examining monuments and other ancient relics, and making herself acquainted with the legends which are still most popular among the masses. We have the results of all in the volume before us; but they are given in rather a crude state. Not but the book contains many lively sketches and graphic descriptions; indeed, the greater part of it is very attractive. Still, those parts of the contents that are most valuable can only be regarded as materials of history. In other words, the facts must be arranged with more regard to order before they can be made available.

The author is most interesting when addressing herself to the present time. Her views of the social and political condition of the country under the auspices of King Otho bear the impress of truth. Her remarks on the present system of education in Greece show that she has studied the subject; they show, also, that the modern Greeks are not in such a benighted condition as it is so much the habit to regard them. Nor is the lady unacquainted with the ancient literature of the country. She is quite familiar with Homer, if not in the original, at least by means of a good translation. Be this as it may, there is no doubt of her acquaintance with the modern Greek, for she speaks it with fluency. But the Romaic is very different from the language of Homer or Sophocles. This, indeed, she tells us herself, and perhaps there is no better chapter in the whole book than that which she devotes to a comparison of the two languages. She gives extracts from each to show that the Romaic is quite as different from ancient Greek as Italian is from Latin; but she admits, at the same time, that a modern Greek can learn to read the *Iliad* in a much shorter time than an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German. Several specimens of the epistolary style are given in an Appendix, which will be very acceptable to the classical student. Among the rest is a

letter from Mrs. A. A. King, the wife of a missionary at Athens, to the Grover & Baker S. M. Co., who, it seems, had made her a present of one of their first-class machines. As the document is a somewhat curious one, we copy it here, accompanied with a translation.

Εὐεργέται τοῦ γυναικείου φύ-
λου.

Εἶνε περί που τρία ετη ὅπου
ἔχω τὴν εὐτυχίαν νὰ μεταχειρί-
ζωμαι τὴν μηχανὴν σᾶς, καὶ εἶχα
ακόμη τὴν εὐχαρίστησιν νὰ βοη-
θήσω πολλὰς πτωχὰς ραπτριάς,
καὶ ὅλοι ἀπορῶν τὴν ταχύτητα
τῆς ἰργασίας τῆς μηχανῆς, καὶ
ἐπαινοῦν καὶ θαυμάζουν τὸν
σοφὸν νοῦν τοῦ ἐφευρετοῦ ἐπί-
σης καὶ σᾶς εὐλογοῦν. Συσταίνω
λοιπὸν εἰς ὅλας τὰς οἰκογενείας
τὴν ἀφικτον ἀπόκτησιν τῆς μη-
χανῆς σᾶς, καὶ προτείνω εἰς ὅλας
τὰς κυρίας νὰ ἐνδύσων με ἐμὲ νὰ
σᾶς στεφανώσωμεν με ἑλαιὰς καὶ
δάφνας ὡς εὐεργέτην τοῦ φύ-
λου.

Ἐν Ἀθήναις,

A. A. KING.

The classical student, on reading this, will hardly agree with Mrs. Whitfield that the difference between the Romaic and the ancient Greek is so great as that between the Latin and the Italian. It will be seen that many of the words are exactly the same as those used by Homer and Æschylus; while there are many others of which the resemblance cannot be mistaken. Thus, the verb *ἔχω*, *I have*, is the same in both languages; so is the accusative form of the definite article, *τὴν*, *the*, and the genitive form, *τῆς*, *of the*; so is the preposition *περί*, *about*; so is the conjunction *καὶ*, *and*, &c. The terms which express the lady's praise and admiration of the wisdom (*σοφὸν*) of the inventor of so useful and valuable an article as the sewing machine, are, with the exception of two or three letters, such as Andromache might have used three thousand years previously, had a similar article been presented to her as a means of facilitating her fine embroidery.

Mémoires du Duc de Lauzun, &c., &c. Par LOUIS LACOUR. London:
David Nutt. 1862.

Our lady readers—save those above a certain age—had better pass over this volume. Not that it is obscene; there is nothing objectionable in the author's language. But were we to believe him, we should come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as female virtue.

"BENEFACTORS OF THE FEMALE RACE:

"It is now about three years that I have the happiness to use your Machine for Sewing, and also the pleasure of aiding others, who are poor seamstresses, and all wonder at the rapidity of the work of the Machine, and praise and admire the wisdom of the inventor, and bless you also.

"I therefore recommend to all families to purchase without fail your Machine, and propose to all the ladies to unite with me, and crown you with olive and laurel.

"May you have health.

"A. A. KING."

We should not have referred to his book at all, but he has some claim on Americans, notwithstanding the extreme laxity of his morals; for he was one of the first of his countrymen to espouse our cause, in the War of Independence, after the example of Lafayette. He was a brave soldier, but an unprincipled *roué*. The reputation of no lady who treated him even with common civility was safe for a day. Not only would he kiss and tell, but tell without kissing; that is, he would boast of favors never received—the most unmanly, disgraceful conduct that any one could be guilty of. For the last fifty years, his book has been several times suppressed; not, as already intimated, because the language is offensive in itself, but because the author would have the world believe that the most beautiful and most illustrious women of Europe and America were, if not his mistresses, at least deeply smitten by him. Even the Queen of France, the beautiful and ill-fated Antoinette, he includes among his conquests. As for princesses, duchesses, and minor personages, he had only to see them in order to secure their affections. He relates his amours in the autobiographical style, with such an air of truth, and so amusingly withal, that no book of its time has been more extensively read, by male and female, young and old. That before us is the sixth edition. We are told on the title-page that the autobiography is given in full, (*sans suppressions*;) but at least one omission has been made; one or two other passages have been altered, and certain names have been changed. Still, it is scarcely so vicious a book as some of the novels of Balzac, of which very bad versions were published in this city some time since.

Democracy in America, by ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE; edited, with Notes, &c., by FRANCIS BOWEN, Alford Professor in Harvard University. 2 vols., 12mo. Cambridge, (Mass. :) Sever & Francis. 1863.

We do not take up these volumes for the purpose of giving any opinion of their merits. The latter are known and appreciated throughout Europe and America, by all who read to acquire knowledge or learn wisdom. De Tocqueville has become a classic in every literature in Christendom. His "*Democracy in America*" is everywhere recognized as a standard authority in regard to our institutions. It is particularly interesting to us at the present moment, since we have only to refer to its pages to see how singularly prophetic many of the author's observations have proved in reference to our system of government. We could give many striking illustrations of this; but we have already done so in several instances since the present war commenced. In our last number, for example, we gave several extracts in the form of notes to the article on "New England Individualism." What we mean to do now, therefore, is simply to advise all

who take any interest in the destiny of the Republic to see what De Tocqueville has so well and truly said on the subject. True, he wrote this work twenty-six years ago; at least a score have been written on the same subject since. But his is worth five score. In perusing its thoughtful and suggestive pages, replete as they are with practical wisdom, which every reader may profit by, it seems difficult to realize that it is, as we have said, a quarter of a century old. Those who examine the latest works on America, and then read De Tocqueville, will be surprised to find that there is scarcely a judicious observation in the former which cannot be traced to the latter. Yet it is a remarkable fact that the one now before us is the only edition of "Democracy in America" that has yet appeared which is at all worthy of the author, or of the subject which he handles with such masterly skill.

De Tocqueville came amongst us not as a censor of our manners, customs, and institutions, but as a philosopher; not as a foreigner who judges all he sees in his travels by what he had always been used to at home; but as a citizen of the world, whose only criterion of worth is the experience of mankind. There is not a single feature of our institutions—no idea or theory that exercises any political influence among us—which is not fully discussed in his now celebrated work. Not that it was exempt from criticism, when it was first published. The prejudices against French authors, which we possessed in common with our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic, or rather, with a certain class of them, had not yet entirely disappeared; and accordingly the old cry of "superficial," "Gallic," "French," &c., was raised against De Tocqueville. We say "a certain class," because with one or two eccentric exceptions, such, for example, as Coleridge and Carlyle, none of the great thinkers of England have been in the habit of depreciating French intellect; and for this very reason there are many who will not admit that the two writers mentioned deserve to be ranked with the great thinkers. Thus it is that in showing the foolishness and absurdity of regarding as "superficial," or "light," a people who have accomplished so much as the French, Mrs. Browning asks in *Aurora Leigh*:

"Is a bullet 'light'
That dashes from the gun-mouth, while the eye
Winks, and the heart beats one, to flatten itself
To a wafer on the white speck
A hundred paces off? Even so direct,
So sternly undeviable of aim,
Is this French people."

At all events, none would venture at the present day to call De Tocqueville "light," or "superficial." By the common consent of the critics of all nations, he has written the best work on Democracy now extant, in ancient or modern literature; in short, it is universally recognized as the text-book of all political writers. But it is incum-

bent on us to like it in particular, because its tone throughout is eminently friendly towards ourselves and our institutions. It has contributed more to cause us to be esteemed as a people, than all other works of which we have been made the subject. Not only is Mr. Reeve's translation given in full in the present edition, together with his biographical sketch of the author; but important additions have been made to it by the American editor. Had the latter also added an alphabetical index, he would have left nothing wanting. The style in which the work is got up by the American publishers is highly creditable to their taste and enterprise.

Les Ecosais en France; Les Français en Ecosse. PAR FRANCISQUE MICHEL, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.

We do not think that our Scottish friends will be much pleased with these volumes, if only because M. Michel would have his readers believe that the best blood of Scotland is of French origin; whereas, the Scotch maintain that they are more Anglo-Saxon than the English. But the author makes no random statements. He fortifies his assertions with historical facts too well known to be contradicted. Thus he reminds us that French regiments fought in Scotland against Edward II., and that very few of their officers returned to their native country, the majority having settled in Scotland. A most interesting account is given of all the Scoto-French alliances, from the beginning of the thirteenth century, to the marriage of James V. to Mary, daughter of the Duke of Guise.

It must not be inferred from the remark we have made about the displeasure of the Scotch, that M. Michel evinces any disposition to depreciate their character as a people. On the contrary, not one of their own historians could be more complimentary. Of their bravery especially, he speaks in the highest terms. Nor does he do so vaguely; he reproduces the facts of history to show that he does not indulge in mere compliments. Thus he reminds us that the Earl of Douglas received the Duchy of Touraine in perpetuity, from Charles VII., for his valor; that the Scottish archers of Louis XI. were the bravest and most famous of their time; that a similar honor was conferred on the Earl of Wigton; that when David Bruce sought an asylum in France, his heroism had made him so popular that the king, although treating him in the kindest manner, was not without apprehension that the French might prefer him to himself. But what will be objectionable to our Scottish friends is, that most, if not all, of the characteristics thus praised, are referred to a French origin. M. Michel praises the Scotch the same as certain English writers praise ourselves. That is, we are excellent people when we behave ourselves, because we are of

English descent! In a similar manner, the Scotch are an excellent people, in the present instance, because they are of French descent.

It seems to us, however, that, upon the whole, the Scotch ought to feel grateful to the author of these volumes. They are of such a character—from the extensive research they display, the large amount of multifarious information they contain, and the lively, attractive style in which they are written—that they will be read from one end of Europe to the other; also to some extent in this country. By this means, they will counteract much of what has been said by other foreign writers unfavorable to the Scottish character; for even Michelet has no such opinion of the Scotch as that of the present author. Speaking of what he calls the singular fate of the Celtic world, the former says: “Of its two great divisions, one, although the least unfortunate, is *perishing, wearing away*; or, at all events, losing its language, costume, and *character*. I allude to the Highlanders of Scotland, and the people of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. Here we find the grave and moral element of the race which seems *dying of sadness*, and soon to be extinguished.”* It might be inferred from this that all branches of the race are included by the historian; but he adds: “The other, [branch,] filled with inexhaustibleness of life, multiplies and increases, despite of everything; it will be felt that we speak of Ireland.” M. Michel, upon the other hand, has little to say of the Irish; but that little is not unfavorable. In short, there is so much history, biography, ethnology, anecdote, and, above all, good sense, in the book, that we should be very glad to see a good translation of it appear in this country; for we feel sure that it would have the effect of removing many prejudices; although we do not agree with the learned and brilliant author, that the Scotch owe quite so much as he says to their Gallic neighbors.

History of the Great Rebellion from its Commencement to its Close, giving an Account of its Origin, the Secession of the Southern States and the Formation of the Confederate Government, the Concentration of the Military and Financial Resources of the Federal Government, &c., &c. From Official Resources. By THOMAS P. KETTEL, late Editor of “*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*,” &c. Two vols. Vol. I. Oct., pp. 408. New York: N. C. Miller. 1863.

We predict for this work a much more extensive sale than any other History of the war the publication of which has yet been commenced is likely to have. Not that we regard the author as a very brilliant writer. He makes no pretension to anything of the kind. But he has the knack of arranging and grouping facts so that “he who runs may read.” In other words, he possesses the faculty of adapting his narrative to the popular taste. Those capable of appreciating the

**Hist. de France*, tome i., p. 25.

beauties of Macaulay or Hume will not be likely to relish the plain matter-of-fact style of Mr. Kettell; but the work is not designed for such. Those for whom it is designed—the farmer, the artisan, the working-man—all whose time for reading is limited—will like it all the more for its simplicity.

The author disclaims in his preface all partisan views and prejudices; and so far as we have seen, during a pretty careful examination of the volume, it is remarkably liberal in tone and feeling. The author is indeed strongly in favor of prosecuting the war for the preservation of the Union; but this has nothing to do with politics. It is the duty of every loyal citizen to exercise all the influence he possesses to prevent the dismemberment of the Republic; and it is as true now as ever, that the pen is more powerful than the sword.

The publisher of the "History of the Great Rebellion" has contributed more to the diffusion of knowledge among the masses than perhaps any other member of the publishing fraternity. Works like Goodrich's "History of All Nations," which he has published in cheap form, to be sold by agents in the country, do more to awaken a spirit of inquiry among the people than all the "sensation" novels published in seven years. True, the former are not so profitable in a pecuniary sense as the latter; a fact which we believe Mr. Miller has learned to his cost, but which, it is pleasant to add, has failed to discourage him. The first volume of Mr. Kettell's "History" brings the events of the war down nearly to the close of the first year. It embraces sketches of the lives not only of all the military and naval commanders, but of all who, in any capacity, whether in the cabinet, in the halls of legislation, or in the field, have taken any prominent part in the war. Another attractive feature in the work is its numerous engravings, including portraits, exciting and memorable scenes, maps, &c. We perceive it is "furnished to subscribers only," from which we conclude that it is not to be had at the bookstores.

The Frontier Missionary: A Memoir of the Life of Jacob Bailey, A. M., Missionary, &c., by WILLIAM S. BARTLET, A. M., Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass. 8vo, pp. 365. New York: Sanford & Swords.

It is very generally remarked that no books prove more interesting than those that fall into one's hand by accident. As a rule, it may not hold good; but we have ourselves met with instances of the kind. The volume now before us is one. We do not mean that it is very brilliant or striking; it was not intended to be either. The object of the author was simply to add to the Collections of the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society. In this he has been amply successful; but he has done much more. It will be seen that he has collected facts, old manuscripts, old letters, old addresses, in short, old docu-

ments of all kinds which are interesting to all classes. The difficulty is, that few would expect matter so quaint and curious in an unpretending Memoir of a Frontier Missionary. The modesty of the author is such as to have prevented him from writing a preface to his book. It is not without a preface, however. One has been written by the Right Rev. Dr. Burgess, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Maine, who observes in the second paragraph: "These materials came to the hands of one with whom to examine, to study, to arrange, to digest them with scrupulous accuracy and indefatigable attention, was a labor of love. The pages of the book itself will sufficiently declare how faithfully every minute pearl of historical fact, whether more or less precious, has been brought to the light of day. They cannot disclose, however, what I can testify—the vast extent, various contents, and discouraging aspect of the sea of documents out of which these facts have been rescued."

We do not believe that this exaggerates in the least degree the amount of research which the work everywhere exhibits. Nor does the author attempt to give any coloring to the materials which he has thus, as it were, exhumed from the grave. He conceals nothing; he distorts nothing. It will be seen that it required some boldness to be thus frank and liberal; for no other book of its size and character gives more graphic pictures of New England manners and customs in the olden times. Had those manners and customs been good, then it would have required no boldness on the part of a New England clergyman to describe them. But they were not; far otherwise. True, the author avoids entering into particulars himself; he allows the old documents to do this part of the work; and confines himself to allusions, such for example as the following: "As a general thing, it was not supposed that females need be taught more than the mere rudiments of learning. Hence, though a few trifling amusements were occasionally resorted to as a means of preventing listlessness, *sensual pleasures* were the principal ones of that generation. Modesty prevents more than an allusion to some of the social customs of the time. Suffice it to say, that the intercourse between the sexes in rural districts was frequently of a character so improper, and in many cases so gross, that the present age could hardly believe a plain statement of its nature, were it not certified by those who lived at that day and who speak of it as a matter of course."—(P. 9.)

Now we will quote a passage or two from the old documents referred to. It will be seen from these that the author treats the subject with the utmost delicacy. We have seen an old prophecy, in which it is predicted that a time will come when men will be so scarce on account of wars and epidemic diseases, that when women meet one in the high-ways they will fight each other for the possession of so rare a treasure. It would seem from the Rev. Mr. Bailey's conduct, that the

men of his time were somewhat afraid of being treated in this manner. "A female," he says, "was the most dreadful sight I could possibly behold, and until I was eighteen, I had never the courage to speak in their presence. Whenever I had the misfortune to meet one of these in the street, I immediately climbed over the fence and lay obscured till she passed along. And if a young woman happened to come into the room where I was sitting, I was seized with a trembling; but if she spoke, my confusion was so great, that it was a long time before I could recover," (p. 5.) The old gentleman soon got over apprehensions of this kind, however; nay, he became rather partial to female society. Writing to a friend, in 1758, he remarks: "The late terrible dispensations of Heaven have no manner of effect upon them, except it be to render them more hardened and vile. Drinking, Sabbath-breaking, swearing, and immodesty prevail," (p. 35.) * * * He had some consolation, however, for he adds in the same communication: "I must tell you that I have the satisfaction of finding several *blooming creatures under my inspection*, something inclined to virtue and modesty; but alas, I must leave these dear disciples in a few weeks, and I am afraid that after all they will be ruined by bad example," (pp. 34, 35.)

Public opinion in New England was very different in Mr. Bailey's time from what it is at present. Then, learning or anything of the kind, instead of being a recommendation, was a cause of reproach. "For instance," he says, "if one happened to make advances in knowledge beyond his neighbors, he was immediately looked upon as an odd, unaccountable fellow, was shunned by every company, and left to drink his mug of flip* alone on lecture night. He was *sure to draw upon him the contempt and ridicule* of the other sex, and always became the banter of the young females, not only at the frolic and dance, but at the washing-tub and spinning-wheel," (p. 31.) How would the fine ladies of the present day like to be told that their grandmothers were so lax in their morals, so fond of "flip," and so much averse to learning as they are described by Mr. Bailey? They need not blush, however; on the contrary, they ought rather to congratulate themselves, and feel proud that they have improved so much. It is generally supposed that the ladies have always had superior advantages in New England; but such is not the case. The opportunities afforded them for mental culture are of modern date. Anterior to 1760, the ancestors of our New England friends were somewhat like the Turks in the distinction they made between male and female. The author of the volume before us gives the following quotations to show that, although provision was made at a very early period to afford male children at least the rudiments of instruction, no such provision had been made for female children until the time mentioned:

* Rum toddy.

"Previous to the year 1789, boys only were taught in the public schools of Boston. In the year 1789, measures were taken for 'instructing both sexes.'"—*Boston Almanac*, 1849, pp. 83, 84. "It is believed that no provision was made for the public instruction of females till the latter part of the last century. It is stated that females were not admitted into the public schools of Boston till the year 1760, and then at first only six months, by way of experiment."—*Barnum Field's Statement at Teachers' Convention, Worcester, Mass., 1849.*

Need we say that never was there a more successful experiment made, anywhere, or an experiment which has been productive of more good? Indeed, no more convincing argument could be used to prove the inestimable value of education in its influence on public morality than the facts given in the above quotations. If it is true that in Mr. Bailey's time, when little or no attention was given to the education of females, female virtue was a treasure but rarely to be met with; it is equally true, that at the present day, when females enjoy the same excellent opportunities of acquiring knowledge and cultivating their minds, enjoyed by males, there are no better specimens of their sex anywhere than the women of New England. These, however, are not the only points in the early history of the country on which much light is shed by Mr. Bartlet; but we must leave the reader to discover the rest for himself. Not, however, without thanking the author for his valuable contribution to the records of history. In a word, we have but one fault to find with Mr. Bartlet in connection with this work. We think he should not have dedicated it to a man like Rev. Dr. Hawks, who did not scruple, some two or three years ago, to become the tool of certain publishers in this city, in pretending to edit an English work, so that the party referred to might have an excuse to call it by their own name. In the first place, he spoiled the *Cyclopædia of Biography*, by inserting in it elaborate puffs of his friends, and then he officiated at the christening—an act still more reprehensible, if possible. It is not strange that one capable of countenancing so shameless an act, was one of the first residents of the North who proved himself a rebel.

Three Years in Chili. 16mo, pp. 15. New York: Follett, Foster & Co., and Mr. Doolady. 1863.

There is nothing very brilliant in this; but a good deal of information about Chili; more than we have seen in much larger and more pretentious volumes devoted to the same subject. Nay, scarcely anything characteristic of the country has been omitted. We have no tedious descriptions, or dull narratives; but the facts are introduced as it were incidentally, in a conversational, chatty style. It is not, indeed, the kind of book we would recommend for the school, or family library; but if one undertaking a journey of some four or five hundred miles, whether by rail or boat, inquired for a book on Chili, that would give most information, with least trouble, we know no one we should recommend before "*Three Years in Chili.*"

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Poems of ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

We find it so often our duty to pass censure in this department of our journal, we doubt not that many well-meaning people think we are disposed to do so; yet we have frequently laid aside a lady's book, after having gone to the trouble of examining it carefully, rather than give an estimate of it calculated to wound the author's feelings. We think it much better, for all concerned, to pursue this course, than to represent what is bad, or indifferent, as excellent, rather than seem ungallant, or disagreeable.

Fortunately, we have no harsh judgment to pass in the present instance; but, on the contrary, can conscientiously say that it has seldom been our privilege to read a volume of poems which has afforded us more pleasure. If we had time and space, we could easily prove that in this we are not partial—that we do but simple justice in awarding high praise to many of Miss Procter's effusions. Even with what we have, we think we can adduce evidence enough to show that they are imbued with the true poetic spirit.

The volume is introduced with no flourish. It has not even a preface, either in prose or verse. There is a dedication, of three brief sentences, consisting of an extract from Emerson's Essays. This is addressed to no great personage. All the poetess says is, "Dedicated to Matilda M. Hays." We confess we thought nothing the less of the "blue and gold" volume for having been introduced in a manner so modest and unpretending; for we have learned from experience that it is those who have least poetry in them that are most in a hurry to tell us, at the very outset, that they are poets. Nor does Miss Procter attempt to entertain us with any tedious story about herself, or her friends. That she could cast her reminiscences into an attractive form, none will question, who read any of her longer pieces; "The Angel's Story," for instance. We mention this because it is the first that occurs to us,—the first in the book,—not because it is the best; although it possesses merit of a high order. That it is no mere rhyme, will be seen from two or three stanzas of the introduction which we transcribe here:

Through the blue and frosty heavens
Christmas stars were shining bright;
Glistening lamps throughout the city
Almost matched their gleaming light;
While the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago, one Christmas night.

While, from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time is near,)
Many a one that night was merry,
Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
Friends, long parted, reconciled;
Voices all unused to laughter,
Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow
From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened;
Gloom, and sickness, and despair,
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,
Creeping up the marble stair,
Even stilled the voice of mourning,
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying,
All unheeded, by his bed;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

—Pp. 5-6.

Of a somewhat similar character is "The Cradle Song of the Poor," which will remind many of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children." We do not mean that the former owes anything to the latter, or that it contains any proof of imitation. The resemblance consists chiefly, if not exclusively, in the tenderness and pathos which characterize each. There is this difference, however, between the two pieces,—both, indeed, are plaintive, and expressive of deep anguish; but in Miss Procter's rays of hope penetrate the gloom, while the prevailing sentiment in Mrs. Browning's is one of despair. In other words, the former is illumined by the gentle spirit of Christianity; the spirit of the latter being that of the Epicurean philosophy, which is, indeed, often highly poetical, but fails to afford that consolation which is the highest blessing of the Christian. "A Woman's Question" is such as all women ought to ask at least once in their life, especially in the very agreeable form in which it is put by Miss Procter. The most sensitive lover could hardly be offended at being questioned as follows, whereas a true answer to each question would obviate an incalculable amount of misery and woe:

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy
soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that
which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine, [breathe,
Wherein thy life could henceforth
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me be-
fore all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in
true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my
whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield
my heart against thy own.

—Pp. 28-9.

There is good sense and sound philosophy in this; but it is one-sided. Similar questions ought to have been framed for the bachelor; for Socrates is not the only philosopher who was of opinion that men may suffer, as well as women, from marrying those whose disposition is antagonistic or uncongenial to their own. But Miss Procter has no disposition to jest. Sometimes, indeed, she smiles, and does so sweetly and charmingly; but it is a smile of sadness, although one of genuine good-nature and kindness. It is impossible to read her

more elaborate efforts carefully without asking, here and there, Has not unrequited love something to do with this? Not, indeed, that she ever forgets the modesty of her sex; we know no poetess who shows more fastidious delicacy in this respect. It is unconsciously she reveals the secret, if secret there be; as Angelina reveals her secret, or at least a part of it, to the Hermit—by the heaving of her bosom, and by her blushes. We think that something of this kind may be detected in her poem on "Grief," which, at all events, betrays a feeling of no ordinary anguish. We transcribe the two first stanzas, as a specimen:

An ancient enemy have I,
And either he or I must die;
For he never leaveth me,
Never gives my soul relief,
Never lets my sorrow cease,
Never gives my spirit peace,—
For mine enemy is Grief!

Pale he is, and sad and stern;
And when'er he cometh nigh,

Blue and dim the torches burn,
Pale and shrunk the roses turn;
While my heart that he has pierced
Many a time with fiery lance,
Beats and trembles at his glance;
Clad in burning steel is he,
All my strength he can defy;
For he never leaveth me—
And one of us must die!

—P. 135.

The same feeling of sadness recurs again and again in the volume before us, like the refrain of a love-song which is the last tribute of genius and sensibility to a beloved one. Of this character, for example, is "A Vision." We transcribe the first stanza, and ask our readers how often have they seen so much graphic description, pathetic feeling, and earnest thought, compressed into an equal number of lines? And yet we make no search for such exquisite touches of truth and nature, but turn over the pages almost at random:

Gloomy and black are the cypress-trees,
Drearly waiteth the chill night breeze,
The long grass waveth, the tombs are white,
And the black clouds flit o'er the chill moonlight.
Silent is all save the dropping rain,
When slowly there cometh a mourning train;
The lone churchyard is dark and dim,
And the mourners raise a funeral hymn.—P. 158.

But we must hasten to a close. We might fill many pages with extracts which the best living poets might not blush to acknowledge, could they but claim them as their own. There is great variety not only in the subjects selected by our author, but in her rhythm and style. The only sameness is, that she is never joyous. Not a single piece of hers have we read which is not more or less tinged with melancholy; but it is that sort of melancholy with which we are pleased, we know not why—that which, indeed, represses levity, but at the same time soothes our spirits and awakens our sympathies. Although we have already transcended the bounds we had prescribed for these remarks, we cannot conclude without giving yet another specimen of the author's powers. We select the "Legend of Provence" for this purpose, because it is different in metre and rhythm from anything we have yet copied. The piece reminds us of Hannah

More's "Sensibility;" also of Prior's "Henry and Emma;" although the subject is different from that of either. The following description of a convent carries the mind back, a willing captive, to the days of Tasso and Camœns; not but the heart of woman is as kind, tender, and sympathetic, in every respect as deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity, to-day, as it was three or five centuries ago:

Then did that bell, which still rings out
to-day,
Bid all the country rise, or eat, or pray,
Before that convent shrine, the haughty
knight
Passed the lone vigil of his perilous fight;
For humbler cottage strife or village
brawl,
The Abbess listened, prayed, and settled
all.
Young hearts that came, weigh'd down
by love or wrong,
Left her kind presence comforted and
strong.

Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's
right,
Was food, and rest, and shelter for the
night.
But, more than this, the nuns could well
impart
The deepest mysteries of the healing art;
Their store of herbs and simples was re-
nowned,
And held in wondering faith for miles
around.
Thus strife, love, sorrow, good and evil
fate, [gate,
Found help and blessing at the convent
—Pp. 182-3.

This is followed by a portrait which is truly charming. We transcribe it all the more willingly, because, apart from its high merit as a word-painting, it is interesting as a proof of the altered feelings of the author, who, be it remembered, was once a Protestant, but is now a Catholic. Most of our readers are doubtless aware that the lady's father is well known in English literature, as "Barry Cornwall;" who, although never a bigot, had little idea that his daughter would one day become one of the most zealous, as well as most able, champions of the Catholic Church in England. We doubt, however, whether the following would not have afforded him pleasure, at any period of his life; although it is by no means the best specimen that could be given of a poem which the most fastidious cannot fail to admire, let his theological views be what they may:

Of all the nuns, no heart was half so light,
No eyelids veiling glances half as bright;
No step that glided with such noiseless
feet,
No face that looked so tender or so sweet,
No voice that rose in choir so pure, so
clear.
No heart to all the others half so dear,
So surely touched by others' pain or woe,
(Guessing the grief her young life could
not know.)
No soul in childlike faith so undefiled,
As Sister Angela's, the "Convent Child."
For thus they loved to call her. She had
known [own.
No home, no love, no kindred, save their

An orphan, to their tender nursing given,
Child, plaything, pupil, now the Bride of
Heaven.
And she it was who trimmed the lamp's
red light
That swung before the altar, day and
night;
Her hands it was, whose patient skill
could trace
The finest broidery, weave the costliest
lace;
But most of all, her first and dearest care,
The office she would never miss or share,
Was every day to weave fresh garlands
sweet,
To place before the shrine at Mary's feet.
—P. 183.

We have but one fault to find with the author of "Legends and Lyrics," in the present instance, as we have taken up her book, not to criticise it, but to introduce it to our readers as one not to be met with every day. At another time we may examine it critically. We

could not have done both, in this instance. The chief fault to which we allude is want of protracted effort. The reader is often disappointed, not to say provoked, by the brevity of a piece, which, before one looks at the end, seems to promise hours, if not days, of pleasure. The best pieces close abruptly. It is certainly better that a poem should be too short than too long; but many of Miss Procter's poems are but fragments. She might have made them three times as long without rendering them in the least tedious. Her mistake has been, that she preferred to write a dozen brief pieces rather than one elaborate piece, which would be worth a gross. Still, we admit that it is ungracious to find fault with a gem because it happens not to be as large as we should wish. It is fairer, as well as more logical, to appreciate what we have according to its merits; and this, after all, is what we feel disposed to do.

The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, selected and arranged with Notes. By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 18mo, pp. 405. Cambridge, (Mass.): Sever & Francis. 1863.

None who examine this little volume will deny that it is worthy of its title; and such is the tasteful, elegant style in which it is got up, that few will see it without wishing to turn over its pages. Having seen a copy of the English edition, we can say not only that this equals, but that it surpasses it in more than one of its features. It is hardly necessary to observe, that by this we mean no reflection on the English style of typography and binding; nor do we mean that the American style is superior, or even equal to it. In general, it is neither one nor the other. Only a few of our publishers can pretend to rival our English friends in this respect. Among these few, the gentlemen who issue this truly beautiful volume have a well-earned right to be ranked.

The editor is exceedingly fastidious in his selections. Indeed, some will say that he is rather prejudiced; and it must be admitted that it is only by the latter hypothesis we can account for the fact that no song or lyric from any American author has been honored with a place in the "Golden Treasury." At the same time, it is but fair to bear in mind that nearly all our poets who have attained to any eminence are still living, and that the editor of this collection takes no account of the living. "It would obviously," he says, "have been invidious to apply the standard aimed at in this collection to the living. Nor, even in the cases where this might be done without offence, does it appear wise to attempt to anticipate the verdict of the future on our contemporaries."—(Preface, p. xi.) Our editors of Cyclopaedias and Biographical Dictionaries would do well to note this; for certainly Palgrave is right in having more respect for enlightened public opinion,

than to permit himself to be guided by the personal influence of the living, no matter by what means that influence is exercised; whether it be merely the effect of friendship, or of that species of argument furnished from the mint. All who are not morally blind are now well aware that there are certain works in which one can purchase a niche pretty nearly the same as any other article of merchandise. Nay, not only the niche, but the statue for it. All that is necessary to begin with, in the way of a reputation, is to show a Fourth of July oration, or a lecture before a country lyceum, which has been duly noticed by the village organ. A little of the sort of logic alluded to will do the rest; or if that is not available, some friend can be got to do the work, on condition that the same will be done for him in return. We cannot blame Mr. Palgrave for avoiding all suspicion of this sort of thing. In short, so far as the living are concerned, we have no fault to find with the course pursued in this little volume; but no American is quoted, whether dead or living. If there is one word in the book in reference to Poe, or any other American author of the past, it has escaped our attention. True, all this detracts nothing from the value of the selections given, which it must be admitted are in general of the highest order of excellence. The book contains not a few veritable gems, which we have seen in no other collection; and about half of these, perhaps the majority, are anonymous. And after all, is it not the rarest gems we prize most? We do not need to go to an English work for any favorite lyric of Longfellow, Bryant, Morris, Whittier, or Halleck. In the "Golden Treasury," we have the essence of the lyric poetry of England, with some choice *morceaux* from the muses of Scotland and Ireland, and the rest we can find elsewhere. We are glad to perceive, therefore, that the present volume is but the beginning of a series, each of which is to be equally excellent.

Uberto; or, the Errors of the Heart. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.

It is not often that we examine a work of any kind in manuscript; and a five-act tragedy is one of the last performances we would take up for review, even after it has been duly published, with all the advantages that typography and paper can confer. But when we find a spark of genius, in any form, it affords us pleasure to aid in its development. We feel it no less incumbent on us to encourage genuine merit, than to discourage what is spurious, or vicious. We do not know even the name of the author of this drama; we have never seen him but once. It may easily be understood, then, that in taking up his manuscript, our chief motive was curiosity. We wished to see the result of such an undertaking on the part of a young man of so much modesty. Not but we were aware that he had written some short poems of a high order of merit—effusions that had appeared in some of our

best literary journals, and been much admired. But, thought we, to write a poem of ten or twelve stanzas, which has not only been printed with the approbation of a judicious editor, but extensively copied, although it is certainly evidence of talent, if not of genius, is a very different thing from writing a five-act tragedy, which is at all likely to succeed. We had seen examples enough of this; so have most of our readers. There are few, who know anything of literary effort in New York, who do not remember at least a score of tragedies that have proved tragical failures. But if twenty young men write in vain, that is no reason why the twenty-first should not succeed. It was with these views we took up the piece, and we are glad we did so. We are by no means sanguine, however, as to its reception on the stage, should it be accepted for that purpose by some manager capable of appreciating its merits; for the reason that it is not of the "sensational" or bombastic style.

The plot is skilfully constructed. The incidents are not numerous; but they occur in such natural order—so much like those of real life—that the interest awakened in the first act is well sustained to the close. Our limited space will not permit us to enter into particulars; were it otherwise, we doubt whether those who intend to see the piece would not prefer to unravel the whole thread for themselves. We may, however, glance at one or two of the leading facts. The scene is first laid in Naples, from which it is transferred to Savoy; the time is the close of the fifteenth century. Uberto, a young Neapolitan nobleman, is visited by Vitelli, the son of the Lord of Castello, a friend of his early youth. The two young men relate their secrets to each other. By this means, Vitelli learns that Uberto is in love with the beautiful Clarissa, daughter of Jerome Forli, a neighboring baron. No sooner does he see the lady, after having obtained this information, than he resolves to secure her for himself, at all hazards. Clarissa, being of a romantic turn, with little stability of character, offers but little resistance to his plans. Uberto, inconsolable at the loss of his mistress, resolves to be revenged of his false and perfidious friend. After wandering through Europe for two years, he finds Vitelli in the service of the Duke of Savoy, and, in order to secure a convenient opportunity for carrying out his bloody project, he enters the same service himself. In due time, the rival lovers meet. A fight ensues. Vitelli is so severely wounded that he is reported dead, but a friend of Uberto's discovers the imposture. Vitelli is charged, among other crimes, with high treason against the Duke, but Francesca, the daughter of his highness's chancellor, interposes her good offices, and induces Uberto not only to forgive Vitelli, but to obtain his pardon from the Duke. All this being done, in due course, Uberto returns Vitelli his dagger, in token of forgiveness; but no sooner does the latter receive the weapon, than he stabs the former. Uberto's friend, Bellamori,

seeing him die, stabs his assassin, who dies in turn. Francesca pronounces a eulogy on Uberto—declares that she loved him, and will always cherish his memory. In a manuscript like that before us, it is not easy to find a suitable passage for quotation, especially when one's time is so limited that he cannot make any very diligent search for it. We must, therefore, content ourselves with what is most convenient. The play opens with the following dialogue, but it would be a great injustice to the author to regard this as a fair specimen of his style:

Ub. "Welcome Vitelli to our ancient halls;
Thy presence is a boon which in itself,
Apart from previous friendship's added charm,
Would prove consoling to the lonely hours
Of dwellers in the woods. Long years ago
We parted, promising to meet again:
Now, that short intercourse which boyhood's heart
Felt still more short, shall be again renewed,
And manhood's judgment, crowning early sympathy,
Shall prove the instincts of the heart divine.

Vit. Good friend Uberto, I am one of those
Who boast not much of motives, nor take pride
In shaping out their conduct and their course
In nice, attractive patterns of morality;
But yet at times I do a model act
Without design or skill, and still so perfect
As to surprise the critics—thus to-day
I keep the faith I pledged long years ago.

Ub. I think I can detect in this thy speech
The same odd biting candor as of old;
'Tis but the humor of an honest heart,
Which chooses to put forth its high resolves,
Not merely in their pure, spotless grace,
But throws them forward with a playful force,
Relieving the monotony of virtue
With some fine touches of imagination.

Vit. Be never sure, Uberto, without seeing—
The theory that's formed amidst the woods,
Is not the knowledge learned among the cities.
Our solitary thoughts are our worst foes:
Painting the universe in their own colors,
They lie in what they tell us. The old maxim
Put forward by the sage, of ' *Know thyself*,'
Might be amended into ' *Know the world*.'

Ub. What is this world that is unknown to me—
And that thou know'st so well?

Vit. — a paradise
To those who look from far with youthful eyes;
For me, it is a place has served me well—
I love it dearly, though not tenderly,
But come, in three days time I must depart,
Make known to me this little world about thee.

Ub. Alas! this world of mine is circumscribed;
There's not in Naples' bounds a poorer baron;
There's not in Italy a slenderer count.
My two chief officers I'll name to thee;
And then thou knowest my daily outward world.
First, Captain Bellamori, my commander,
Who heads my forces when I go to war.

Vit. What may thy forces be?

Ub. Just none at all.
But when I have them, he is to command."

To this we can only add a part of another dialogue, which took place under different circumstances, between the same parties, some three years afterwards, and which sufficiently explains itself. It is only necessary to premise that the rival lovers meet by accident:

- Ub.* "Pass on, thou hateful villain! tempt me not!
Vit. Pointed, yet vague! my name, sir, is Vitelli.
Ub. 'Tis shorter to say villain than Vitelli.
Vit. Thou hast a mind to stab me as I pass.
Ub. Had I the mind, the deed e'er now were finished.
Vit. Why dost thou wear that dagger, but for me?
 (Francesca looks cautiously through a window.)
Ub. I reason but with men—*wolves* I pass by
 Till the fit time arrives to slaughter them.
Vit. It seems the wolf may live a little while.
 (He crosses to the other side in his first direction: Francesca shows joy at the window.)
- Now this is candid; this is timely warning;
 I find that thou hast yet a noble soul.
 There are some men who *once*, and only *once*,
 Have made a true profession of themselves,
 But finding things go wrong in consequence,
 Turned them to wiser things—others can ne'er
 Keep back the true pronouncement—'tis unwise.
 I would not wish a friend to be so open.
- Ub.* Though I have pledged my word, thou art not safe.
Vit. Oh! thou wilt keep to word and candor both:
 I courted candor once, sweet smiling dame;
 The courtship proved indeed but very short,
 For she betrayed me—then I paid respect
 Unto her step-sister, a cunning lady,
 Who bears an ugly likeness to herself;
 So I and candor have been since at war.
- Ub.* Fiend! hold thy peace, or I will maim thy tongue,
 And send thee face to face with all the fiends
 To mispronounce thy mockery—away!"

Uberto is too good-natured to carry out his threats. He is easily excited, but as easily calmed—easily moved to commiseration. Vitelli is the opposite of all this. He is resolute and unyielding to the last. There is much in his character to remind one of Orestes, especially as he is portrayed by Racine, who makes him say to Pyladus:

"S'il faut ne te le rien déguiser
 Mon innocence enfin commence à me peser.
 Je ne sais, de tout tems, quelle injuste puissance
 Laisse le crime en paix, et poursuit l'innocence."

Vitelli, too, would have killed his mother as coolly as his prototype. In more than one of his dialogues with Clarissa we are reminded of these fearful words:

Orest. "Thou art a woman sitting in thy chamber,
 Judge not the man that goes abroad and labors.
Clytem. Hard was my lot, my child; alone uncherished.
Orest. Alone by the fire, while for thy gentle ease
 Thy husband toiled.
Clytem. Thou wilt not kill me, son?
Orest. I kill thee not. Thyself dost kill thyself."

We would call the attention of Mr. Booth to this resemblance, because we doubt whether there is any other tragedian now living so capable of personating a character like Vitelli. He might, indeed, wish it

altered in some parts; and wish corresponding alterations in the character of Uberto; but this done, he could easily secure a new wreath for his own brow, and enjoy the additional gratification of having been the means of elevating true merit, at least in one instance, to the position to which it is entitled.

Salome, the Daughter of Herodias. A Dramatic Poem. New York: Putnam. 1862.

Time there was when Mr. Putnam was somewhat choice in his selections. We have often taken pleasure in pointing out the merits of works bearing his imprint. But lately he seems to have given a preference to those written in the "prose run mad" style; as if he felt that there is an increasing demand for this sort of literature. If this has been his inducement to publish the sort of books alluded to, we hope he was mistaken. We think he ought to have remembered that the largest publishing house in New York, which made a specialty of "sensation" literature, while it seemed, for a while, to surpass all others in the art of fortune-making, saw, when it was too late, that, in the long run, spurious goods are as likely to bring ruin as success.

We admit that our friend Putnam is much shrewder than we. For example, we did not think that his "Rebellion Record" would prove a very profitable publication. Not but it is, and has been from the beginning, a very good work; although no better than the newspapers from which it is taken, with the exception that the latter are seldom illustrated with portraits "from original sources." For the rest, it contains nothing worth recording, which has not appeared in all our first-class daily papers. But it seems there are a pretty large class who like news all the better for being a little stale. Nay, it would appear that they are more influenced by it after it has lain aside, with other lumber, for a month or so. We are bound to believe that the work is regarded in this light by the Federal authorities; otherwise they would hardly have favored the publisher with an appointment like that of tax-gatherer. True, we should not have believed that Mr. Putnam would accept the office; but the event shows that we were not sufficiently acquainted with his aspirations. At all events, far be it from us to deny that a tax-gatherer is a very respectable functionary. We have no fault to find with the office; but we humbly think that if the "Rebellion Record" made Mr. Putnam a tax-gatherer, the performance now before us should make him a Doctor of Divinity.

Unhappily, we have but too many Records of the Rebellion; but this is the only pious tragedy we have seen for some time. At least, it is intended to be pious; although to us it seems rather impious. We may be entirely wrong; but we cannot help thinking that, to introduce Jesus Christ and John the Baptist as *dramatis personæ*, is not ex-

actly the way to inspire that reverence for the Saviour which forms the basis of Christianity. It is particularly objectionable to do so in a clumsy, puerile manner, as in the present case. Independently of making a theatrical character of Jesus Christ at all, the performance is calculated to turn the Bible into ridicule. We do not mean that anything of this kind is intended by the author; doubtless he believes that his performance has altogether a different effect. But, in order that the reader may judge for himself, we will extract a specimen or two. Nor does it matter much what page we turn to. Thus, after a vision, consisting of all the heavenly host, has passed away, John the Baptist makes a sort of soliloquy, as follows:

My work is finished; way made for the Word;
Earth hears in silence Thy approach, O Lord;
The stars from their firm places move aside,
Cerulean gates of Heaven open wide;
The King of Glory from His throne descends,
The darkling age of forms and shadows ends;
He comes to claim among the sons of men
His kingdom: drive th' usurper to his den;
Baptize His subjects with the Holy Ghost,
And seal them members of His heavenly host;
Open the gloomy prisons of the soul,
And set it free from sin's supreme control;
Banish all doubts to everlasting night;
Bring immortality and life to light:
My work is finished; way made for the Word;
Earth trembles 'neath thine awful tread, O Lord.

—P. 17.

This, be it remembered, we are to regard as poetry—a specimen of a dramatic poem. To comment on such a feeble and flabby travesty of the Scriptures were superfluous; it is not necessary to distinguish one line or phrase from another, where all is so heavily prosaic and dull, and so well calculated to degrade the Bible to a par with the Koran. But let us give a specimen of our poet's

CHORUS OF SPIRITS, *in the air*.

"As the sun, so the life of the Son for a time shall depart;
As the day in the night, so His body be laid in the tomb;
As the moon mounteth up the skies, so faith the heavens,
To see Him, and shine in His beams, and know that He liveth." &c.

The comparison of faith with the moon is a pretty fair sample of our author's similes. He might as well have called faith moonshine; although, as already observed, we do not question the piety of his intentions. The following dialogue is such as we might expect from a village class-leader, who aspires one day to become a missionary to the heathen off in Timbuctoo, or Dahomey:

John Baptist!

JESUS.

JOHN BAPTIST.
Master, hail! whence comest Thou?

JESUS.
I came not; I am here.

JOHN BAPTIST.

Master and Lord,
Art thou He who should come; or wait we still
Another?

JESUS.

I am He.

JOHN BAPTIST.

My Lord and God.

JESUS.

Hereafter thou shalt see upon God's throne
The Son of Man in all His glory sit,
The kingdoms of the earth bowed at His feet,
The universe before His judgment bar.

JOHN BAPTIST.

O then, my Lord and God, remember me.

JESUS.

I will: a good and faithful servant, thou
Into my joy shall straightway enter.

JOHN BAPTIST.

Lord,
I would commend to Thee those who in faith
Have humbly followed me, looking for Thee.
Reveal Thyself to them, make them Thine own,
Baptize them all with spirit and with fire.

JESUS.

They shall be safely gathered to my fold.

JOHN BAPTIST.

Baptize thou me.

JESUS.

Receive the Holy Ghost.

—Pp. 19, 20.

But enough. If such as this is poetry, what is prose? Still, let Mr. Putnam be made a Doctor of Divinity, by all means; nor will we make any objection if the poet is dispatched, with all convenient speed, to the western coast of Africa, with full permission to make a text-book of his "Dramatic Poem," as a means of christianizing the inhabitants of that region.

May Dreams. By HENRY L. ABBEY. 16mo, pp. 143. New York: Abbey & Abbot. 1862.

We have no knowledge either of the author or publishers of this volume. It has found its way to our desk we know not how—at all events, without any heralding, or flourish. In opening it, we find that it has neither preface nor introduction. But we turn over its pages all the more readily on this account; for we think that even poets are nothing the worse for being modest. The appearance of "*May Dreams*" is decidedly prepossessing; the paper, typography, and

binding are unexceptionable. As to the contents, we have, indeed, read better specimens of poetry; so have most of our readers. At the same time, there are some agreeable effusions among them; effusions which we cheerfully admit are above mediocrity. They are not such, however, as we would take much pains with for their own merits; we call attention to them because they seem to give earnest of better things to come. But we will let the reader judge for himself, merely premising that when dealing with a young author, as we presume Mr. Abbey is, we prefer to do full justice to whatever merits he possesses, rather than take any pleasure in exposing his defects.

The piece entitled the "Two Maples" is no ordinary effort. It is rather long for our space; and yet a fragment of it gives no just impression of its chaste and graceful imagery. We transcribe the whole, therefore, and think that all capable of judging will readily excuse us for doing so.

The stream hath its tinkling voices,
And the glebe its songs of seas;
But the grandest of Nature's music
Floats in the harp of trees.

Two vernal harps are these Maples,
Whose melody sways and swings—
The leaves are the mystical fingers,
And the bows are the golden strings.

Of, when the calm of the twilight
In a twilight of fancy weaves,
I have wrapt myself in their music,
As they are wrapt in leaves;

And drinking from unseen goblets,
Have found a calm surcease
From daily endeavor and longing,
In the crystal draughts of peace.

Or have looked through the leafy lattice,
And gazed on the starry scroll,
As often some wordless feeling
Looks up to the sky of the soul!

In fervent noons, when the sunshine
Fetters the languorous shade,

Each bandrol leaf seems a cloudlet
Swung over a fairy glade.

While here, 'neath the spreading branch,
I read from the bards sublime, [es,
Whose songs are like glittering banners
Hung on the walls of Time;

And a dreamy feeling of sadness
Comes over my thoughts again,
For I see in those grand old poems,
The woven threads of pain.

Of, when the crimson of autumn
Is crushed on the lips of leaves,
The purples and golds of fancies
The weary day relieves;

And the blushing cheeks of these Maples
Like silent clouds appear,
That are floating along horizon,
In the sunset of the year.

You have smiled on me your blessings,
And taught me your lessons long,
But in return, O Maples,
I can give you only a song!

Pp. 40, 41, 42.

"Queen Azore" is another favorable specimen, although much inferior in melody and sweetness to the "Two Maples." We copy the first stanza.

My loved and beautiful bride, Azore,
Stooped to drink at the wayside spring,
When, riding up from the crescent shore,
Garbed as a hunter, came the King.
He begged, with a smile, to quaff the bowl,
But still his heart to her eyes would cling—
Those sea-blue boundaries of her soul.

P. 22.

There are true touches of pathos in the stanzas entitled "Leah," but as a whole the piece is marred by forced similes; such, for example, as the following:

"The pansies peeping from the grass,
By zephyrs may be rocked to dreams;
And floods of sunshine, as they pass,
Will bathe them in their golden beams."

By no effort of the imagination, except, perhaps, when it is in a very feverish state, can we make pansies *dream*. It is also rather an extravagant metaphor to say, even in the form of poetry, that floods of sunshine bathe them as they pass. Still, the elegy on Leah—for such it is—opens well, as may be seen from the first stanza:

The summer-time will come again
To kiss the brow of dying spring,
And, with the south wind's low refrain,
A choral requiem will she sing.
The valley and the everglade
Will bloom again, perchance as now,
By many a modest flower arrayed—
But, Leah, where art thou? —P. 19.

If the author would take a friendly word of advice he would divide his attention for some time to come between Shelley, Coleridge, Moore, Rogers, and Byron. It were still better if he could cultivate the acquaintance of Horace and Boileau. In short, if he desires to succeed, he must study the best models. We do not mean but Bryant and Longfellow are each good; but neither will stand close imitation.

Origines Littéraires de la France. PAR LOUIS MOLAND. Paris: Didier. 1862.

Those who take any interest in mediæval literature will be glad to have their attention called to this volume. It gives the best and most interesting account we have seen of the romances and dramas of that period; exhibiting, at the same time, the progress of the French language, and the means by which it acquired those characteristics which have made it the court language of Europe—the language which, above all other modern dialects, is the most universal in its use. The author must have waded through an immense amount of material; but he has made a most judicious selection of facts. His criticisms are, in general, very judicious. The most learned cannot read them carefully without profit; and accordingly we take pleasure in recommending the book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The National Almanac and Annual Record for the Year 1863. 12mo, pp. 698. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

So far as we can judge from a cursory glance, this is a very excellent work. Had it reached us in time, we should have compared it with other publications of its class, including the Almanach de Gotha, the

British Almanac, and the now defunct American Almanac. This task we must defer until another time. We may observe, however, that it contains more matter than any of those mentioned. The table of contents and alphabetical index indicate unusual variety. We can also bear testimony to the excellence of the arrangement throughout. What we have yet to examine is the accuracy of the facts stated. In three or four departments we have applied the test; but this is not sufficient to form a fair estimate of so voluminous a work, even when it bears the imprint of a publisher who has such a prestige as Mr. Childs for the publication of books of permanent value.

Effects of Electricity and Magnetism on the Human System, in Health and Disease. By E. L. STEVENSON, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 16mo, pp. 215. London: Harrison. 1863.

Quite a stir has been made in the medical world of England by this little volume. Nor will those who read it carefully wonder at the fact. Those who call themselves "the regular faculty" are always very much disgusted at innovations in the healing art. No matter how convincing the testimony is in favor of the efficacy of a new system, they are pretty sure to oppose it. In the present instance Dr. Stevenson enumerates a large variety of really wonderful cures effected through the agency of electricity, which are attested by ladies and gentlemen whose veracity is beyond question. Had the author practised the new system himself, it might be supposed that he was actuated by mercenary motives. But he never has. He tells us, in his preface, that he has never earned a penny by it; but that he has put himself to much expense and labor, with the sole view of contributing to the relief of human suffering.

In his opinion, the agency of electricity is destined to produce a complete revolution in medical science; and it must be admitted that he gives good reasons for his belief. He makes one important omission, however; he does not tell his readers that the originator of the new practice is Dr. J. Walter Scott, the chief resident physician of the New York Medical Institute. But few have the candor to make admissions of this kind. We are very willing to believe that Dr. Stevenson is disposed to do all the good in his power; there is certainly no charlatanism in his book; but in his very interesting sketch of the improvements made in the healing art within the last half century, he does not as much as mention America. Yet Dr. Scott was the first to illustrate, by experiments, the difference between ordinary electricity and what is now so well known as medicated electricity. "We trust," says Dr. Stevenson, "that we are not over sanguine when we say that we expect to see a college established in London, before many years, which will be devoted exclusively to the new

system. We feel sure that none, aware of the astonishing efficacy of medicated electricity, in the cure of the most inveterate and formidable diseases, would hesitate, for a moment, to contribute, according to their means, to the founding of such an institution." But in New York Union Square the College has not only been founded, but is already in quite a flourishing state, the chief members of the faculty being Professors Scott, Bedford, and Sheldon. If there be a second edition of Dr. Stevenson's work, we hope it will not be as oblivious as the first of what is due America.

Army and Navy Gazette. Journal of the Regular and Volunteer Forces.
New York: W. R. Dyer & Co. 1863.

We are glad to see an American journal, conducted with ability and taste, devoted to the Army and Navy; and the fact that this has recently been changed from a monthly to a weekly, is evidence that it is appreciated by those for whom it is particularly designed. Judging from the numbers we have seen, especially from that now before us, we see no reason why it should not, in time, exercise an influence equal to that of the British *Army and Navy Gazette*, which is one of the most useful and most respectable weekly journals among the whole press of England. The *English Gazette* is always conducted by men of education and talent. So far as we have seen, the same is true, thus far, of the American *Gazette*. More than one of the articles in the first weekly number would be no discredit to one of our best monthlies. The "leader," on intervention, discusses the subject with considerable ability. There are some of the writer's views with which we do not agree; but we are always glad to recognize talent, however much its possessor may differ in opinion from ourselves. The *Gazette* is in the quarto form, consisting of twelve pages, well printed on good strong paper. In a word, the *tout ensemble* is such that we cannot but wish the journal the fullest success.

On the Growth of the Recruit and Young Soldier. By WILLIAM AITKEN,
M.D. 12mo, pp. 72. London: Griffin, Bohn & Co. 1862.

We doubt whether this little volume will be much read in this country; although it embraces many valuable suggestions on the training of the soldier, and the best means of protecting him from disease, which we have not seen in any American publication. The author speaks from practical experience, having been connected with the British army, both in India and the Crimea, as a regimental surgeon. There are few of his observations which are not as applicable to the American army as they are to the British army. The tiny work consists of two lectures which have been delivered at several of the

military schools of England, including that of Woolwich. This fact, by itself, might be taken as at least presumptive evidence of the value of the book. Would it not be well for some of our military publishers to examine it, and see whether it is not better than many books three times its size, which they often make a great fuss about?

Hand-Book Almanac for the Pacific States: an Official Register and Business Directory of the States of California and Oregon; the Territories of Washington, Nevada and Utah, and the Colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, for the Year 1863. Edited by WILLIAM H. KNIGHT. 18mo, pp. 420. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co. New York: N. C. Miller.

The title-page of this little work, which we have copied in full, gives a sufficient idea of its character. We may add, however, in justice to the compiler, that it contains an incredible amount of multifarious information. There are none who have any intercourse with the States or Territories mentioned, or who take any interest in their welfare, to whom the book will not prove much more useful than they would be led to expect from the title. The paper, typography and binding are much better than those of similar publications issued from this city.

Uncle Paul's Stories for Boys and Girls. Small quarto, pp. 144. Boston: American Tract Society.

Parents and guardians will thank us for calling their attention to this excellent volume. The author makes no pretence of superiority as a writer for the young. He simply tells us that the contents consist chiefly of articles previously published in the periodicals of the Society that now publishes the book. A glance over the pages of the latter satisfies us that those articles fully merit the distinction thus conferred on them. There is nothing sectarian in the "Stories;" nothing that might not have come from the pen of any good Christian. Each is told in language at once simple, chaste, and graphic, and combines entertainment with instruction. Illustrations always form a prominent feature in the publications of this Society—not old, or second-hand "cuts," but engravings got up expressly for each.

SELECT NEW PUBLICATIONS,

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- Varnhagen Von Ense, K. A., Tagebücher. (Aus dem Nachlass des Verfassers.)* Zweite Auflage. I. und 2. Band gr. 8. Leipzig. 820 pp.
- Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon. A History of the Campaign of 1815. By George Hooper, Author of The Italian Campaigns of General Bonaparte. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.
- Ein Deutscher Kaufmann des Sechszehnten Jahrhunderts. Haus Ulrich Kraffts Denkwürdigkeiten. Bearbeitet Von Adolf Cohn. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.
- Valentin, G., der Gebrauch des Spektroskopes zu Physiologischen und ärztlichen Zwecken. Mit 22 in den Text gedruckten Holzschnitten. gr. 8. Leipzig. 146 pp.
- The New Forest: Its History and its Scenery. By John R. Wise. With 63 Illustrations, drawn by Walter Crane; engraved by W. J. Linton. And 2 maps. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.
- Ephesus and the Temple of Diana. By Edward Falkener. London: Day & Son. 1862.
- Lines Left Out; or, Some of the Histories left out in Line upon Line. This First Part relates Events in the Times of the Patriarchs and the Judges. By the Author of Line upon Line, Reading without Tears, More about Jesus, Streaks of Light, &c. Pp. 339. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863.
- Geschichte der Deutsche Literatur von der ältesten Denkmälern auf die neueste Zeit. Von Otto Roquette. Stuttgart: Ebner and Seubert. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.
- Lays from History and Romance. By Helen Macgregor. London: Wertheim, Mackintosh & Hunt. 1862.
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- The Canoe and the Saddle; Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests, and Isthmiana. By Theodore Winthrop, Author of Cecil Dreeme, John Brent, and Edwin Brothertoft. Pp. 375. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.
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- Kremer, A. v., Ägypten. Forschungen über Land und Volk während eines zehnjährigen Aufenthalts. Nebst einer Karte von Ägypten. 2. Theile. gr. 8. Leipzig. 632 pp.
- Chronicles of Carlingford. A Novel. By the author of Margaret Maitland, The Laird of Norlaw, The House on the Moor, &c. 8vo, Pp. 806. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Most of the German works may be had of B. Westermann & Co., 440 Broadway.

- Historie des Dogmes Chrétiens. Par M. Eugène Haag. Ire partie, Histoire Speciale. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.
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- The History of the Revival and Progress of Independency in England. By Joseph Fletcher. 4 vols. London: John Snow. 1862.
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- Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. Pp. 461. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.
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The liberal, increasing patronage extended to our journal affords us the most gratifying proof that in exposing shams of all kinds, we enjoy the approbation of the educated and enlightened in all parts of the country. Nor have we to rely on mere inference. Were we to avail ourselves of private letters emphatically commending our course, we could fill pages with the briefest extracts from those of distinguished men and women, including authors, artists, lawyers, clergymen of different denominations, chancellors and professors of colleges, principals of academies, seminaries, and schools. Now that the work is so well known, it is not necessary to quote the various first class journals which assign it the highest rank.

We assure our readers that no amount of abuse, however scurrilous, no threats, however furious, will deter us from unmasking what seems calculated to impose on public confidence; but we will abuse nobody, nor make any attack on private character. Legitimate criticism and satire are our only weapons. We leave it to the public to judge between us and those who, smarting under the truth of what we have said of their public conduct, without a word of vituperation, will assail us by name in language of which a fisherwoman might be ashamed.

As an instance of this kind, we may mention that an article in our September number, entitled "Quackery of Insurance Companies," has brought on us a torrent of abuse from insurance and stock-jobbing organs, which has not ceased to this day; although we did not mention the name of any individual or company in a discourteous manner; but confined our observations to a class of insurers whose operations the public would do well to insure itself against. There is no word in our article against legitimate insurance, or against responsible and honest companies. None having any claim to this character had any more cause for indignation than respectable auctioneers would have had, had we commented in a similar manner on the conduct of the *mere* auction fraternity who claim to be their brethren.

While it affords none more pleasure to do justice to the merits of a good book, we shall continue to criticise those of the opposite character. Other periodicals may publish eulogies on the works we condemn as well as on all others of which they speak, and be largely quoted by the publishers for their pains. But we will enter into no such collusion; we will not leave it in anybody's power to quote the "National Quarterly" as having represented the spurious counterfeit as the genuine article. A notice in a paper which must necessarily be brief, may indeed be more appreciative than the character of the work noticed deserves, and yet not imply any dishonesty or bad faith on the part of the editor; but a Quarterly ought to make some attempt at separating the wheat from the chaff, otherwise it is simply a *padding* machine—not a *Revealer*. Education in every form—including art and science—will receive prominent and friendly attention in the "National Quarterly," and whatever seems calculated to retard or vitiate it, whether under the name of a text book, a painting, a seminary, a gallery, or a college, will be subjected to fearless, but fair and temperate criticism.

In short, all subjects of public interest will be discussed in the Review, but without any sectarian or political bias; in a word, no pains or expense will be spared to render it worthy of the character assigned to it by the leading organs of public opinion, at home and abroad, namely, "*the best of American Quarterlies.*"

EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES AND REVIEWS BY LEADING JOURNALS.

There are four general characteristics which, amid all this variety, pervade all the articles in this number, and indeed have honorably distinguished the *National Quarterly* from the outset of its career. These are, first, a thoroughly loyal, patriotic tone in politics, an unflinching support of the Union; second, sound, conservative views, yet entirely free from bigotry and sectarianism on moral and religious subjects; third, accurate and even profound scholarship; and lastly, an independent, fearless, and yet strictly impartial criticism. The last characteristic has doubtless given offence in some quarters, but, desiring the continued progress and healthy development of sound literature and learning amongst us, we consider that the Editor is conferring a valuable service on society by the independent spirit, united evidently with most judicious care and most critical scholarship, with which he continues to conduct that department.—*Boston Post*.

Its leading article, "Vindication of the Celts," is a tribute to an ancient, manly race, which is not only appropriate at a moment when Celtic descendants are deserving well of the Republic, but valuable at any time as a piece of scholarly historical research.—*New York Daily Times*.

We relish the incisive discussions, which are a prominent feature in the *Quarterly*, of the "sensational novels," and the very dirty accompanying phrases of publishers' and critics' operations, and its energetic exposure of sundry impudent translations of French novels. The critical department is unusually full and careful, especially upon educational books. * * Its critical estimates of moral and literary merits and demerits are honest, clear, and almost always trustworthy, often accurate and original.—*New York Independent*.

We like the general tone and temper of the *National Quarterly*. It selects topics that are related to current interests, and that bear on sentiments as at present developed; and all its papers bear the stamp of honesty, frankness, good scholarship, and thorough reading.—*Boston Banner of Light*.

Its articles are of the first order for vigor, comprehensiveness, and ability; its criticisms are keen, good tempered, and fearless. Literary charlatanism gets no mercy.—*National Intelligencer*.

America has at last produced a Review (*The National Quarterly*) which deserves to be ranked with the best of our own *Quarterlies*. * * Many of its articles are written with great ability, and are at once attractive, eloquent, and instructive.—*London Daily News*.

In this country we have only two *Quarterlies* specially devoted to general literature: the *North American Review*, established in May, 1815, and the *National Quarterly Review*, started about two years and a half ago. The first of these, published in Boston, has belonged, of late years, to the class of heavy respectables; the other, published in New York, exhibits learning without pedantry, and sound criticism without favor or pretence. It is owned and edited by a highly accomplished gentleman, Mr. Edward I. Sears, and is as much superior to its ancient Boston rival, as a live man is to a fossil. * * The *National Quarterly Review*, on the other hand, has several papers of the highest value. One upon Madame de Maintenon and her Times shows a familiarity with the Court of Louis XIV., as well as with the manners, literature, and politics of the day, which few accomplished Frenchmen possess. There is also an article on the Works and Influence of Goethe, which shows close knowledge of German literature. Among the purely literary papers in Mr. Sears' Review, we would especially draw attention to an exhaustive one on Sacred Poetry of the Middle Ages, and to another upon the little known Latin poem, by Lucretius, on the Nature of Things. * *

The concluding forty pages of this Review contain notices of the leading publications of the day, written in a liberal vein of fair criticism. This new number completes the fifth semi-annual volume of the *National Quarterly Review*. We have compared it, as a periodical, with one which stands at the head of its class in England, and the American publication loses nothing by the contrast. Indeed, the paper upon Madame de Maintenon would have been distinguished for its merit had it appeared in the *Edinburgh or Quarterly* in its best days.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Our best of *Quarterly* editors, Edward I. Sears, Esq., has issued another (of course) capital number of his *National Quarterly Review* for the quarter beginning with September. The contents are varied, entertaining, and instructive. Articles on *taché*, Madame de Maintenon, Currency, Insurance Companies, and other topics of special interest, with a copious *résumé* of current literature, fill its pages, every one of which is readable. In no periodical of the age is learning brought so pleasantly home to the every day reader, as in the *National Quarterly*. There is not a dull page in the whole number, nor is there a superficial one.—*New Yorker*.

The Editor's A. B. has been changed into A. M., as follows:

—University of the City of New York, June 19, 1862.

—Mr. Edward I. Sears:

—Dear Sir—It is my privilege, while it is my duty, to communicate to you, that by the unanimous vote of the Council of this Institution, the degree of Master of Arts has this day been conferred on you.

—With great respect and best wishes,

—I am yours, &c.,

—ISAAC FERRIS.

—Chancellor."

The most animated and vigorous of all our *Quarterlies*, and will sustain a comparison with the best European publications of its class. The Editor is a man of independent mind, who takes his position boldly, and maintains it with skill and courage, that sometimes seem to border on rashness and hardness; but this makes his Review worth reading, the public having outgrown that system of subservience which once prevailed, but which is neither paying nor popular.—*Boston Traveller*.

The Editor's most salient characteristic is his independence, and that in a critic, now-a-days, is almost an anomaly in periodical literature, and one to be highly appreciated, even by those who may not always agree with the writer in opinion. The subjects treated of in the *National* are various, and we may almost say universal, in their range. Every number contains wealth of good reading, and amply compensates personal.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We have before spoken commendingly of this critical journal, and we feel assured that its elevated literary character will commend it to public favor. In the present number there is scarcely an article which does not possess more than ordinary interest to the generality of readers, and we think the wide dissemination of a literary work of so much ability will prove of great public advantage.—*Baltimore American*.

We have taken occasion more than once to speak of the ability with which this *Quarterly* is conducted, and have remarked its superiority in one thing over every other secular work of the kind in the English language. That one thing is its candor, which is manifested in its freedom from prejudice of all sorts, and its disposition to respect and promulgate truth, no matter who its propounders may be shocked thereby. It does not wed itself to a theory, religious, historical,

or other, and then set to work to bend its arguments to suit its formulary, but as every Review should, give free play to everything that serves to establish facts on their true bases, and eradicate the misconceptions of its readers on points which early training or other causes may have given root to.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

This *Review* stands unrivalled in America for all that constitutes literary excellence. On no other work can we rely for a sound and impartial criticism on the leading works of the day.—*Canadian Post*.

Mr. Sears has placed his *Review* at the very summit of works of its kind. Besides the great interest felt in the perusal of every article, its subject being always admirably chosen, the *Notices and Criticisms* of so many works as are reviewed at the conclusion of the Number are of great merit, both for their boldness, impartiality, and correct judgment.—*Boston Pilot*.

We have the September number of this very admirable periodical. As usual, its pages are filled with articles of the most *recherché* character. One of these, "The Laws and Ethics of War," is of more than ordinary interest at this time. The subject is handled most elaborately, and with that clearness of style which ever characterizes the writings of Mr. Sears.—*Philadelphia News*.

We have seldom seen in any of the great Quarterlies such a variety of ably written papers.—*Providence Journal*.

It is highly creditable to New York and would not suffer in comparison with any of the English *Reviews* for learning and intellectual ability, while in its manner it is more sprightly, and contains greater variety, than the ponderous periodicals on the other side of the Atlantic.—*New York Herald*.

This would account for the little favor shown by us hitherto to the highest class of periodical literature, and the reason is so derogatory to us, that we hail the success of the "*National*" with something akin to the pride and pleasure we would feel in the refutation of a disgraced calumny.—*Metropolitan Record*.

"The *National Quarterly Review*" is edited and published by Edward I. Sears, of New York, a frequent contributor to the "*Westminster Review*" in times past, and now the successful conductor of this periodical of his own. The "*National*" is in its sixth volume. Having received nearly every number, we are prepared to commend it as an able, candid, conservative—not retrogressive—organ. It is bold without being abusive, courteous without timidity, and the great majority of its articles have given evidence of thorough investigation, elevated taste, and, best of all, rigid honesty.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

It is altogether a valuable journal, breathing a cosmopolitan spirit, and should receive encouragement in this province.—*Toronto Leader*.

This work is well conducted, ably written, and more than all, interestingly useful. Every good citizen should desire to sustain it, for its healthful, moral spirit.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

The *Review* is steadily improving in value, both of style and substance, and promises soon to compete with any quarterly now published in Europe or America. It has enlisted many learned, able, and thoughtful minds, and rests already on a strong and scholarly foundation.—*Philadelphia North American*.

The *National Quarterly Review*, edited by Edward I. Sears, New York, is fast attaining the rank and reputation in the field of criticism heretofore enjoyed only by foreign periodicals.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

This *Review* is edited and largely written by an accomplished scholar and excellent critic, Edward I. Sears, A. M. It has maintained a character for solid excellence and fair-minded criticism.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

The Editor may be excused for observing that, before he had any journal of his own—while contributing to the best periodicals of Europe and America, it was nothing new for him to see his articles distinguished from others; not only highly commended, but translated. As an instance of this, he refers to his paper on the Sepoy Rebellion in the April (1858) number of the "North American Review," the *Paris Revue Contemporaine* of July 31, 1858, speaking of it as follows and translating long extracts:

"C'est un rigoureux exposé des griefs des populations indoues contre leurs oppresseurs, une véhément réclamation des droits les plus élémentaires et les plus sacrés de l'humanité civilement et hypocritement foulés aux pieds par le vainqueur; c'est, en un mot, la justification très catégorique du soulèvement des Cypriotes. . . . La *revue* Américaine a en grand soin de s'appuyer à chaque page sur des documents anglais. Quand il en vient à parler de la répression de la révolte et des flots de sang froidement versés par la soldatesque anglaise tous ses sentiments d'homme civilisé se soulevant, et il stigmatise ces excès avec une énergie que nous parviendrions difficilement à reproduire. L'ironie vient par fois se mêler à la véhémence et les triomphants bulletins des innombrables victoires remportées par les forces britanniques ne trouvent pas de grâce devant l'indéfectible critique."—*Revue Contemporaine*. 2e série, Tome 4e., p. 432.

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